No. 1 MAN'S MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1963 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

35 CENTS

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VALHALLA FOR HEROES
MY LIFE WITH AFRICA'S WILD LIONS
SHADY LADIES AROUND THE WORLD
What's NEW in the 1963 Cars

35c January 1963 TRUE THE MAN'S MAGAZINE A Fawcett Publication

348. Won 2 Academy Awards—for Best Score, Best Song, *I(Moon River)!*

341. New calypso album Belafonte fans have been waiting 6 years for!

347. Hilarious, intimate "in person" concert by top folk-song/comedy trio.

393. Slide whistles, washboard, auto horns—dixieland ad infinitum!

408. Hilarious! America's big new hit show won Pulitzer, Critics', Tony awards

389. *The High and the Mighty, Theme from A Summer Place, Laura,* etc.

219. Country-pop star also sings *Dear Hearts and Gentle People,* others.

382. With voices, strings. *Your Last Goodbye, Hang On, Unchained Melody.*

378. Brubeck star plays *Like Someone In Love, I've Got You Under My Skin,* etc.

89. Powerful native African percussion! "Fascinating," says *Variety.*

377. *Young and Foolish, Younger Than Springtime, I Love You,* 9 others.

280. Guitar virtuoso plays *Lullaby of Birdland, Marie, Whispering,* 9 others.

214. Also *Blue Skies, Goody Goody, The Lady Is a Tramp,* 6 others.

304. Hi-fi spectacular of colorful Grofé, booming, roaring Beethoven.

296. Also *I Don't Hurt Anymore,* 8 more new versions of Snow hits.

145. Also *Kalamazoo, String of Pearls, Tuxedo Junction,* 6 more.

124. *Prisoner of Love, Till the End of Time, Temptation,* more "golden" hits.

215. Definitive versions of Gershwin's two most popular classics.

391. *I Love You, Let's Fall In Love, Almost Like Being In Love,* 12 in all.

1. Also 10 more soothing instrumentals — *While We're Young, Estrellita.*

401. Trumpet king in 12 sizzling performances! *Jazz Me Blues,* others.

231. *Riders in the Sky, Jambalaya, On Top of Old Smoky,* 9 more.

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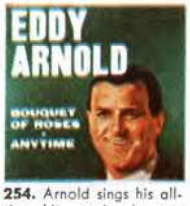
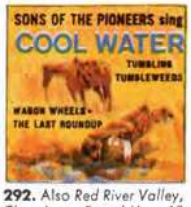
Two-Record set. Write both numbers on card.

102. *When the Saints Come Marching In, Tiger Rag,* 10 more classics.

327. Lilting Strauss waltzes and overtures in true Viennese style.



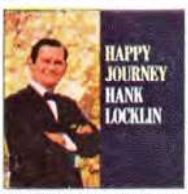
254. Arnold sings his all-time hits again—in new hi-fi sound!



292. Also *Red River Valley, The Last Round-Up,* 18 Western gems.

5. The first classical L.P. of all time to sell more than one million copies!

399. *No Other Love, If I Loved You, It Might As Well Be Spring,* more gems.



373. Hit title tune plus *Let Me Be the One, Happy Birthday To Me,* etc.

281. And 8 more of his top Latin dance band hits in "new sound."

261. Also *Secret Love, Unchained Melody,* more by new vocal sensation.

4. *Younger than Springtime, Some Enchanted Evening,* 13 more hits.

356. First solo recording! *Includes C-Sharp Minor Waltz, Polonaise,* others.

344. Star of film musical *State Fair* sings *Bye Bye Blues,* 12 favorites.

363. Amusing, amazing showpiece—various artists. STEREO ONLY.

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416. *Just Walkin' In the Rain, I'm a Fool to Care, It's No Sin, Wild Rose,* etc.

423. *Hi-Lili Hi-Lo, Love Me Tender, When I Fall in Love, Unchained Melody,* etc.

426. *All the Things You Are, Don't Blame Me, Thou Swell, The Way You Look Tonight.*

424. *Have I Told You Lately That I Love You, Above and Beyond, Heaven Help Me.*

392. Modern jazz colossus! *Without A Song, You Do Something To Me,* more.

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394. Includes *Deep River, Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring, Evening Prayer,* others.

297. Includes *The Thunderer.* 14 Sousa strutters in walloping sound!

365. Pulsating mandolins play *Santa Lucia, O Sole Mio, Funiculi Funicula,* etc.

236. Hilarious patter, song parodies, recorded at "live" show.

315. Electronic stereo reprocessing of one of his finest performances.

364. Pianist plays 25 great hits—*Stardust, Candy, Solitude,* etc.

226. Cannons, gong roars, massed strings and bands. Dynamic!

418. Plus *Syncopated Clock, Serenata, Waltzing Cat, Chicken Reel,* many more.

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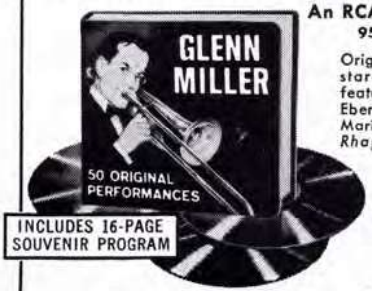

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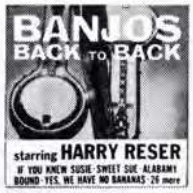
Enter each number in separate space on card.

291. Rich Spanish Gypsy moods by the peerless flamenco guitarist.

362. *Anytime, Oh My Pa-Pa, I'm Walking Behind You, Thinking of You.*

360. 1946-1950 modern jass milestones by combo, big band. (Reg. L.P. only)



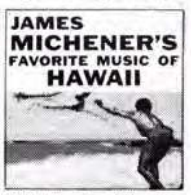
419. 30 hits by four banjos, tuba, rhythm. *Bill Bailey, Oh Dem Golden Slippers,* etc.

420. *Waltz of the Flowers, Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy, Christmas Tree Scene.*

375. *Born To Lose, White Silver Sands, Camptown Races, The Last Letter,* etc.

250. Epic film score containing original version of the hit theme.

421. Rich, romantic overture, roguishly satirical tone poem in sumptuous sound!



227. Hawaiian, Polynesian hits selected by the author, recorded in Hawaii.

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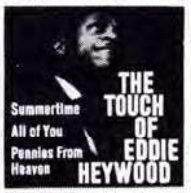

37. Also *The Man I Love, Cherry,* others by pianist's relaxed trio.

212. "Mr. Guitar" plays for dancing, *Night Train, Sleep Walk,* etc.

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Girls, Note

As a long time watcher and admirer of the properly displayed female leg, let me add my echo to *Ya-Ya—No, No (It's A Man's World—Nov.)*. And from the same standpoint, let me add a plea to the gals: no matter how shapely the stems, how glamorous the gams, you can ruin the whole effect by walking with your feet making a 90 degree angle. Please walk with your feet parallel and toes pointed straight ahead.

—Bob Partch
WVIP Radio
Mount Kisco, N.Y.

Regarding your objection to the Ya-Ya skirt on women: why don't you take that up with the girls in your office?

—Albert Geiger
Columbus, Ohio

They're agin' 'em.

I am thoroughly disappointed with the stand you are taking on Ya-Ya skirts. Your reasons for eliminating the mode "as quickly as the Mediterranean fruit fly" are ridiculous. If the femme fatale have the courage to wear the Ya-Ya's, then it is the duty of every male to have the courtesy to admire and respect this display of feminine beauty, despite the objections of hypocrites and jealous women.

—Walter R. Matthews
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

"Ya-Ya" skirts, an English fad, end five inches above the knee. They make adult women look like little girls, mostly ugly little girls.

Sportsmanship Challenged

I've long been a reader of True and consider it one of the best magazines going, but I was absolutely shocked by the *Mystery of the Mud-Bound Elk—(Nov.)*. How, calling yourself a sportsman's magazine, one that stands for the rule of the hunt and the law of nature, could you allow that story to be published? Was the money that Ed Park received so much that he could come across a bull elk caught alive in a mud wallow and leave it there for days to suffer and slowly die? Were his pictures that important? Why didn't he try to get it out, or kill it, as any true sportsman would have done?

—Roland Donelander
Kansas City, Mo.

I realize animals must die to feed us and the rest of God's creatures, but to stand there snapping pictures without any apparent attempt to help is just plain rotten. I'm a hunter and have killed many animals, but I wouldn't sleep nights if I pulled a miserable trick like that.

—Jim Pfohl
Baldwinsville, N.Y.

Why didn't he notify the Wildlife Society in his area when the beast finally struggled free? I like my stories straight from the shoulder, but this was plain cruelty.

—Valerie Schwenke
Chatham, N.J.

What kind of a man is this to watch a poor dumb animal suffer so and not put it out of its miseries?

—Betty Richards
Columbus, Ohio

I have just finished reading *Mystery of the Mud-Bound Elk* and to me, the only mystery was why the photographer did not put an end to the animal?

—Mrs. Buck McBeth
Minneapolis, Minn.

You will undoubtedly receive many letters criticizing you and the photographer, Ed Park, for that series of bull elk photos. Most will probably wonder why Mr. Park did not do something to help this animal. Few will see past the tragedy to appreciate the really tremendous photo story of one of wild nature's crueler sides. A very large share of great pictures involve some form of tragedy —flood, fire, starvation, disease, and even war. Nobody questions why these photographers didn't help the suffering people, for the job of the true photojournalist is to record life as it really is, regardless of how tragic it may be. Park should be applauded for having the foresight to know that this bull elk's struggle was a rare sight, and a tremendous story of true life. This is life and death as it actually is; this is honest and real. True should be complimented for having the guts to print it.

—Al Nelson
Washington, D.C.

More Pros and Cons

I almost wrote you last month to ask you to cancel my subscription due to the fact that I hadn't received my monthly copy. But I decided to give you another chance, and sure enough, the little woman had deceived me. She had the magazine hidden under her

mattress, at the hospital, yet. She delivered a second daughter, but I wasn't sure which I anticipated more, the baby or True. She brought both home in good shape. Many thanks, and keep it up.

—Phil Hunt
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Congratulations, Phil, but there are some things you just can't thank us for.

Hard-bitten Politics

I just completed Myron Cope's *Cash and Carry Politics—(Nov.)* for the third time. I am particularly unimpressed with the author's description of the Federal Agent who had his nose bitten by Harry Johnson. You see, I am that agent. I found the description of this incident unfactual and misleading.

—Merlin E. Mitton
Milton, W. Va.

Okay, give us 1,000 words on how your nose was bitten.

In Search of a Good Book

We were very much concerned and disappointed to find that in your condensation of our book, *I Was an NKVD Agent* by Anatoli Granovsky—*(Nov.)*, that your readers' attention was not called to the fact that this book was published by the Devin-Adair Co., 23 East 26th Street, New York. It would also have been of great help to your readers to know that the book is available at all book stores at a price of $4.75 per copy.

—Devin A. Garrity, Pres.
The Devin-Adair Company
New York, N.Y.

[Continued on page 4]

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[*Continued from page* 2]

Finger Painting

I don't usually go in for letters of this sort, but I found your *Girl Watcher's Coloring Book (Nov.)* utterly obscene. What's more, I caught my son, age 12, looking at it the other day and he was smiling.

—George Clairmont
Boston Mass.

Your coloring pages brought back fond memories, but let the past rest in peace. What more would a guy who is 69 do with a dame if caught in an elevator, between floors, but yell for help?

—Harry Proctor
Oakland, Calif.

Color you blue.

I am writing this to tell you that I object to the *Girl Watcher's Coloring Book* which is now appearing in your magazine. I consider those pictures too suggestive for our young people.

—Mrs. Mary Whalen
Kansas City, Mo.

And we suggest some people are too young for our coloring book—but they will grow up.

Your *Girl Watcher's Coloring Book* was the most. Let's see more.

—Hal Snorkowski
Miami, Fla.

My crayons kept melting. . . .

—Thomas Bunday
Riverside, Calif.

The Golden Girls

The story in your October issue, *Shady Ladies Around the World*, by Harry Golden, was no doubt meant to be diversionary rather than scholarly, but there was one paragraph of particular sociological significance. I have in mind the case of the English prostitute who moved to France to ply her trade . . . not that she could earn more there (she probably couldn't) but to escape the "nightmare" of her customer's "whips and boots with spurs and contraptions and fiendish ingenuity of all kinds." In other words, the English customer was sexually warped and perverted in half the cases. I may be of English descent, but I have read this before and understand it. The prostitutes of foreign ports are known to complain when the English sailors come in as all too often they get a beating along with their services. This is due to guilt feelings instilled by a Victorian culture. England is one of the most moral countries in the world, with the U.S. running close. But, unfortunately, the ratio of perverts, sadists, homosexuals, child-molesters, etc., is allied to the amount of Victorianism and "Momism" that is instilled in the formative years. The more of a block that Mother can instill in her would-be angel's head, the more of a detour to his sexual drive when it finally comes out—and come out it will, no matter what.

—Jim Waterman
San Antonio, Tex.

Belinsky's Fan Club

I have just finished reading *Bo Belinsky's Dilemma: Baseball or Dames?—(Oct.)*. Being a resident of Rochester, New York, I have no recourse but to write this letter. The reference made by Belinsky to Clyde King, the Rochester Red Wings manager, was very crude and would not have been made by an intelligent person. Until this youngster learns the difference between clowning and crust, then we—and I think the fans of the Rochester Red Wings will agree with me—think that he should learn to keep his mouth shut.

—Richard D. Hoffman
Rochester, N.Y.

I find it to be a fascinating story, somewhat like a fairy tale. After reading the comments made about Bo's night life, I can only say leave him alone. If a man can work his way up from the sticks to a good-paying baseball career, why knock him? I wish some time you would print some facts about his pitching records and games as much as you do his running around.

—Gary Criter
Portland, Ore.

Old Bull Re-visited

Orchids or gold stars or "whatever" to you for the article, *Last Battle for an Old Bull—Oct.* It's about time more of the truth was told of the treatment the Indians received at the hands of men like James McLaughlin. I doubt if very many people know that it wasn't until 1924 that Congress passed a bill granting full citizenship to all Indians in the United States. Not to mention how few know what you mean by the Cherokee "Trail of Tears," or the infamous capture and imprisonment of the Seminole chief, Osceola. So please print more Indian articles. As you've probably guessed, we have Indian ancestry way back in the family.

—Mrs. Robert B. Miller
Charlotte, Mich.

A Sticky Subject

Congratulations on finally talking sense about the trading stamp craze *(It's A Man's World—Nov.)* And those gifts. Every time I see a Venus with a clock in her belly, I get ill.

—Mrs. Bob Bryan
Westerly, R.I.

Think of how she feels.

Fisher's Phrases

Your William A. Fisher *(Swift Prize of the Plains—Oct.)* is an editor's prize. Some of his phrases are like a plunge down an express elevator, and some are like relaxed drowsiness. ". . . now and again a fence marching across the distant horizon." ". . . Just letting the city-tension run out of us, lazy and content." ". . . the infinite blue bowl of sky."

—Mrs. Alicia L. Rooney
Scappose, Ore.

"Our eyes drank of the rolling plains. . ." Brother!

—Ray Sanders
Idaho Falls, Ida.

Backpassing

As a graduate of that great institution, I particularly enjoyed your article on George Mira, *Matador From Miami—(Nov.)*. The Miami-Pitt rivalry is an old one. Your article

[*Continued on page* 9]

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12-13—Top, Homer Page; bot., Robert Yarnall Richie
14—Fred Winchell
36-37—Insets: left, FPG; cen., Ewing Galloway; right top, ANI; bot., FPG
39—Left, Culver; right, UPI
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41—Bot., Wide World
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53—Top, Camera Press-Pix; bot., Publifoto-Pix
56—Ryan Aeronautical Corp.
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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange —stranger than fiction. Byron

JANUARY ◆ 1963

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Vol. 44 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 308

JANUARY 1963

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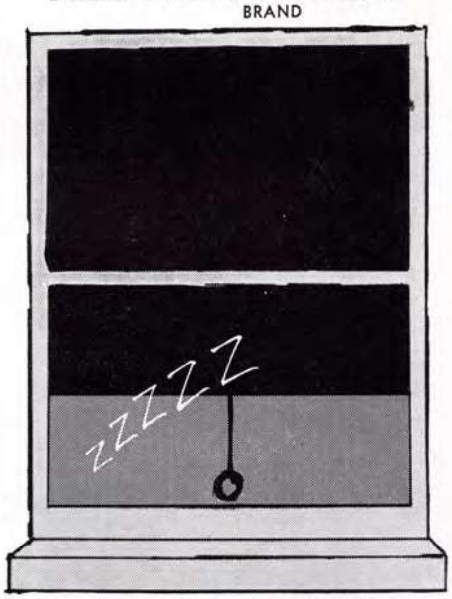

before you go to bed

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

NOW, HEAR THIS

We don't get invited around much by duchesses, maybe because we look as if we were trying to forget a famous limerick that had to do with a duchess at tea: "Her rumblings abdominal were simply phenomenal, and everyone thought it was me." But there's one viscountess who has our unqualified admiration. She is Viscountess Lewisham, (above) a toothsome specimen who thinks that husbands are wonderful people and has some advice for wives to whom the idea is utterly novel:

"You've got to keep telling them [she means us, men] that they're wonderful.

"Kiss your husband good-by in the morning and when he returns each night.

"Never bore him with your troubles until he has told you all about his.

"Wear your best clothes for your family.

"Keep your best rooms for the family and give them your best food. Visitors can have what the family does not need."

Note: Tear out above in jagged, casual way, crumple it a little, drop where wife following spoor will find it.

FIGURE IT OUT

How much money would you spend to save $10? About $30, maybe? Not in your right mind, you wouldn't. Home mortgage arithmetic is just about that crazy, we learn from a pamphlet called "FHA Financing for Home Purchases and Home Improvements" that you can get free from the Federal Housing Administration, Washington 25, D.C. Suppose you have a $10,000 mortgage at 5¼ percent for 30 years. The last 10 years cost you $3,670 in interest, about $30 a month. Monthly payments on a 30-year mortgage are only $12 less than on a 20-year mortgage. The little matter of getting up $12 a month for 20 years to save $30 a month for 10 years is a cinch. Tell the wife she can't have a new hat this month. No new wig case next month. And so on. You'll never feel it.

XQ!×Z#?J!

An incident held over from the World Series still gives us a chuckle. It was told to us by an acquaintance who said he was in a bar watching the final Yankee-Giant game on television. Giant pitcher Jack Sanford was in trouble. A prim little woman came into the place at the moment when a fast-talking announcer made a remark about the pitcher's half-fast ball. The woman glared at the set, muttered something about filthy language on television, and left in a huff.

HOT-AIR HOT-RODS

Anybody remember when the Great Balloon Ascension was the big crowd-puller at county fairs? Believe it or not, there are men now living who recall that era and we happen to know one of them.

"It took men half a day to dig a trench about a yard deep and 50 feet long," he says. "The balloon was laid out with its mouth at one end of the trench. They built a fire at the other end and covered the trench so that hot air and smoke poured into the balloon. The thing swelled up like—well, like a balloon—and at the last minute the balloonist grabbed the trapeze, his helpers let go of the cords, and up she went at all of 10 miles an hour."

Barnstorming balloonists went out of business when Lincoln Beachey, Art Smith and other forgotten heroes came along around 1915 to thrill the fair grounds crowds with loop-the-loops executed in pusher-type Wright biplanes. But hot-air balloons are making a bit of a comeback today, like the stickshift. Research by the U. S. Navy has produced a balloon with a souped-up motor in which a daring test pilot, Ed Yost, has made several flights from the Stratobowl in Rapid City, South Dakota.

This lightweight hot-rod balloon is made of nylon cloth and laminated plastic and carries its own power plant. A large portable burner on the ground fills the balloon with hot air in about 15 minutes. When she's in the air, a burner fed from propane gas tanks in the mouth takes over. You sit in a swing seat with a backrest with your feet on a trapeze bar and turn up the burner to climb, or turn it down to level off or descend. This does away with traditional sand ballast and lifts bigger payloads. The Navy hopes to get a hot-air balloon that can lift 20-ton loads. But the 40-footer tested by Yost lifts 600 pounds to 15,000 feet, runs for an hour on $1 worth of fuel, and is plenty good enough for us.

We now have a hankering for a hot-air balloon of our own, just the thing for a fellow who doesn't care where the hell he is going but would love to look down on his creditors. What a sport for a hobby group! How serene it must be up there, Ed. We're stuck with making a living down here, but a man sure can dream, can't he?

FROM BRA TO WORSE

When an enterprising outfit brought out a special brassiere for women to sleep in, we thought it was just a gag in rather bad taste. We couldn't have been more wrong, about the gag part, anyway. The bedtime strait jackets have already racked up $2 million in sales, thereby demolishing forever the chivalrous notion of men of good will that girls have better sense than they give evidence of. Matters are going from bra to worse. Something marketed as a "Bed Caddy" (inanimate) may solve all marriage problems by wiping out the institution altogether. This $10.45 gift-package furnishes a bosom prison, strange garments called "partner panties," and a cap to cover hair-curlers. Such repugnant furbelows may be

(Continued on page 10)

[*Continued from page* 4]

states that many of the players are from mill towns in the north, but you didn't mention that many of them are from western Pennsylvania. This often creates the interesting situation that when the 22 men are on the field, most of them have known each other for years.

—Edith B. Hillman
Barrington, R.I.

What is the kind of person depicted in this article doing at a university, supposedly an institution of higher education? Is Mira a student or the prize bronco in a professional rodeo? If he has "little interest in books," what is he doing occupying a seat which might be filled by a legitimate student?

—Thomas J. Commins
Long Beach, Calif.

He passes as well in the classroom as on the field.

Running Roy Runs Again

Roy Kimes *(Running Roy, The Ozark Outlaw—Oct.)* never thumbed his nose at the "law" any more than Br'er Rabbit thumbed his nose at a hungry wolverine. I know because Sheriff Moore, Deputy Frank Neal and Deputy Bill Neal were with me in my automobile that day. Frank and Bill were placed behind the house and the sheriff and I went to the front door, knowing Roy would run like a scared rabbit in the opposite direction. He did just exactly what we expected him to do and when he heard the gun fire from Bill (a warning only) he dropped flatter than the pasture decorations. When I pulled Roy out of a clump of scrub oak trees, I didn't even have to tell him to put up his hands. He reached high and begged hard. Then I took a pistol, a knife and a lot of ammunition off his person. Were you ever on a manhunt? It's a lot more fun than any other kind of hunt I can think of—wolf, bear, lion, or what have you.

—Larry O'Dell, Sr.
Ft. Smith, Ark.

You ought to be on TV, Larry

The South Rises Again

In your October issue, on pages 77 and 93, you have depicted the Confederate flag as having 17 stars. If we had the 14 states that battle flag represents we would have had a much better chance in the war, but with 17 states it would have been slaughter for the North.

—John C. Pickels
Bartlesville, Okla.

Don't be sour, John, we're both wrong. It should have been 13 stars.

Which holiday greeting is older... the first Christmas Card or Gordon's Gin?

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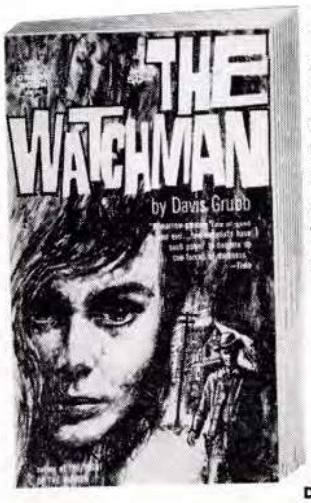
WHICH FAMILIAR FACE MASKED SOME HIDEOUS NEED TO KILL?

THE WATCHMAN

by Davis Grubb
author of NIGHT OF THE HUNTER



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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 8)
harmless to women who have given up hope and to some for whom maximum concealment is a maximum kindness, but the ordinary woman, who, we hold, is damned attractive when left to nature, risks disaster by cocooning herself in nocturnal encasements. This sort of thing could solve the population explosion in a way no man can condone, and it is the duty of the male to put down a clear and present danger to connubiality.

NICKEL'S WORTH

It's a long time since a nickel was worth 5 cents. Now it's worth about 6¾ cents. Certain nickels, that is—those of especially high silver content minted between October 1942 and December 1945. Silver now brings the highest price in years, around $1.20 an ounce. At that rate, a dollar's worth of 1942-1945 nickels contains $1.35 worth of silver. About one of 10 nickels in circulation (at least before the news leaked out) is of high-silver vintage. To turn a profit, you'd have to melt the coins and separate the silver from the copper and other stuff, which is a little tricky for the ordinary do-it-yourself guy.

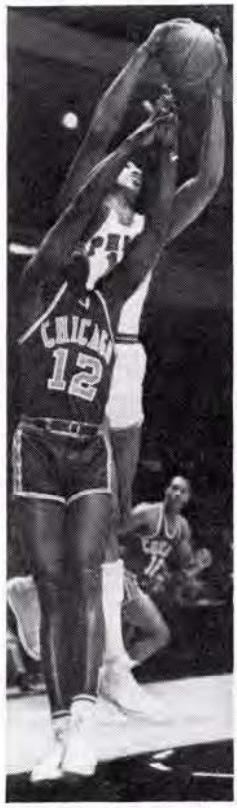
TAX BREAK

The new tax laws on business expenses are downright immoral—and delightful. You can't take your wife on a business trip and deduct her expenses. A secretary's expenses, however, are fully deductible.

DEALERS BEWARE

A new twist in the 1963 cars seems to have gone unreported by anybody but us. Quite a few of the cars have their names imprinted in block-style letters that you can actually read. Provided that you're proud of the car, this is an improvement over some of the inscrutable flourishes that apparently were designed by apprentices who were mad at the company. Dealers have always been shrewd about attaching their own name plates, designed so you can read GLOTZ at 200 feet. For this involuntary advertising service of the car owner, the dealer should knock at least 50 bucks off the price.

BIG SPORTS



Basketball is the only game we know that appeals professionally to endocrinologists interested in pituitary giants. It is also the only sport that sprang incontestably and full-born from the brain of one man, and has a definite birthday: January 20, 1892. The game has just rounded out its 70th year and shows every sign of getting through its 71st with vitality.

The alleged invention of baseball by Abner Doubleday in 1839 is denounced by many historians who point out that very similar kids' games existed long before Abner's time. The National Baseball Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, New York, brings trade to the community and has something of the holy status of Plymouth Rock. Which reminds us that an eminent editor once rejected a piece exposing Plymouth Rock as a phony, on reasonable grounds that "we don't want to kill Santa Claus." There are no quibbles about basketball's paternity.

The first game was played by members of the Y.M.C.A. Training College at Springfield, Massachusetts on January 20, 1892, a few days after their coach, Dr. James A. Naismith, invented the rules. The game was mainly a scheme to sop up athletic energies between the ending of the football and the beginning of the baseball season. The original goals were peach baskets. Players climbed a ladder to retrieve the ball. Pro basketball was played in 1898. The center jump after each goal was eliminated a quarter-century ago to cut down the advantage of seven-footers.

Fast, cheap, simple, basketball is the pre-eminent indoor winter sport, or infection. The virus in some communities, especially the Midwest, is virulent indeed. A while back we talked with an Evansville, Indiana, lawyer who moaned about the most bitter divorce suit he had ever handled. The couple agreed readily on splitting household goods, children, cash, and such trifles. But each was adamant about retaining a coveted season ticket to local basketball forays. The divorce was saved in the nick of time by the onset of the season which compelled the couple to agree on alternate use of the ticket.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

• A work-robot built by the Pullman Company has a long arm with a clutching device at the end. This is new? Sounds like a standard attachment of the female torso.

• A dash of an insecticide, dieldrin, mixed with batches of concrete used for house foundations, protects the house against termites, according to entomologists of the University of Wisconsin.

• The money women spend on permanents and hair-dos produces a totally unsalable product. Wigmakers won't give a nickel for American women's hair because it is too dry and brittle after countless curlings and dousings.

• Is it contempt of court to fall asleep in a jury box while listening to a case? Could be, but it seems to be protected by the privilege of fair comment. A jury foreman who fell asleep in the jury box during a trial in a Supreme Court of New York was merely discharged from service, over objections of defense lawyers who may have felt that the less the jury heard, the better for their client.

• New glass fibers are suitable for making glass clothing, but the stuff is disappointing. It isn't transparent.

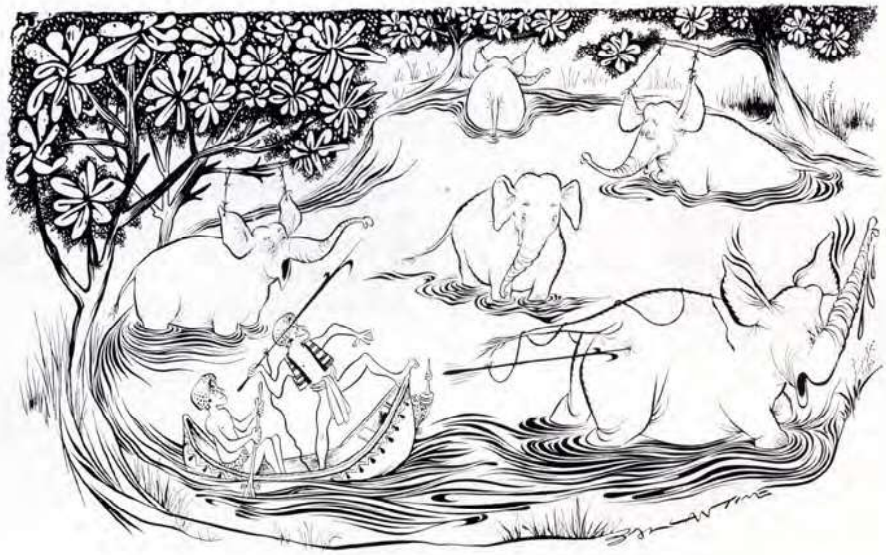
• A new competitor for bowling is now just a small cloud on the amusement horizon that may blow up quite a gale. New automated archery lanes, something like bowling alleys, have targets that move up at the touch of a button so the shooter can pull out his arrows. If it catches on, the sport might revive old trades and we'll have a Bowyer & Fletcher's Union.

• It's getting harder than ever to excite a world that once gave ticker-tape parades for Channel swimmers, made a to-do about marathon dancers, and got a thrill from bunion derbies and flagpole sitters. The 118th person to swim the English Channel, Fred Baldasare, did it all the way under water (using SCUBA) and got a couple of inches of space in the papers.

—THE EDITORS

Strange but TRUE

by George R. Martin



Harpooning elephants in the rainy season is a method of acquiring work animals that the people of Cambodia find uniquely convenient. That southeast Asian country gets soaking-wet in summer. When the Mekong River floods across rain-drenched plains, herds of wild elephants browsing along its course trek toward the hills. Waiting for them, villagers riding tamed elephants will block a likely-looking herd, edge it into deep water until all have to swim—which elephants do naturally and easily—and then close a circle around the herd. Into this aquatic roundup of flailing trunks and flapping ears glide canoes bearing harpooners. Each man selects a half-grown elephant and harpoons it through one ear; the squealing animal is then towed to a tree, the other ear is harpooned, and both lines are tied to an overhanging branch. In a big hunt, every tree in a considerable area may have an elephant treading water beneath it. When the animal tires, a broad rattan band is slipped under its belly for support. Left for several days until thoroughly weakened, it goes quietly when taken to dry land. That a harpooned elephant doesn't resent such high-handed treatment forever after, instead of submitting docilely to training, seems proof that contrary to popular belief, elephants *do* forget. *By Harley C. Ferguson, Denver, Colo.*

When the man who developed Coney Island from a desolate sandspit to a playground for New York's millions had rested briefly from that large undertaking in 1888, he gave a thought to animals. Austin Corbin, multimillionaire financier, returned to his home town of Newport, N. H., and began buying land. In two years he acquired 63 farms forming a block of 26,000 acres, razed more than 100 buildings, circled the area with 34 miles of mesh and barbed-wire fence 9 feet high with a 3-foot skirt embedded in the ground, set up nine gate houses and sent armed guards patrolling each sector. Into this man-made wilderness he released wholesale shipments of animals. They were a strangely assorted lot; moose, caribou, deer, beaver from the North, bison, antelope, and elk from the West; Asiatic goats from the Himalaya Mountains; wild pigs from Bavaria's Black Forest. There they foraged at liberty while Corbin, who built a villa near the main gate, looked on in satisfaction until his death in 1896. It had cost him over $1 million, before annual maintenance, but he considered it well worth while. His stock multiplied; 30 bison grew to 165 and some were shipped back West to restock Federal preserves. Some boars dug out on their own and joined New Hampshire's wild life; later, surplus elk were donated to the state and went native. Today Corbin Park, held by private sportsmen, still functions as New England's largest wild-life refuge, all created by one man. *By James B. Trefethen, Washington, D. C.*

How a Confederate prison vanished from the South and reappeared in the North formed a bizarre episode in post-Civil War readjustments. In 1888, Chicago promoters, aware of the crowds who would flock to a World's Fair there four years hence, thought of an attraction. Libby Prison in Richmond had been a notorious hell-hole and scene of a famous tunnel escape. The promoters went to Richmond and for $23,000 bought the 110-by-132-foot four-story building, which had reverted to its pre-war use as a warehouse. An architect directed the dismantling: 900,000 bricks, each board, beam and timber—numbered and lettered—all went into 132 railroad freight-car loads for the 750-mile trip to Chicago. There, on a Wabash Avenue lot behind a high stone wall, Libby Prison was put together again. It stood the investors the purchase price plus some $250,000 for relocating when it opened to paying sightseers in September, 1889. It was a morbidly fascinating attraction. After 1893, when the fair closed and admissions dropped, Libby Prison was again demolished. Souvenir collectors and builders shared the bricks. A farmer bought much of the lumber to build a barn in Indiana that today still shows in its beams the carved initials and century-old datings of Civil War prisoners. *By A. L. Schutzer, Tenafly, N. J.*

Male reindeer in their natural state haven't the amiable disposition that Christmas legend has given them in western minds. Bucks fight savagely in the rutting season with antlers that can be murderously effective. Siberian herdsmen take advantage of male nature to capture wild stock with a unique animal trap. They lace thongs across the antlers of a domesticated buck and send it into a wild buck's territory. The two rush together with a clash of horns. Quickly entangled, the wild buck tries vainly to wrench free. Tracking herdsmen come in with lassos, tie up the captive, and haul it home—usually, to be gelded into docility.

Only one book in English, besides the Bible, has been quoted by practically every living English-speaking man, woman or child. Yet it is never read today, is almost totally unknown, and can't be bought in book stores. It is a slim volume of 27 pages, first published in 1819, entitled *Peter Piper's Practical Principles of Plain and Perfect Pronunciation*. Each letter of the alphabet—except X-Y-Z, lumped together—had a page naming an alliterative character. Among such fascinating personages as Neddy Noodle who nipped his neighbor's nutmegs, and Oliver Oglethorpe who ogled an owl and an oyster, probably it was his identification with the title of the book that immortalized Peter Piper who, of course, picked a peck of pickled peppers. People—especially children—have been quoting the sentence ever since, and probably will continue to do so as long as the English language lasts.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

TRUE'S WHO / JAMES W. HALL:

He Connected Texas to the U. S.

By BOOTON HERNDON

Jungles, mountains and rivers are just problems to be solved for this

HOUSTON, TEX.

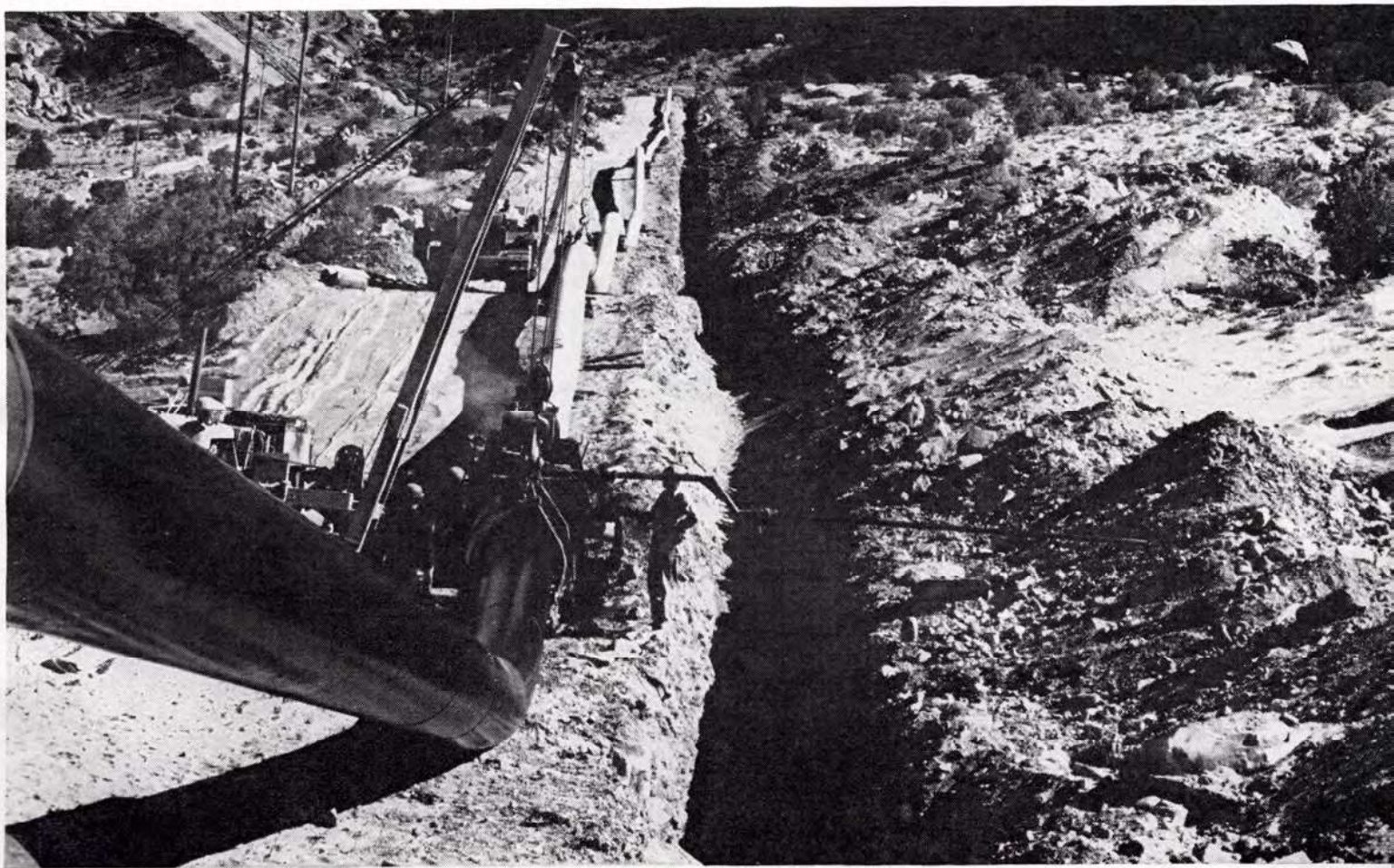
■ One of the most significant changes brought about by the technological world of today has been in the greatest game of all, the pursuit of Success. No longer is familiarity with one field of knowledge enough; today you've got to know so much about so many.

Take, for example, James William Hall of Houston, Texas, who came out of an Oklahoma lead-mining town with a meager high-school education, mostly in football, and who chased the golden fleece with such unrelenting ferocity that he is now a millionaire; head of his own company worth many times a million; and, most important of all to him, a man admired and respected by both associates and competitors. To get where he is today Hall has mastered, without benefit of classroom, drafting, civil engineering, metallurgy and cost accounting. He knows heavy machinery and explosives, tunnel construction and bridge building. He's a licensed instrument pilot with his own Bonanza and a hard-hat diver. He has thousands of dollars worth of photographic equipment and knows how to use it. He has learned Spanish to get around in Latin America, and he keeps abreast of politico-economic developments in Africa in order to supervise his activities there. He's a capable administrator, excelling not only in logistics but in being able to drive his men without compassion on the job during the day, get skunk-drunk with them at night. He can also, in custom-tailored suit with hand-tooled brief case, snow Wall Street financiers into putting up millions for his enterprises. Finally, Hall is more than just dedicated to his work—he puts it ahead of everything, as his wife, who's frequently alone while he's out on a job, can attest.

And what is this work? Well, Hall is a pipeliner. Put another way—he digs ditches.

Basically, that's about all there is to pipelining: You dig a ditch, lay a coated pipe in it, then cover it up and plant grass. Yet even across level country the work is interesting. Huge machines dig a six-foot trench at the speed of 10 feet a minute or bend a steel pipe, big enough for you to crawl through, into something kinky as a pig's tail. And when you see the line carried on across mountains and deserts, across great surging

larger-than-life pipeliner who digs his ditches across whole continents



Hall keeps gun collections spotted around U.S. in order to hunt whenever he can get the time.

He Connected Texas to the U.S.

rivers and white-water streams in mile-deep canyons, you can understand why pipeliners look on their work with a fierce excitement and pride. The whole natural gas industry, now fifth largest in the nation at $20 billion a year, rests on the pipeliners' shoulders. When you say pipeline, incidentally, you usually mean pipeline for natural gas.

To Bill Hall, whom you might call the pipeliners' pipeliner, just looking over a prospective route for a line is fun. I've sat with him and his good-looking wife and a group of his friends on the luxurious patio by the pool at his Houston home, drinking the best whisky and sniffing the Chateaubriand he himself was cooking with care and enjoyment. I've also gone out with him to look at a prospective job—first flying it, with Hall standing the little plane, barely treetop high, on its tail then on one wing in order to get a better look at the terrain, then walking it, Hall charging ahead through thickets and swamps, unmindful of either snakes or mud. And frankly, I thought he enjoyed himself more out on the route than on his own patio.

Nor did he deny it. "Pipelining as we know it today is in about the same stage now as railroads were when they were driving through the transcontinental lines," he explained. As usual, when talking pipelines, he shoved his bald head forward, his eyes glaring through horn-rimmed glasses over his big nose. Hall has huge arms and shoulders. When he talks you keep reassuring yourself that he's not angry, just intense. "It's a new industry. It's pioneering. It's romantic as all hell. Goddamit, I love it!"

Although there are more miles of gas pipeline in the country today than miles of railroad track, more than half of this total has been laid in the past 10 years. At present some 575 pipeline construction companies, like Bill Hall's Hallmac, Inc., are putting down more pipeline at the rate of $2 billion worth a year.

Natural gas has been available for half a century, and will continue to be for a long time to come. For years the problem of transportation held back its full utilization outside of a few states like Texas and Louisiana, where it comes from. Now, however, thanks to the big cross-country pipelines, gas is available practically everywhere. If your eggs were cooked with gas this morning, then you have something in common with the President of the United States—and 90 million other people whose homes are served with natural gas. If you live in the Gulf states, the Pacific Northwest, along the Eastern seaboard, or up the Missouri-Mississippi Valley, Bill Hall probably had a direct hand in bringing it to you. But even if you don't personally burn up a nickel's worth of the stuff, you still can't escape it. Gas was probably used to make the steel in your automobile, the glass in your TV tube, the bread in your sandwich and the beer in your glass. In New York alone, the amount of gas burned up each day would heat enough water to give every man, woman and child in the country a bath every day for two weeks. Natural gas packs an amazing wallop. Bill Hall's one little 20-inch pipeline takes more energy into the state of Washington than is produced by all the dams of that hydroelectric-rich state, Grand Coulee included.

If you put your ear close to a pipeline, you'll hear a high, urgent whine. That's the gas roaring through at high speed under great pressure. Pipeliners seem to reflect some of this speed and urgency. Compared with the average business man, pipeliners work harder and longer, make or lose more money faster—pipelining is one of the world's biggest gambles—and, off the job, they play harder and their jokes are broader. Their very lives are exaggerated.

Hall, for example, likes to hunt; he keeps a collection of shotguns and high-powered rifles, some of them handmade, in a gunrack in his office. What you don't see, however, are the similar arsenals he has in a half dozen other places over the United States. Further, he has duplicates of his favorite guns in each collection. "In case somebody goes with me," he explains, "we can both use my favorite gun."

Hall's pastimes are typical of his occupation. He's a lousy golfer; hitting a little white ball that can't hit back is no challenge ("I'm the only guy who'll play with him," Hal G. Childers, a Houston sportsman, told me sadly. "I have to. I sell him insurance."). Hall prefers games like water polo, in which you try to drown people, and ice hockey,

in which you body-block your opponents and hit them with sticks.

"Hall's a sadistic guy," his vice-president in charge of operations and longtime associate, Ken Biederman, said as Hall ducked his head modestly at the words of praise. "I remember one time when we were making a survey across country, he used to get us up before dawn and make us run—I mean run—the line so's to get through early to play water polo. He liked to get us underwater and stand on us. But when we got up into Michigan in the wintertime, we got even. We had a bunch of guys like me who'd been ice-skating all our lives, and we talked him into playing ice hockey. In the first two minutes we racked him up and knocked him cold and he was in the hospital for a week.

"But the pipeline always came first. We came out of a gin mill one night, swacked to the eyes, and Hall grabbed a light post, looked up at the sky, and said, 'Goddamit, I wish it would hurry up and get light so we could get out on the line.' "

Although Hall likes to play rough and is demanding on the job, he's an easy touch off of it. For example, Hall's office is in Houston while Ken Biederman's office—complete with another Bonanza and a full-time pilot, as Biederman can't fly—is in Salt Lake City.

"Why?" I asked.

Hall looked sheepish. "Well, Ken likes it out there," he said.

Another of Hall's old employees, Fritz Leamon, who now has a flying service in Kansas City, told me about the cold winter morning when Hall led his survey party up to a slough, three feet deep and covered with ice. "He never hesitated," Leamon said, "just waded on in, ice and water flying. He never looked back—he knew damn well we'd follow him."

This kind of attitude pays off in cash. Not long ago Hall, as president of Hallmac, bid on a job laying a 100-mile stretch of pipe through a Louisiana swamp. It would be a particularly nasty, tedious job because the heavy, time-saving equipment couldn't be used, and even at his bid of $3,500,000, $35,000 per mile, Hall stood to lose maybe $100,000 or so if it took him more than nine months. "But what the hell," he said, "it's pipelinin'."

That summer happened to be the driest in years. The swamp dried out, and Hall could get his heaviest equipment right on through. He got the whole job done in 90 days at a total cost of $2 million and collected the stipulated $3,500,000. Net profit, clean and clear, was $1,500,000 for three months' work.

Though a half-million net profit a month isn't bad money, Hall's reputation in the industry is based only partly on his success as an independent contractor. Hall is known primarily for his supervision of huge projects. There are two kinds of pipeline companies. One is the big corporation which raises the money and has the line built to its specifications. The other is the construction company which actually puts in the pipe. Hall is one of the few men who have been active in every phase of both types. When the big-money men put together a multimillion dollar project and need someone who can first co-ordinate the job in all its

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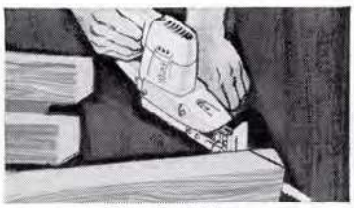

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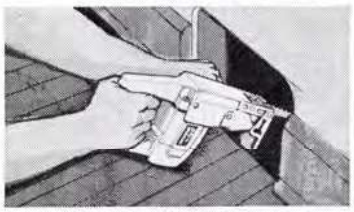

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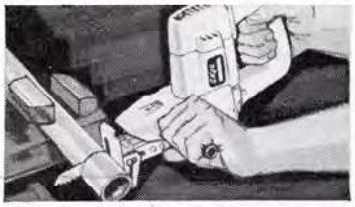

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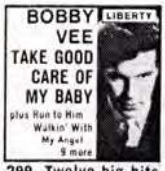

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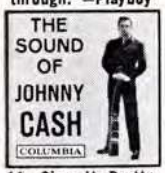

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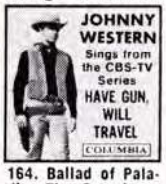

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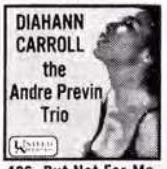

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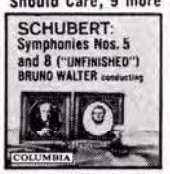

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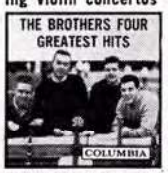

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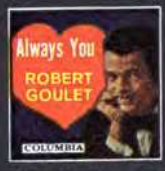

227. It's All In the Game, Full Moon and Empty Arms, 10 more

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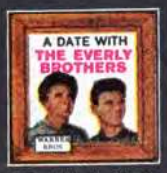

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268. Includes catchy trumpet tunes, airs, marches, etc.

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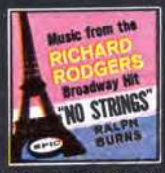
402. "A rousing performance...verve and vigor."—Billboard

405. Teen Beat, One Mint Julep, Raunchy, What'd I Say, etc.



404. "A beautiful album...lovely, lilting style."—Billboard

23. Ebb Tide, Who's Sorry Now?, September Song, 12 in all

291-292. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) "Intensely expressive...imbued with controlled fervor."—High Fid.

400. Also: Dr. Kildare, Bonanza, Gunsmoke, 12 in all

93. The best-selling Original Cast recording of all time

34. Stars & Stripes Forever, Washington Post March, etc.

284. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet of the piano."—N.Y. Times

162. Also: I'm Just Here To Get My Baby Out of Jail, etc.

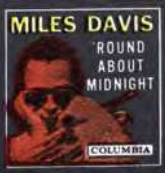
278. "Something no one should pass up."—Washington Star

95. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *

12. Also: Gunfight at O.K. Corral, Rawhide, etc.

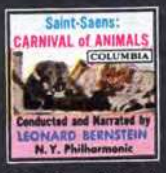
103. It's "Hooray for Jose Jimenez!"—N.Y. Journal-Amer.

258. This is "an extraordinary chorus."—New York Times



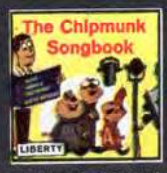
54. All Of You, Bye Bye Blackbird, Ah-Leu-Cha, etc. *

129. Also: Home, My Own True Love, Morgen, The McCoy, etc.



259. Also: Britten's Young Person's Guide To the Orchestra

173. Crying, I Can't Help It, True Love, Mr. Lonely, 8 more



132. The Band Played On, A Bicycle Built For Two, 12 more

252. "Performances that really sparkle and glow."-High Fid.

65. Includes: She'll Have to Go, Someday, Four Walls, 9 more

144. "Hackett's cornet playing is just lovely!"—S.F. Chron.

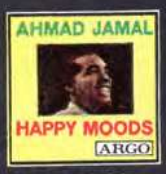
100. "Superb . . . all the beauty & nobility captured."-HiFi Rev.

241. "Two of the greatest singers."—N.Y. Herald Trib.

215. "Walloping ensembles and stirring solos!"—High Fidel.

232. Most exciting and thrilling of all Beethoven concertos

195. Oklahoma Bill, Make the Waterwheel Roll, 10 in all



223. "Delightful . . . pliable wit, superb timing."—Esquire

57. Nine Pound Hammer, Hear the Wind Blow, 12 in all

273. The most passionate love music ever composed

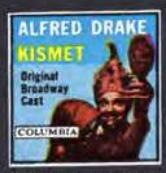
60. Trees, Because, Danny Boy, My Task, My Friend, 7 more

170. Vaya Con Dios, Jezebel, Guns of Navarone, 12 in all

85. Starring William Warfield, Anita Darian, Barbara Cook

151. Also: Billy the Kid, In the Valley, Strawberry Roan, etc.

401. It's All In the Game, Till There Was You, Cry, 9 more



94. Stranger in Paradise, And This Is My Beloved, etc. *

286. "A top-notch performance."Amer. Record Guide

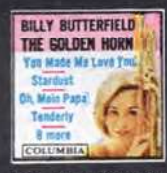
199. The Breeze and I, Ebb Tide, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 in all

155. Also: Taking A Chance on Love, Flamingo, Amapola, etc.

200. Honky Tonk (Part I and II), 'Deed I Do, Buster, etc.

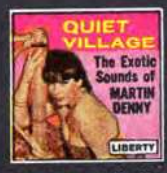
107. Also: Some Like It Hot, Magnificent Seven, Smile, etc.

294. "Exciting . . . compelling." — New York Herald Tribune



190. Also: Pretend, And the Angels Sing, Cherry Pink, etc.

285. "Performance: Superb. Recording: Excellent."-HiFi Rev.



145. Happy Talk, My Little Grass Shack Cha Cha Cha, etc.

46. Also: Like Someone in Love, When I Fall In Love, etc.

102. Complete score of "another R&H winner!"—Newsweek

251. "Richness of the harmonies...gorgeous."—Hi Fi Rev.

403. Mama, Come Back To Sorrento, 'O Sole Mio, 12 in all

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multiplicity at a desk, then go out in the dust of the desert and the muck of the swamps and the steep slopes of the high mountains and drive the thing through, that's when they call on Hall.

Take the Transcontinental line which runs 1,840 miles from the Rio Grande River at McAllen, Texas, to the Hudson River at 125th Street, New York. Hall bossed that job. But although Transcontinental is the world's longest line, pipeliners consider it second in over-all magnitude to the Pacific Northwest line, which runs from New Mexico to Washington state, across the Rockies and the Cascades. This, pipeliners say, was the toughest job of them all. And Hall put that line through, too.

Hall got into pipelining originally due to the same trait that has made him a success in it, his willingness to knock himself out, physically and mentally, on the job. As a 14-year old mule skinner in the lead mines around Commerce, Oklahoma, the only future he could see was to wind up dying of miner's consumption like everybody else. After squeezing through high school, and before going into the mines for good, he set out first to see the country by freight car. In Kansas City he got just about the worst job there was, mucking in a tunnel being put through under the Missouri River. To a fugitive from a lead mine, however, the job wasn't bad at all, and he worked hard to keep it. He was curious about everything that went on, and alert. The bosses couldn't help but notice him.

One day a group of engineers came through the tunnel, squinting through their instruments. Hall looked up from the mud to see their clean khakis. He asked questions, found out that although the engineers didn't make much more than he did, *their* boss made a lot more than *his* boss. That night he headed for the city library and took out a book on surveying.

When the tunnel was finished, the boss asked him if he wanted to go along to the company's next job. Hall said sure. It happened to be a survey for a pipeline route through Texas and Oklahoma. Hall's been a pipeliner ever since.

"Those were the rough days, the pioneering days," Hall told me recently. Over the years the mule skinner and tunnel mucker has become polished and articulate; much of what he said to me he also gave in a special paper before the American Society of Civil Engineers, of which he is a member. "We had no trenching machines. All we had was men —immigrant labor gangs from the East, hard-bitten itinerants from the Southwest. They blasted across the country like a scourge, fighting, rollicking, tearing towns apart. Methods were incredibly primitive. Say we wanted to bend a piece of pipe to go over a hill. We'd tear down a farmer's fence posts, build a roaring fire, heat the pipe up red-hot. Then we'd throw it in the ditch and put a gang of men to jumping up and down on it, shoe leather scorching and stinking, until it fit the contour. If we had a tree handy, we'd heat the pipe, hitch a mule or a tractor to each end and bend it around the tree."

When he was 20 Hall got a job with the Panhandle Eastern line, which runs from Texas to Chicago, and started up the ladder. For years, after working hard all day, he would study half the night. He could always get by with five hours sleep plus a cat nap or two during the day. He became a licensed civil engineer and head of survey crews that located the route new lines would take across country. He learned welding and the characteristics of metal and went into construction and maintenance. He noted the best ways of doing all kinds of pipeline operations and compiled them into a list of specifications for new work, something new in the growing business. A couple of years ago, as

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head of Hallmac, Hall was beefing about a job he was bidding on.

"These goddam specifications are impossible!" he said.

"You ought to know," the company vice-president said drily. "You wrote 'em."

One day, when Hall was a bright, young district maintenance superintendent, he got a rush call to come to the Missouri River crossing. He did, and what he saw there was incredible. The 20-inch pipe went directly into the river and rested on the bottom all the way across. Now, however, the thing was writhing up and down like a huge snake in a hurry. Hall squatted down and squinted at it. What could make that heavy pipe whip up and down? It didn't make sense.

He got in a boat and had someone row him across the river while he poked down at the pipe. Then he stripped down to his shorts, even though it was a cold fall day, and dived in. He went upstream from the pipe to make allowances for the swift current and then swam down to the pipe. It was really jumping. Hall gripped it with hands and knees and rode it like a bronco. It went down with a thump into the mud, quivered, strained, came up with a swoosh. Hall got an idea.

He went ashore, dried as best he could, dressed and headed for the nearest large library where books on hydrodynamics were available. They corroborated his idea. When the bottom of the pipe was in the mud the current flowing over the pipe imparted a lifting power to the top, like air over an aeroplane wing. But when the pipe was entirely off the bottom and the current could flow under it, the pull was equalized and the weight of the pipe would bang it back down again.

Hall recommended that a trench should be dug across the bottom of the river and the pipe buried, just as on dry land. When it was done, there was no more trouble. All rivers that are not bridged are crossed this way today.

Hall also played an important role in another important phase of the industry —pipe bending. As new, stronger alloys were developed during the 30's, pipe walls became thinner, and they'd flatten out at the bend. Manufacturers began bending the pipes to order. Then came World War II, and factory-bent pipe was no longer available.

During the war Hall was all over the Midwest for Panhandle Eastern, getting lines into factories. This was when he learned to fly, the better to get around. On one rush job the route was especially winding and bending the pipe presented a particularly difficult problem. It kept flattening out. Hall was watching the pipe-bending crew go nuts one day when he remembered reading in a metallurgical journal of laboratory experiments in a new method of bending small pipe. With more enthusiasm than good sense Hall set out to try the method on large pipe out in the field.

First, he had men play acetylene torches over a strip running halfway around the pipe. After several tries, they got the section to puff inward, making a wrinkle. Then Hall braced one end of the pipe between a tree and a telephone pole, hooked up a tractor to the other end

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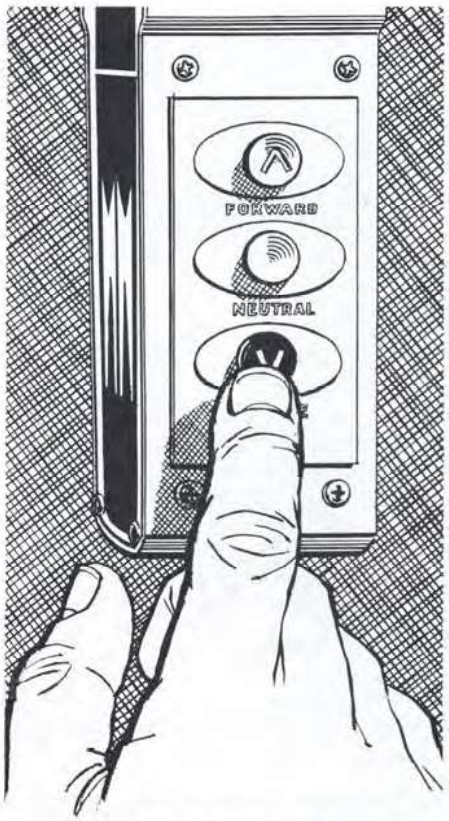

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and started pulling against the wrinkle. It worked! By constant trial and error, Hall found that he could get several degrees of bend out of each wrinkle before the pipe started to flatten, and that he could make wrinkles a foot apart in the 20-inch pipe. Word got around and from then on that's the way most pipe was bent during the war. Since the war, huge machines have been devised which stamp cold wrinkles in the pipe and bend it to any angle in the field.

Hall solved another problem during those days as a result of his constant interest in all kinds of construction. One day he was driving along when he saw a crew of a utility company getting ready to set up a pole in a marsh. The ground was obviously too wet to dig—how would they get the pole in? As Hall watched, the men buried a dynamite charge, hoisted the pole into an erect position directly over it, set off the charge, and dropped the pole into the resulting crater. That was all there was to it. Hall gave the crew a couple of beeps of applause with his horn and drove on.

Not long after that, one of his crews ran into a real problem: a peat bog. The route had been surveyed in summer, when it was fairly dry. But now it was spring, the rains were pouring down, and it was a sticky morass a half mile wide. They couldn't go around the bog—it would cost a fortune—and they couldn't wait for it to dry out. Hall sloshed out into it himself, came back dripping and swearing.

He looked at the bedraggled huddle of men standing around and slammed his fist in his hand. "Okay, goddamit," he said. "We'll blast the sonofabitch."

"You're crazy, Hall," Biederman said. "You can't blast a lousy damn swamp."

"The hell I can't," Hall said. "Get me a carload of dynamite."

When the dynamite arrived Hall squatted down, took three sticks and tied them into a loose bundle. He took three more, shoved them up against the first bundle so that the ends dovetailed, whipped a piece of twine around the joint and tied it tight. Another bundle of three and another. Before long he had several feet of dynamite, three sticks thick.

"Give me a half mile of that," he told the blasting crew and left.

In the meantime the pipe gang was welding up a half mile of 18-inch pipe. When the string of dynamite was ready, Hall had it laid across the bog. He stretched the half mile of pipe out behind it, with tractors ready to push, tractors on the far side ready to pull.

Everything was ready. Hall began to twitch with excitement, like a kid at a Fourth of July picnic. "Okay, let her go!" he said.

A half mile of firecracker went off with a boom. A half mile of peat bog quivered then jumped. It knocked Hall back on his heels and covered him with peat and mud.

But before him a ditch opened up in a wide V and stayed that way. Within seconds the gang had the pipe moving in.

During the war the success of the emergency oil pipelines known as "Big Inch" and "Little Big Inch" gave the pipeline industry a clear indication that even longer, bigger pipelines could be built for natural gas. In 1947, Transcontinental was organized to build a 1,840-mile line from Texas to New York. For project manager Bill Hall was a natural. He was now 39, with experience in every phase of pipelining under his belt. All he had to do was personally check and okay every inch of the route—and hundreds of miles of alternate, just in case—plan the work in detail, parcel it out to a dozen-odd construction companies, co-ordinate it all along the line, advise and inspect, and okay the payment of millions.

Just a small part of the job was making the 50 decisions as to how the line would cross the 50 major rivers in its path, by bridge or trench. Each river had unique problems. The Navy told him he could tie up the five-mile Calcasieu River at Lake Charles, Louisiana, for only half a day, for instance. But how do you stretch five miles of pipe in half a day?

Turned out to be easy. Hall got the trench dug across the river bottom. He extended the line out from each bank for several hundred yards, supported by barges. Upstream, where nobody cared what he did, he welded together some four miles of pipe. Then he had the ends plugged up, floated the whole thing downstream, welded its ends to the waiting open ends, weighted it and sank it. Only took a few hours.

Crossing the Coosa River in Alabama was another matter entirely. It's swift, deep, and narrow—70 feet deep, 630 feet wide—and it flows in a V-shaped bed of solid rock. This river had to be bridged. Hall had a suspension-type bridge designed and built. The pipe, with a walkway on top, is 100 feet above the surface of the river, suspended from a cable attached to two 300-foot towers.

Hall finished construction of the line in 1951, stayed on in charge of maintenance and repair of the whole line. One day he got a frantic call from the supervisor of the Coosa district, E. V. Hunt. Hall hurried to the bridge by plane and car and stood looking at it with his mouth open. That whole length of pipe, two football fields long, was whipping up and down.

If it kept up, the pipe would eventually break like a wire bent to and fro. People and industries from Montgomery to Atlanta and up the Eastern seaboard to New York would no longer be cooking with gas.

Further, with gas roaring through it under a pressure of 1,000 pounds per square inch, the pipe was like a long metal balloon. If it popped, each foot would go off with the equivalent explosive power of a 500-pound bomb. And there were 630 feet of it.

Hall headed for the tower, Hunt at his heels, and climbed it as the pipe whipped up and down and the tower swayed. He stepped out on the catwalk over the potential bomb and stood there for a moment. It was like standing on the deck of a munitions ship with a fire in the hold; the soles of his feet twitched.

He looked at the pipe, looked back at Hunt. "Well," he said wryly, "it sure ain't no optical illusion."

That wasn't enough; he went back

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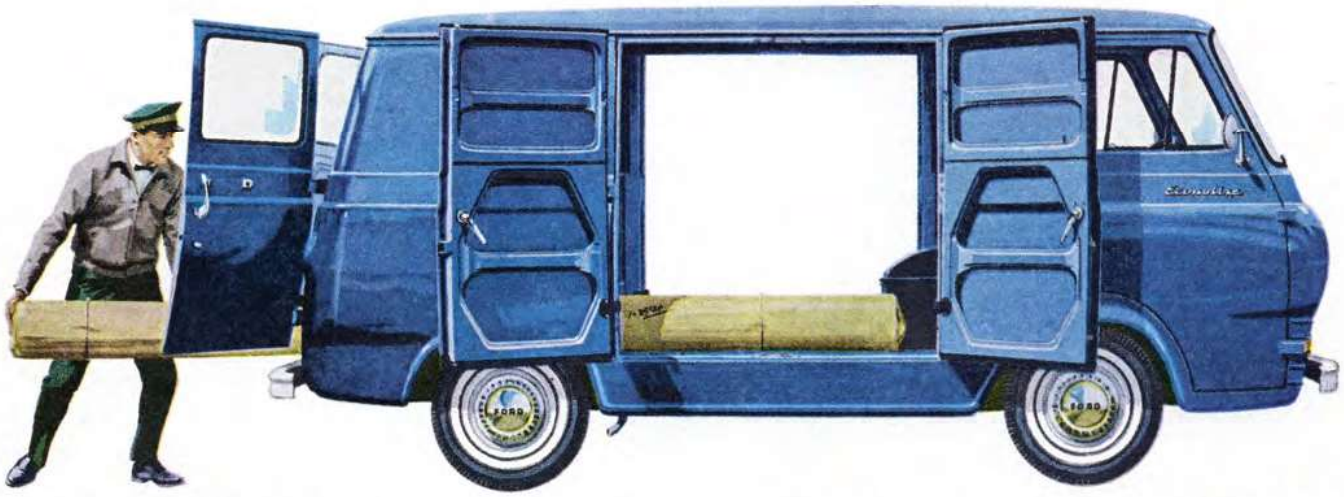

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down, got a movie camera, came back up and photographed it. The film turned out very well, and it, too, showed the pipe heaving up and down.

Consulting a wind gauge proved that the pipe galloped only when the wind was downstream and steady. It was easy to figure out the reason: though the suspension cable held the pipe up, nothing held it down. The wind was getting under it and lifting it.

How do you hold a bridge down? First Hall had a cable dropped from the center of the span into the river and hung sand-filled oil drums from it. That didn't hold it. Then he had a network of cables strung across and that did.

According to people who know, Hall was in line for a top executive job with Transcontinental, with a fat salary and a desk to work from instead of the pilot seat of a Bonanza. Unfortunately, he got bored with maintenance. He quit and organized his own construction company. Such an outfit requires an initial outlay of about $1,500,000 for equipment, another $500,000 in working money. I asked Hall where the money came from. He was insulted.

"Hell, I got friends," he said. "I called up four or five of them and there it was. I didn't ask them where *they* got it."

Hall's company was getting work and making money when, early in '55, one of the great promoters of the industry, Ray Fish of Houston, came to him with a proposition. Fish had an option on the gas in the San Juan basin in northern New Mexico. He wanted to pipe it to the Pacific Northwest. The route would cross the toughest terrain in the Americas; it would be the toughest pipeline project in history. Would Hall see it through?

Taking the job on a salary basis would mean far less potential income to Hall than continuing as head of an independent company. But think of the challenge, the personal gratification that would come with completion. As Hall puts it: "I'm always trying to make people think I'm smarter than I really am." Anyway, he took the job.

To find the best route, Hall had to fly the whole area. He'd go up steep mountain canyons until they narrowed down so that the trees on either side almost brushed his wing tips. To okay the route, he had to walk much of it. One stretch was a barren area in Utah, where for five miles the route led over a washboard-type formation of rocky, sharp-pointed ridges about eight feet high.

Overseeing the actual construction, Hall was in the desert one day, where fine dust came up ankle-high on his boots, out in a boat on the swift Columbia the next, watching the powder gang blast a trench across its rocky bottom. Worst crossings of all were the half-mile-deep gorges of the white water streams pouring into the Columbia from the north—Big Major and Klickitat, Gade and Wind and Rock. Here's where the whole project was reduced to its lowest common denominator: one man with a chipping hammer, dangling at the end of a rope, cutting out room for one more man to work. Then the two would cut out room for four, and so each gorge was crossed.

From such primitive operations Hall would take a transcontinental plane to New York, appear before the underwriters in their Wall Street offices with a progress report, then fly back studying Spanish on the way.

The construction of Pacific Northwest's Scenic Inch was a pipeliner's miracle: On May 1, 1955, the Pacific Northwest Corporation had a total payroll of seven people. Within 18 months it had raised, and spent, $200 million; surveyed 1,467 miles of route, made separate right-of-way deals with 6,000 landowners, let a score of contracts to a dozen different construction companies, got the pipe in and started delivering gas in the state of Washington. This was one of the great achievements in the history of construction.

And so, in early '58, Hall left Pacific Northwest, reorganized Hallmac and went back to the actual laying of pipe. Since then, he has had projects going all over the United States, in Mexico and South America, even Africa. He got started in Africa in an offbeat way. A friend of his named Jeff Slagle went into the logging business in Ghana but had trouble getting mahogany logs from jungle to seaport. As there's little difference between hauling a log and a pipe, and Hall certainly had experience with the latter, he stepped in and fixed things, ending up with a piece of the logging company and a couple of pipeline contracts.

Hall's friends on the fringe of the pipeline industry are constantly amazed by his operations and by the industry itself. "It's crazy," Hal Childers, Hall's insurance man, told me. "I knocked myself out getting him a lower rate for his draftsman's office. It wasn't located near the pipeline, but right in town between a hotel and a supermarket. Why pay higher construction rates? Finally the new rate came through. Then one of the draftsmen knocked over a little vial, no bigger than a salt shaker, of the stuff you use to give natural gas an odor. There was enough in that little bottle to stink up gas for a whole city. Everything in the supermarket next door was ruined and had to be destroyed, same with the hotel on the other side. Both had to close down for days. And my company paid all the damages—at lowered rates!"

Hall chuckled. "Hell, that's nothing," he said. "I've had to pay damages for chicks that didn't hatch—the owners said my heavy equipment shook 'em up in the shell, and unspawned fish—the conservation department said my operations on the Columbia River kept their mamas from getting upstream to spawn. But the damndest thing I ever paid for was unconceived mink. The owner of a mink ranch said my blasting got them so upset they lost all interest in sex. After that I'm ready for anything, and in this business I'm likely to find it!"

—Booton Herndon

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By ROBERT M. LIPSYTE

Robert Reidt had predicted the end of the world—and the time was now at hand

■ The crowd had been waiting in the needle-sharp cold for hours and now, a few minutes before 10 p.m., it was getting restless. Big-shouldered farmers in checked mackinaws stamped their booted feet in the slush; well-dressed stockbrokers from New York City nervously wisecracked with their ermine-trimmed ladies, and a Harlem preacher led a group of shivering women in wailing hymns.

It was a mixed-bag of a crowd, but every few minutes all five hundred pairs of eyes glanced up at a clapboard shack at the top of the snow-covered hill.

"Ain't he never coming out?" whined a little boy.

"Hush, sonny," said his mother, a frail woman in a man's work coat, "or the Archangel Gabriel will hear you."

At precisely 10 o'clock, the joking and the whining and the singing abruptly stopped. The

Illustrated by STAN GALLI
Stan Galli

D-DAY FOR THE DOOM PROPHET

It would have been easier to laugh if all this end-of-the-world talk had come from a con-man. But the humble prophet really believed his own sermon and Americans began to worry

door of the shack opened slowly on squealing, rusted hinges, and the kerosene lamp inside cast a weird shadow on the dirty snow.

Five hundred persons felt their breaths catch in their rib cages as a short, pot-bellied man with a bristly moustache lurched unsteadily out of the shack. The wind pulled at his flimsy shirt, and his legs were wobbly from lack of food, but there was no hesitation as he placed a battered megaphone to his lips. "Can you hear me, Gabriel?" he bellowed into the night. "Can you hear me?"

A convulsive shudder passed through the crowd. The wise-crackers bit their lips, the farmers closed their eyes, and even the calloused big-city newspapermen stopped dictating their stories to telegraph operators and turned to hear the little man.

Again he spoke. "Send us a sign, O Gabriel, send down the fiery chariot and destroy the world in fire and pestilence and hailstones."

Nobody laughed. Some of the women began to sob and some of the men began to pray. Suddenly, a fat man in a velvet-collared Chesterfield burst through the crowd and started up the snowy hillside.

"You can't do this to me, do y'hear," the fat man roared, a blue vein throbbing on his forehead. "I have a million dollars in stocks, I've got ten thousand right here and I'll give you anything you want but you can't. . . ."

He slipped to his knees in the slush and his voice trailed into despair as the little man with the battered megaphone looked down at him and shook his head.

"It is too late for you, brother. Had you given up your wordly goods when I did there might be a chance for you now. You will die with the rest."

"No." The scream was shrill and the crowd turned to watch the woman in the man's coat push past the banker into the circle of light cast by the kerosene lamp.

"I'm not begging for myself," she sobbed. She clutched the whining boy to her thin chest. "He's only 8 years old, he has to have a chance. Take him with you, oh please take him with you to heaven."

The man on the hill shook his head sadly. "I'm very sorry," he said, as if he were truly very sorry. His voice was calm and matter-of-fact as his red-rimmed, fanatically bright eyes burned into the shivering, wretched crowd at his feet.

"Prepare yourselves," he said gently. "In two hours the end of the world will come."

And—incredibly—much of the United States believed him.

It was February 6, 1925, and the third day that Robert Reidt, a pudgy man who called himself the Apostle of Doom, held the Jazz Age in his grip of icy prophecy.

Of all the crackpots, religious fanatics and addle-pated scientists who have, since the Beginning, predicted the End, few have commanded more attention than Robert Reidt, an obscure, $11-a-day house painter.

For three days, hordes of newspapermen and photographers recorded his every move; telegraph wires and telephone cables crackled with his latest pronouncements, and millions shivered in dread.

Men and women committed suicide rather than face his so-called Millenium. Children ran away from home. And the five hundred persons who turned Scrub Oak Hill in East Patchogue, Long Island, into a shrine of fear were only a few of the millions who waited throughout the country for midnight—and the End.

Had Reidt lived at any other time in American history, the mobs would have mocked his words and run him out of town. But the United States was already gripped by the unaccountable fears and enthusiasms of the 20's, and the little house painter rode on the crest of Jazz Age hysterias. The first week of February in 1925 was perhaps the wildest in this country's emotional history.

The week had begun with laughter. A lunatic, called Jack the Hugger, was terrorizing Wilmington, Delaware, by sneaking up behind the town matrons, hugging them, kissing them and running away.

The story goes that one plump woman begged the local police to find the man and turn him over to her. She had never had it so good, she said.

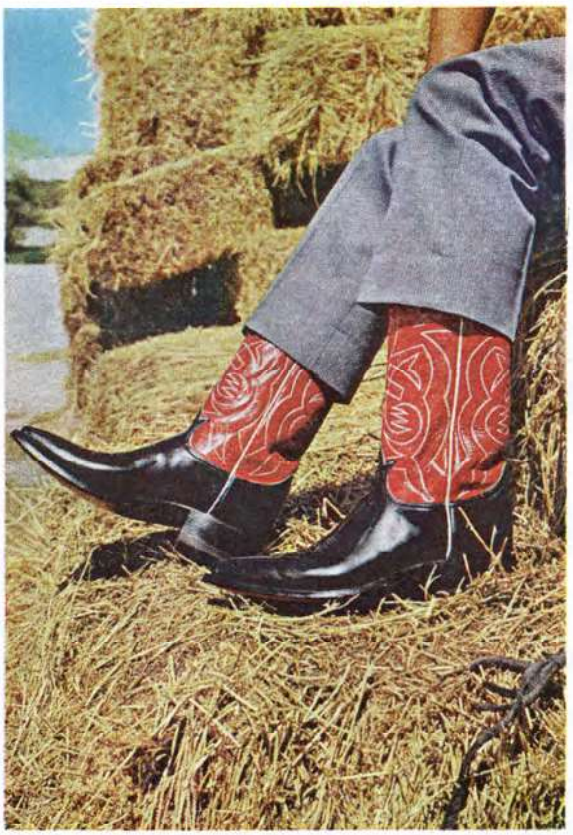
The mood turned to jolly sympathy when Babe Ruth, the famous New York Yankee baseball player, waddled into the team's training camp in St. Petersburg, Florida, some 45 pounds overweight.

There was excitement as Balto, an Alaskan Husky, scampered through 10-foot-high snow drifts to carry diphtheria toxin from Ruby to Nome. And there was compassionate fear as Floyd Collins, a Kentucky spelunker, began to die in the bowels of a Cave City hole.

The land of hot music and bathtub gin was ripe for something really big, something so cataclysmic that every person would be touched. And then [*Continued on page* 72]

Photographed for TRUE by SID LATHAM

Unique boots, above, have lizard feet and kangaroo tops. Popular, but scarce, ostrich was used for cream-colored boots on right, below. Boots like this can run to $85 a pair. Fancy stitched boots on left are ostrich-grained water buffalo. Old standbys, calf and kid, are duded up with color on boots, at right. Sharkskin has been used for years and alligator, when available, is popular but expensive. Lama Co., has used pigskin, sealskin, Asian caribou, nylon velvet, and even giraffe—with the fur left on.

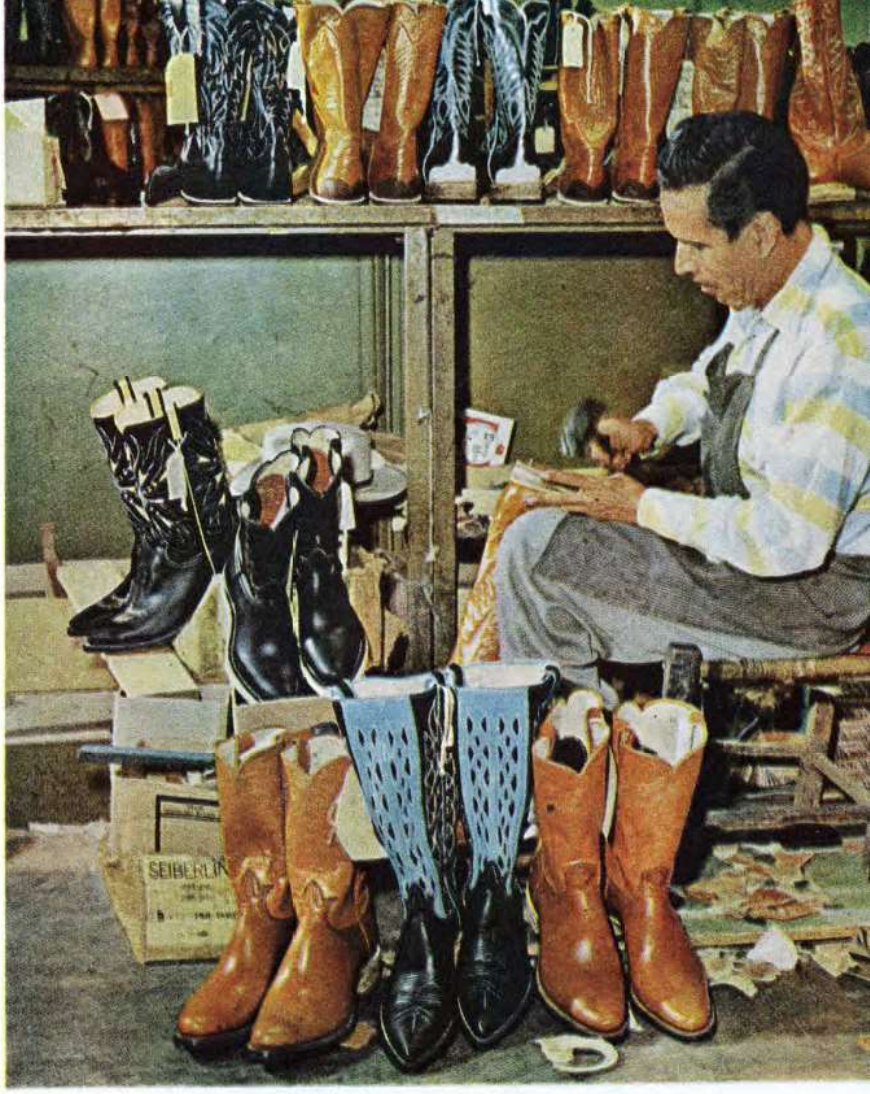


EL PASO, TEXAS

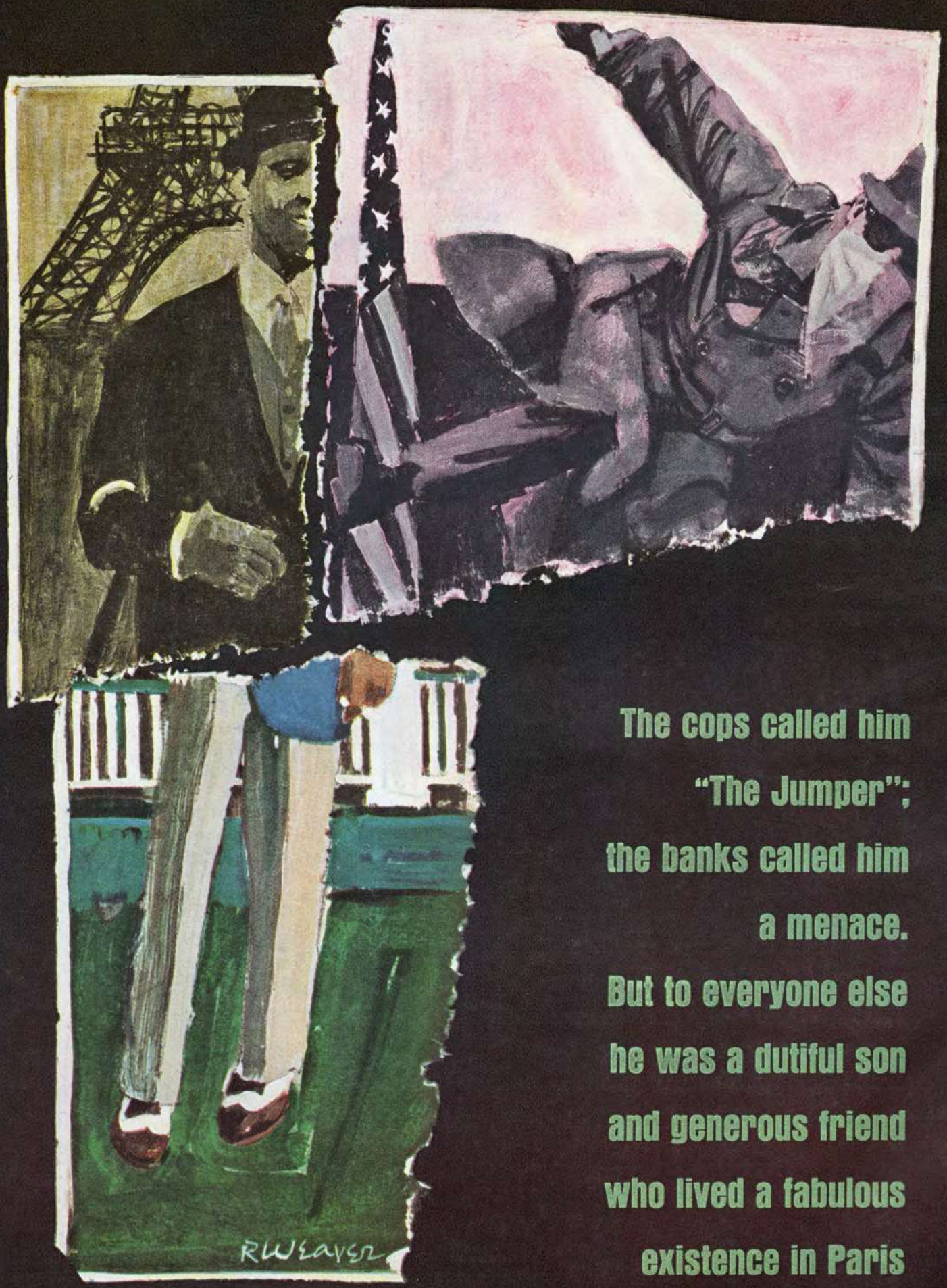
■ Western, and Eastern, feet have come down a long trail since the days when cowboy boots meant a pair of black or brown, 10-inch, slightly heeled cowhide coverings. The old working cowhand wore his boots to protect his legs from cactus, brush and upset rattlesnakes. His heels helped to cling to stirrups when the riding got rough. Time, TV and the war changed all that. Invading Easterners on military service took to Western boots, celebrities caught on, and the duding-up began. While fine bootmakers like the Tony Lama Co., of El Paso, Texas, are still prepared to make no-nonsense, durable working boots, they also produce some of the most exotic footwear since Cinderella's glass slipper. The ultimate was reached when Tony Lama made a $5,000 pair of exhibition boots. Trimmed with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds set in platinum on gold and silver kid, their dazzle was too tempting and a thief made off with them. ■

JUST FOR KICKS

DUDE BOOTS



Juan Ramos, above, is building boot heels by hand to suit a buyer's taste. Lama Co., produces 200 pairs of boots a day—all of them hand-lasted. A buyer has a choice of material, toe and heel shape, even the kind of scallop he wants at the top of his boots. He can pick designs, too, from just plain fancy to inlaid fantasies called Double Eagle or Star-Ray. With all that to choose from, the black and white, hand-buckstitched, moccasin-toes pair shown below seem kind of just quiet good taste.



The cops called him
"The Jumper";
the banks called him
a menace.
But to everyone else
he was a dutiful son
and generous friend
who lived a fabulous
existence in Paris

the case of the three-faced crook

By ROBERT LISTON
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT WEAVER

■ He wanted to stun, to surprise, to paralyze. To tellers in a bank he was an apparition, faceless behind a hat, sunglasses and a white handkerchief, that suddenly leaped at them. He vaulted the counter, gun hand outstretched, legs flying, to land in their midst. While they stood too shocked to scream or speak or move, he ran from drawer to drawer stuffing money into a paper bag. Then he went back over the counter and out the door. "The Jumper," the most fabulous and successful bank robber of this century, had struck once again.

He wanted to impress. He traveled Europe like minor nobility, visiting his bankers in Geneva and London, calling on art dealers or antique collectors, palavering in any of four languages, making a purchase when his keen eye spotted fresh talent or future value. His suits were fitted by the finest London tailors, his shoes by the best Italian bootmakers. In Paris, where he lived, he drove a white Mercedes-Benz between his apartment at 27 Rue St. Ferdinand and Maxim's, the Lido, the opéra and the most exclusive restaurants and clubs.

He wanted to be liked. In Williamstown, Massachusetts, he appeared in a rented car filled with china, vases, paintings, furniture and laces for his mother and sister, both of whom he adored. To stenographers and secretaries in the Town Office, where he had worked as a minor official, he took perfume and candy. He called upon friends, making them small loans, listening to their problems. He spent a small fortune renovating his parents' home and used it to entertain friends, all of whom thought him marvelous.

Each man so described is Robert Francis Urbano, perhaps the most devilishly clever and most paradoxical criminal of this generation. In less than a decade—although no one is quite sure when he started his crime spree—he robbed at least 13 banks and three department stores—no one, again, is sure just how many—of perhaps a quarter-million dollars. None can swear it wasn't a great deal more, least of all Urbano himself. He murdered a man and crippled another for life, but in such regard do his friends hold him that few will speak critically of him. And they can't quite surrender the notion that his isn't a colossal case of mistaken identity.

In Paris, his concierge, who prides herself on knowing and respecting the secrets of her tenants, was dumbfounded to learn the courtly and cultured young man had a penchant for robbing banks. In a small town in Arizona, a physician took pen in hand and wrote a rebuking letter suggesting first a punch in the nose, then a libel suit were in order for anyone writing anything derogatory about Urbano.

Yet in New Jersey a veteran police officer declares, "He is the most arrogant, remorseless and intellectually supercilious bastard I have ever known. You just want to slug him." And the prosecutor for Bergen County, New Jersey, admits, "He is the most unusual criminal who ever entered this office." The FBI, which spent most of a futile decade hunting him, says with some admiration that Urbano "makes most hardened bank robbers of the past shape up as amateurs."

His technique was pure genius. His skein of robberies might well have gone on forever, except for the unpredictableness of females. In a rented car he would leisurely motor to Philadelphia or Baltimore or Washington, even once to Pittsburgh, and check into a fashionable motel. Then he would go for a stroll, ostensibly to see the sights, but actually to locate a car with the keys in the ignition. Finding a serviceable model, he would remove it to a public parking lot, locking it so no one else would steal it. Afterward he'd taxi back to the motel.

For the next several days he'd drive around town in his rented car, looking for a bank in need of a robbery. His standards were not high. All he asked [*Continued on page* 92]

Bob Bourne had a dream—of sun, sea and long lazy days, spiced with a dash of adventure. He wanted to buy a vacation retreat on a tropical island. Sometimes he simply dreamed of a house and a strip of beach. But when he was dreaming in high gear, he had the grand vision of buying an entire island.

Bob Bourne and some of his friends had entertained this reverie for a number of years without ever seeing a way to make it come true. They were officers on vessels of the Tomlinson Fleet Corporation, a steamship outfit hauling ore and grain on the Great Lakes. In cold, wild weather out in the middle of vast Lake Huron or Lake Erie, the dream was a bright plaything that could help take a man's mind off his troubles. But that was all it was.

Then, in the winter of 1955-56, the imaginative mind of Bob Bourne hauled the dream a notch closer to reality. Ice closes navigation on the Lakes in winter, usually from early December until April, and Bob rides out the freeze at his home in Lake Worth, Florida. It was while down there that winter that he came upon a newspaper article about a group of men who'd found an interesting way to get rich. They'd formed a club, pooled some of their extra money and invested it in the stock market. During the few years' time this moneypool had been in existence, each member's share had grown to more than twice the value of what he'd actually put in!

(Such success is not unusual, though it hardly matches the results of a Minneapolis combine named Futures Unlimited. In less than five years, each member's share grew to $13,147 on an investment of $900!)

Bob Bourne liked the moneypool idea. He saw there could be problems for the unwary in any kind of investment-club setup, but he also saw that it could have advantages over a lone man trying to ride the market by himself. When the ice broke up on the Lakes that spring and Bob reported for duty as first mate on the steamer *Davidson*, he broached the idea to Capt. Howard Beck.

"I'd like permission to form an investment club among the crew," Bob said.

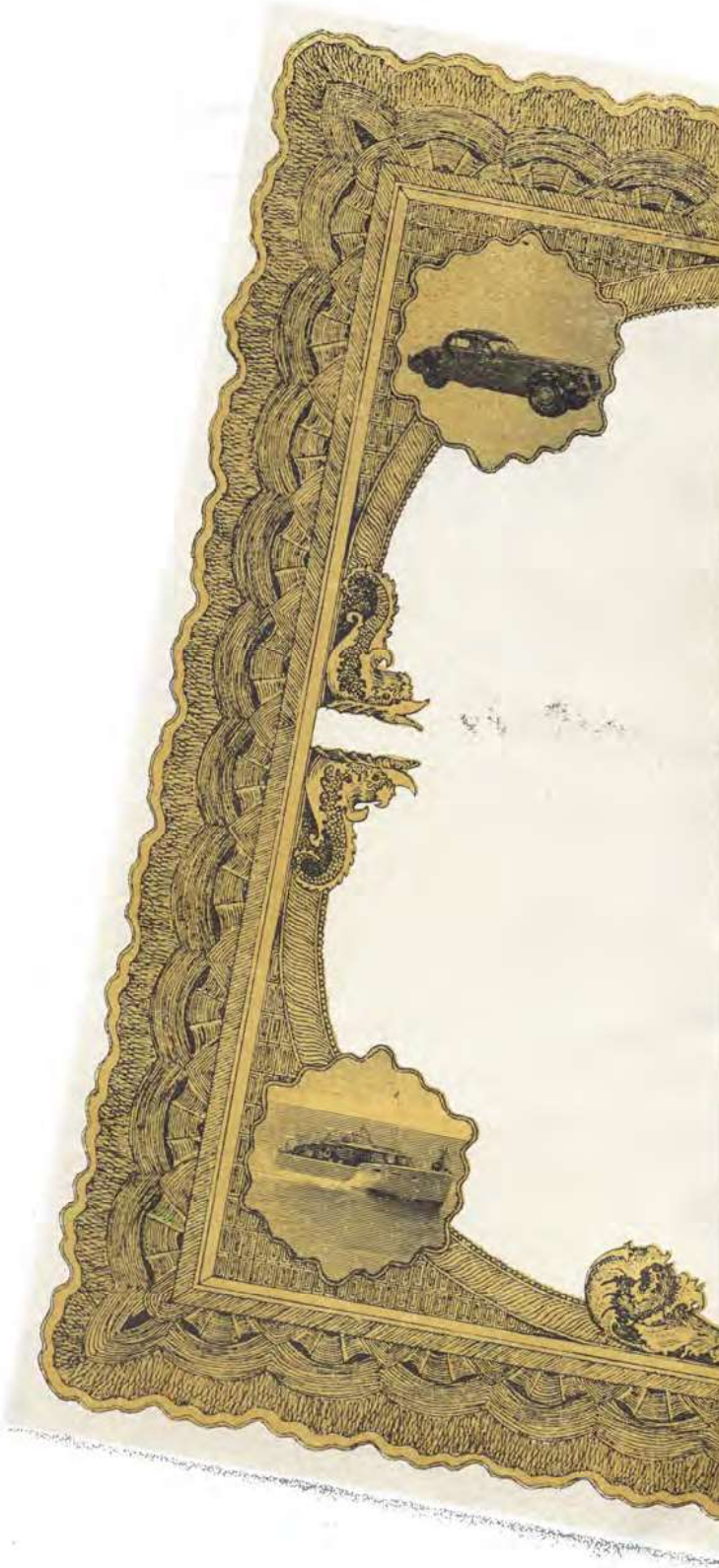
"You not only have permission," said Beck, "but I'll sign on with you myself."

Six men formed the nucleus of the moneypool. They called themselves the Mariners Investment Club. They agreed to kick in $25 each every month and invest it in stocks to be chosen either at monthly meetings or, in case the members got dispersed to other ships, through a system of voting by mail.

Thus launched, they began investigating tropical islands. The Bahamas looked interesting. They found they could buy an island from the British for as little as $5,000. Such an island, once purchased, would come under the British Protectorate laws. Bob Bourne and his moneypoolers would be classed as an independent country, with the privilege of minting their own money, establishing their own laws, creating their own army and navy, and flying their own flag.

All this sounded worth waiting for. The Mariners decided that it would be prudent to wait until they could afford not only the island, but also buildings, perhaps a boat, and other necessities. They agreed to make no further moves until their moneypool was worth $50,000.

The last time I talked to Bob Bourne, the Mariners were halfway to their magnificent goal. He was in the middle of Lake Huron at the time, and radio reception was garbled by violent storms; but the enormous delight in his voice came clearly above the static. The Mariners have increased their membership to nine. They're [*Continued on page* 62]



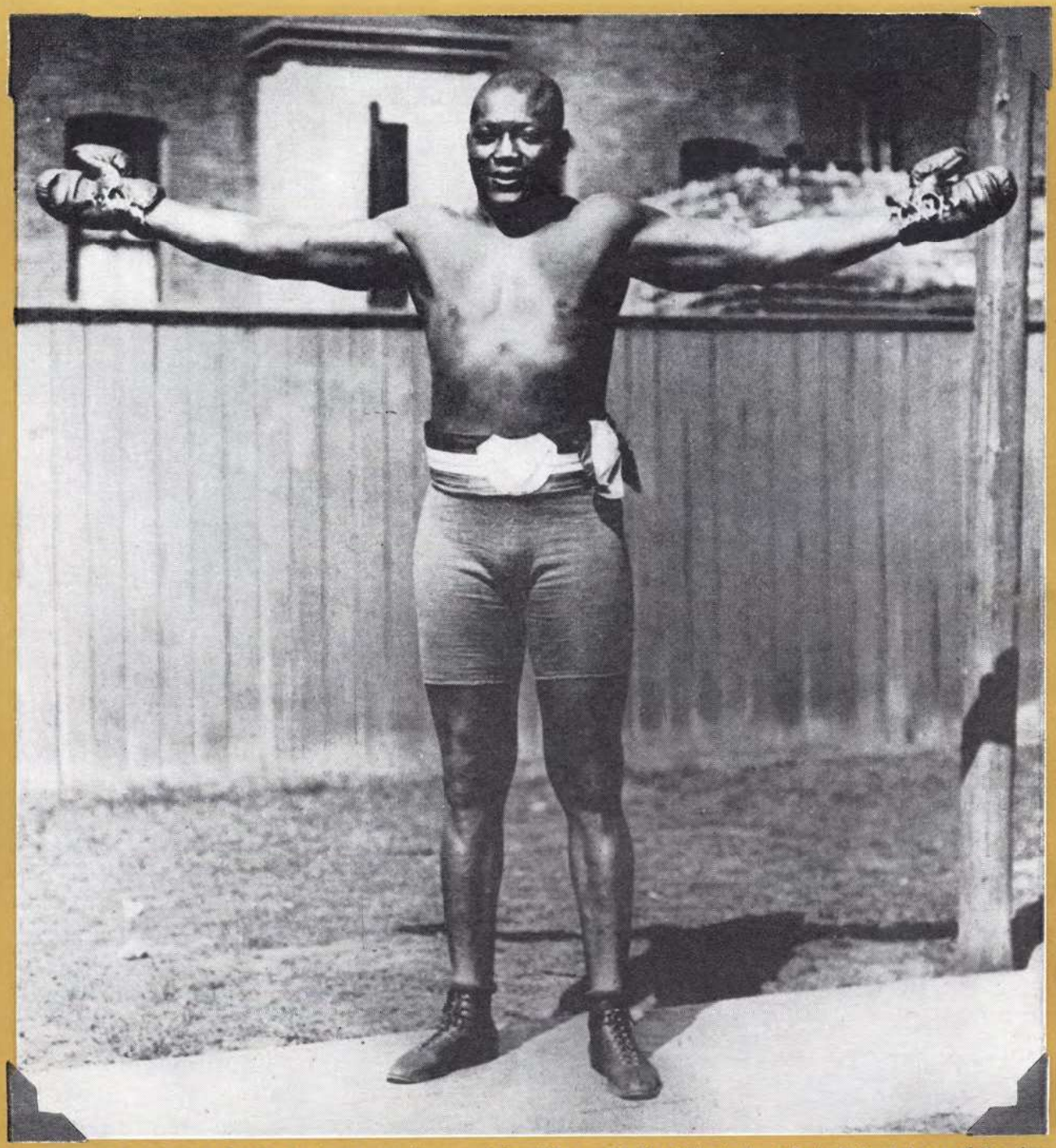
BIG PROFITS FOR SMALL PLUNGERS

BY MAX GUTHER

THE GROWING WORD
IN STOCK MARKET CIRCLES
IS
Moneyspeading
—A TECHNIQUE
OF GROUP INVESTING
THAT REDUCES RISKS
AND ALMOST ALWAYS
RETURNS A PROFIT.
Here's how it works

SERIAL NO. 24715

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER PARNALL

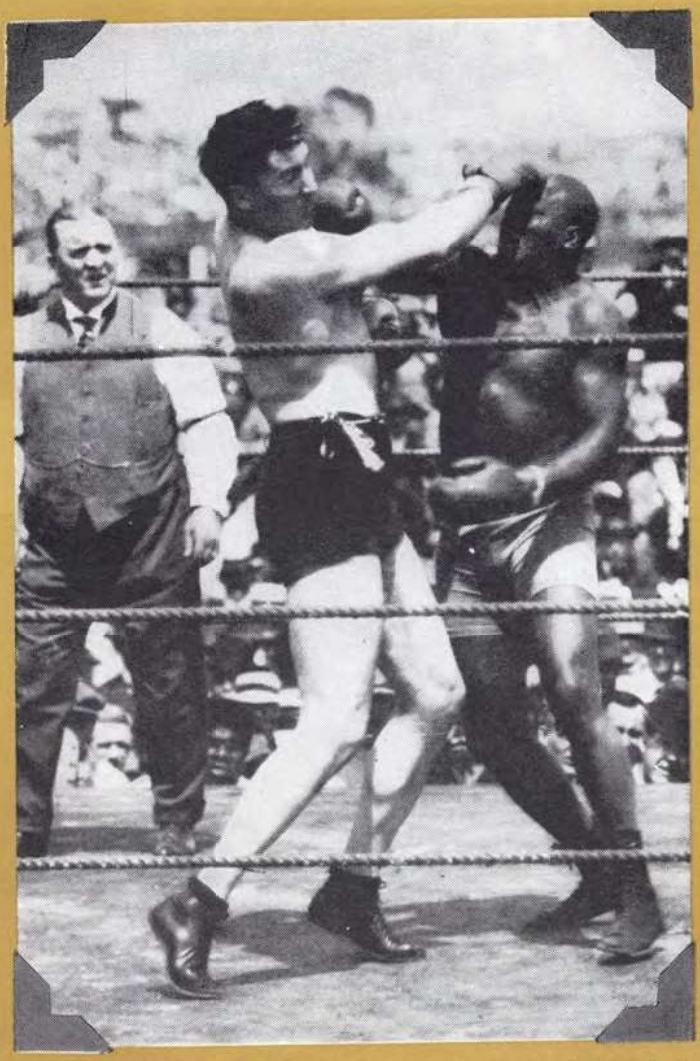


Jack Johnson was a colorful, fun-loving giant who scandalized the world. He delightedly defied all the taboos of the day.

THE ROWDY THE BLACK

By AL STUMP

In the 20's the ex-champ traveled the revival circuit, turning a buck by urging moral and hygienic behavior.



In the first 24 rounds Johnson tagged Jess Willard at will. In the 25th, the champ took three light blows and went down.

Indicted under the Mann Act, Johnson skipped the country. Here he escorts his wife to the Paris races.

If there are some who say Sonny Liston is a disgrace to boxing, there were millions who said worse of Jack Johnson. During his tumultuous career he made news as a bullfighter, racing driver, actor and end man in a flea circus. Perhaps his most lasting memorial is the law passed in his honor: the Mann Act

REIGN OF AVENGER

TURN PAGE...

THE BLACK AVENGER

Toward the end of his long exile, Johnson and his wife opened a saloon in wide-open Tijuana, Mexico.

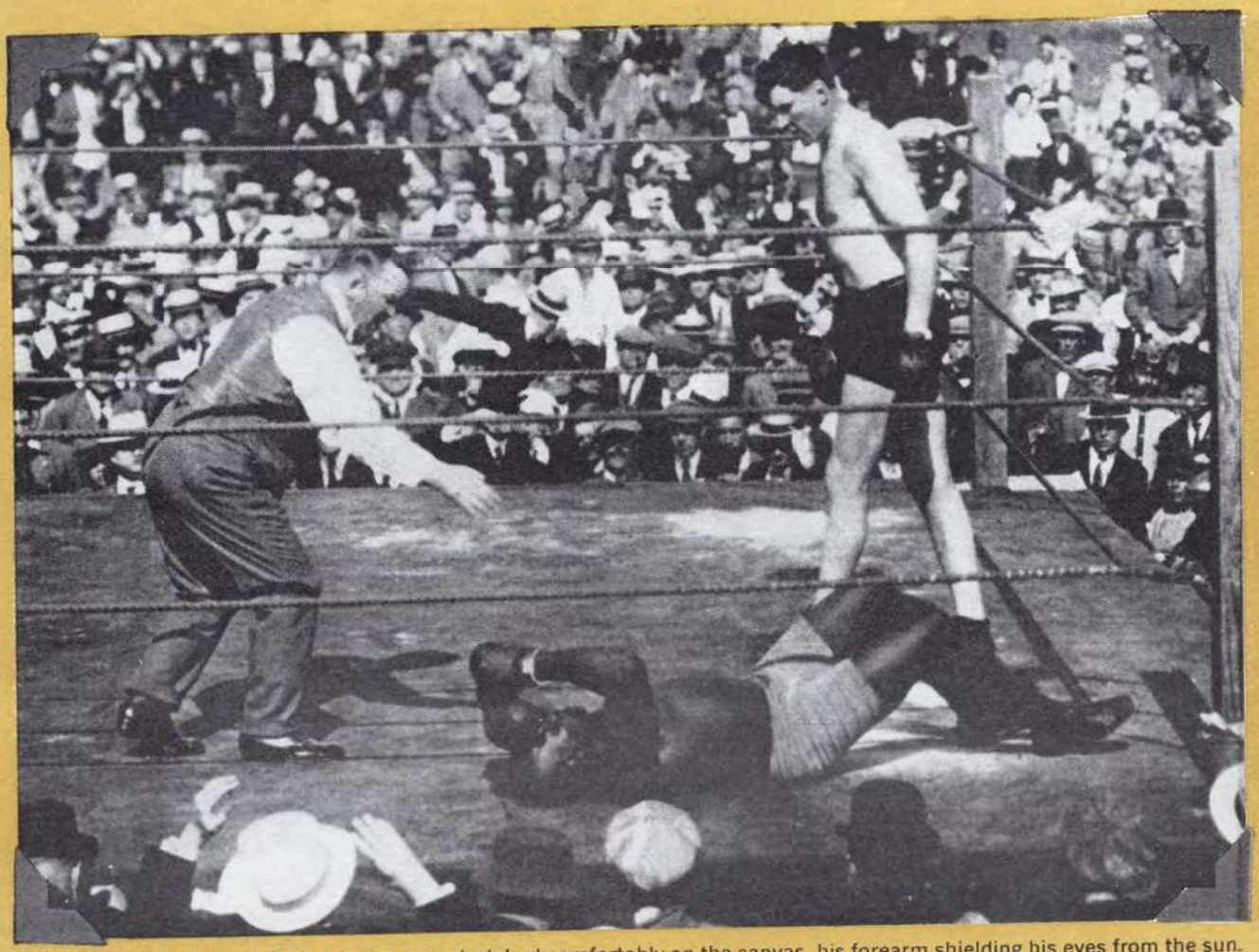
Johnson favored animal skins for his cafe acts, often performing with his wife. Later he appeared in **Aida.**

In 1909 Johnson knocked Stanley Ketchel out for 10 minutes.

Light-hearted men have had no thinner time of it, in this century, than in San Francisco in 1910. It was a year in which that tonic triumverate—sex, spirits and sawbuck on a horse's nose—all were banned by a spry little moralist named James N. Gillett, the new reform governor of California. As the chill went on the faro, handbook and girlie houses, an ominous quiet gripped the city. Something had to give.

Which it did, one morning early in May, when Gillett took an automobile ride into the suburbs of Frisco.

Bucketing along in erratic fashion behind the governor's Pope-Toledo came a caravan of reporters and photographers, brought out by "Goody" Gillett's promise of another thunderous denunciation of the sordid nature of man. Gillett was a 100 percent teetotaler, but it happened that election time was nearing, and he became a busy bundle of hospitality seeing to it that the travelers were well-liquored-up before they reached the beachfront re-



At the end of the Willard fight Johnson was stretched comfortably on the canvas, his forearm shielding his eyes from the sun.

By the end of his life Johnson was a bit of a hero.

sort known as the Seal Rock House—into which he briskly led them.

The chief executive was ushered into a room where a massive Negro, nearly nude, was stretched on a table. Sitting around and watching a handler slap, stroke and knead the glistening muscles of Jack Johnson, the world's heavyweight champion, were half a dozen fashionably-gowned white women. Each of the fight-camp visitors displayed a frankly fascinated expression.

It was just this sort of thing Gillett had come to raise hell about, and he glowered and stated that the women must clear out before he would address Johnson.

Johnson gazed at Gillett reproachfully. "The ladies is most welcome here," he said. "And so is you, gov'nor."

Idly reaching out a big arm, "Li'l Artha" Johnson gathered in Gillett, pulled him into the midst of a tableau as revealing as anything in Othello, and, despite his squawks and squirming, held [*Continued on page* 76]

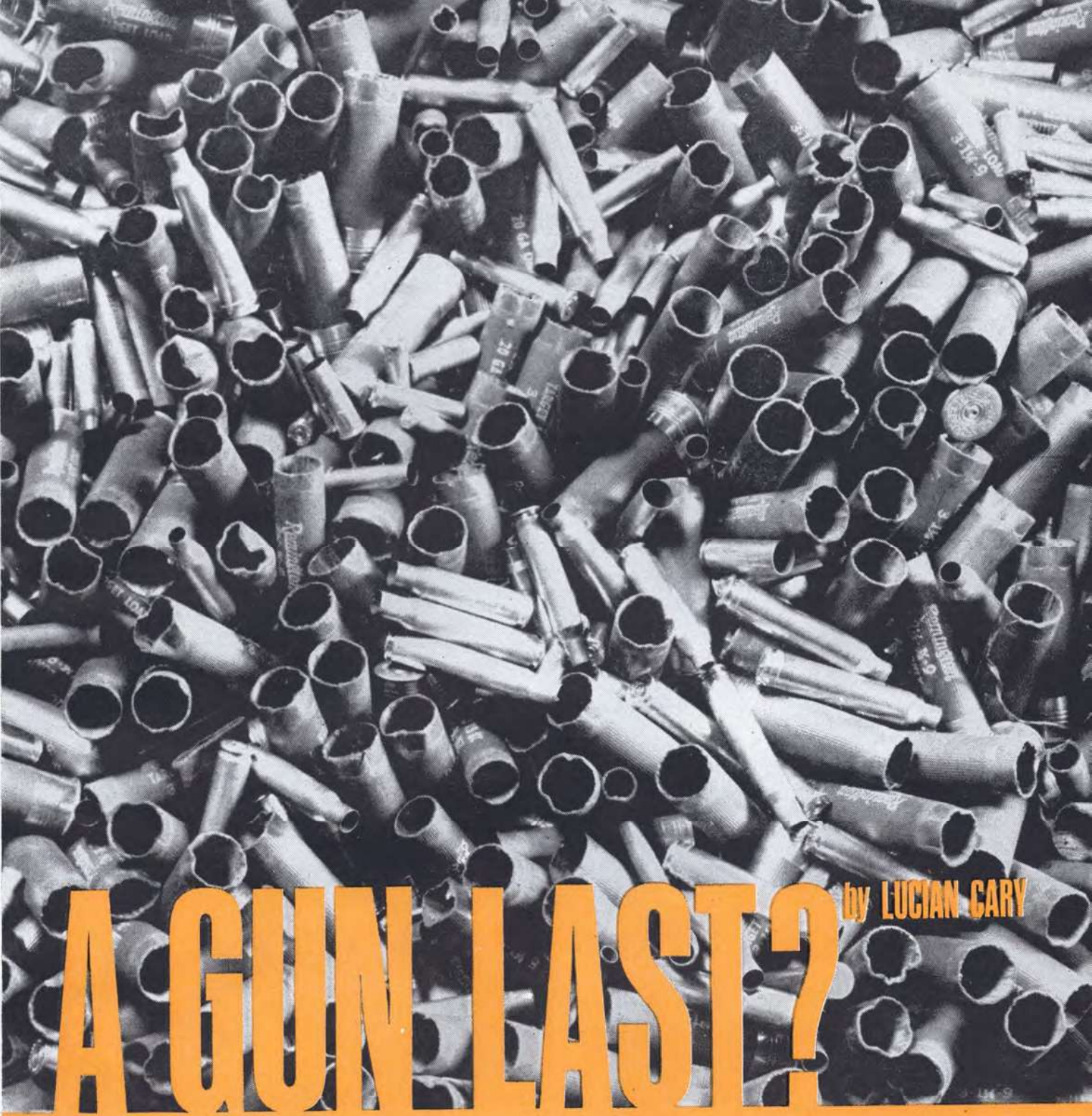
HOW LONG WILL

Firearms are tough. Given a little care, they'll outlive their owners.

■ It is said that a good gun will last a lifetime and maybe two lifetimes. There are some ifs about that. The statement is true if the gun is properly cared for, if it does not suffer an accident and if the owner is neither an exhibition shooter nor an ardent target shot.

Joe Hiestand has for many years been one of the best trap shots in the country. For 21 years he held the long-run record, breaking 1,404 targets without a miss from the 16-yard line. He has a pet shotgun, an Ithaca single-barrel trap model. He told me several years ago that he and his father and his brother Paul had fired that gun 500,000 times. The gun once got a new stock and forearm. It has been reblued three times. But Joe Hiestand is still shooting the gun. Would I be quibbling if I said that this gun hasn't yet lasted a lifetime? It has had more than enough shooting for any ordinary shooter's lifetime but it is only 30 years old.

Another famous trapshooter—Vic Reinders of Waukesha, Wisconsin—bought a secondhand Remington Model 31TC pump gun for $50 in 1933 and as of August, 1961, had fired it 354,000 times. Shooters keep track of the number of cases of shells (500 per case) they use,



A GUN LAST?

by LUCIAN CARY

Like the rugged old shotgun that's shot its load a half million times

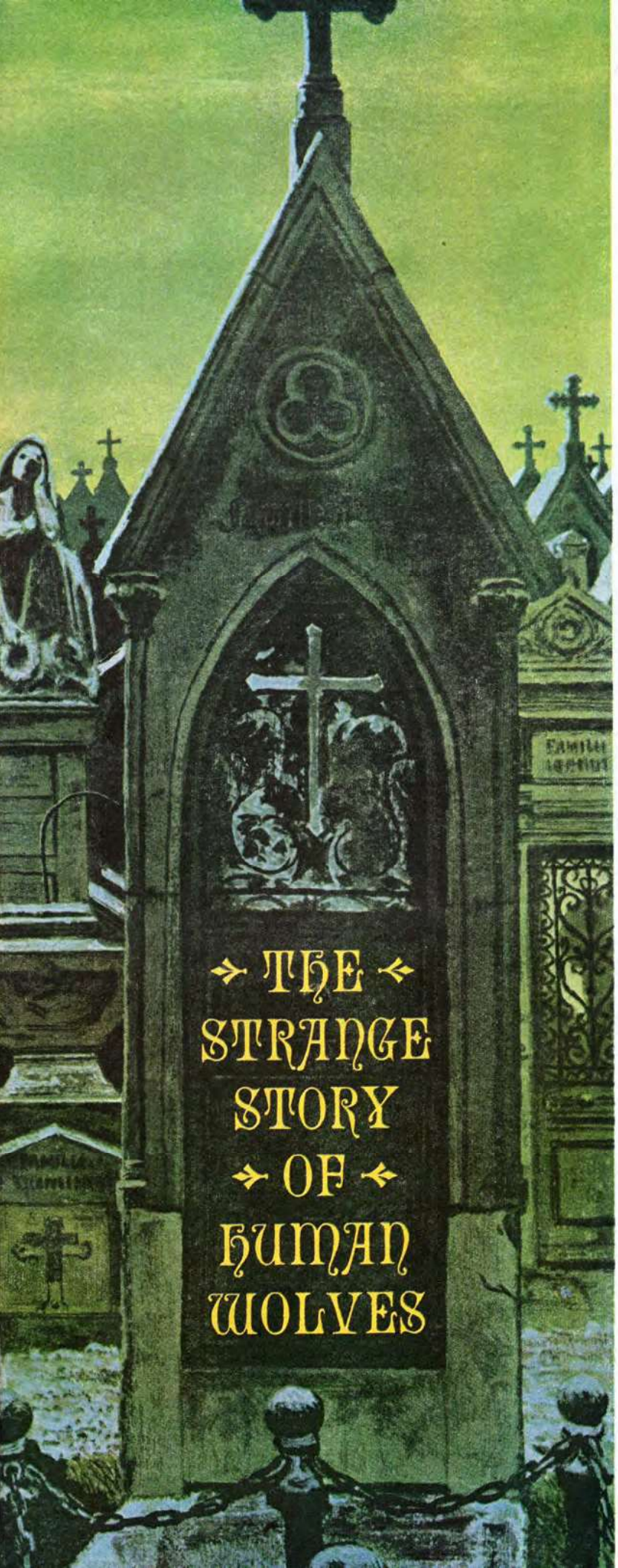
in case you are wondering at the accuracy of such a tally.

Reinders set a new world record with this gun, incidentally, when he broke 98,056 out of 100,000 registered targets under tough competitive conditions. He still uses it.

Colonel Larson, who is an exhibition shooter for Marlin, has a Model 39A Mountie that he has fired 370,000 times. This lever-action .22 rifle is similar in design to one that Marlin has been making for 70 years. The barrel has Marlin's Micro-Groove rifling. Colonel Larson used the .22 short cartridge, doing most of his shooting in school auditoriums. He once spent three months in Texas, going from school to school and occasionally putting on a show for some businessmen's club. Colonel Larson has retired the rifle and put it in a glass case in his home. Ordinarily, the first thing to go in a rifle is the barrel. It is hard for me to believe that a rifle barrel that has gone 370,000 rounds has any accuracy left but target accuracy is not necessary for the short range of exhibition shooting.

Harry Pope, who was for so many years the maker of the most accurate target barrels, [*Continued on page* 68]

It is believed that the werewolf is a myth,
an old wives' tale made up to frighten children.
But once men did turn into wolves,
they did kill and maim,
and the strange mania which transformed them
did not die with the legend



THE STRANGE STORY OF HUMAN WOLVES

By DANIEL P. MANNIX

On a cold, rainy March morning in 1848, General Darimon was admitted by the gatekeeper to the ultrafashionable cemetery of Père-Lachaise in Paris to visit the tomb of his little daughter. The child had been interred the evening before, but because of the rain and lateness of the hour the sextons had not replaced the heavy stone slabs covering the vault. General Darimon wished to take one last look at the tiny white coffin before bidding good-by to his daughter forever.

As the general approached the vault, he thought that he saw something slip away among the gravestones. Was it a man? A dog? A wolf? A supernatural creature? These questions were to be asked thousands of times throughout France in the next few months but at the time the general paid no attention to the apparition. He continued on to the vault. There he staggered back in horror.

The lid of the coffin had been torn away and the clothing and body of the child lay scattered in pieces around the vault. Her entrails had been torn out. There were what appeared to be tooth marks on her naked thighs.

General Darimon fainted. He was found later by the caretaker's dog who set up a dismal howling. The general was taken to a hospital where for weeks he raved in delirium. He never completely recovered from the shock.

The story of this horror stirred all Europe. At first, it was taken for granted that a dog—or possibly even one of the few wolves that still skulked on the outskirts of Paris—was responsible. But human footprints were found in the soft earth. But how had the man—if man it was—entered the cemetery? Père-Lachaise was surrounded by a 10-foot wall, and the heavy iron gates had been securely locked. Besides, what man would do such an act? It had to be the work of a monster.

Paris was still buzzing with speculations when another grave at Père-Lachaise was violated; this time, that of a middle-aged woman. Then graves in other cemeteries were attacked. In the South Cemetery, a girl of 12 was dug up and mutilated. At Montparnasse, the disembowled corpse of a teen-age girl was found. At the Luxembourg Cemetery, the body of a 38-year-old woman, buried eight days before, was discovered one morning with the arms and legs torn off. All the bodies showed what seemed to be teeth marks.

Then the police made another discovery. The bodies had been distinterred not with tools but apparently by some animal, for scratch marks showed in the freshly turned earth. At that time, coffins were seldom buried more than a foot or so below the surface of the ground, and the creature—whatever it was—had pawed away the soft earth and forced open the rough wooden coffins. Then it had used its hands, or paws, to pull off the coffin lid, for sometimes fresh blood stains were found on the splintered wood.

The cemetery guards were doubled; then tripled. They were given firearms and ordered to shoot on sight. Fierce dogs patrolled the graveyards with the men; dogs whose keen [*Continued on page* 85]

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE BOMBERGER

By WYATT BLASSINGAME

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY OZZIE SWEET

Luck plays no part in breaking records, says Roy Martin who roams the seas finding, stalking and outwitting whoppers–more successfully than any man alive

ONE MAN WAR ON BIG FISH

PANAMA CITY BEACH, FLA.

■ It was shortly after sunup. The concrete ribbon of the Long Key bridge, with the Atlantic on one side and the Gulf of Mexico on the other, had a pale, washed look. Below, the water moved in slow, easy swells, the colors of sunrise spread like oil. At this hour there was only one car on the bridge. About a third of the way across it stopped, and three men got out. One of them, the car's driver, was a large man with a round, mobile face and short-cropped, curly black hair. His name was Roy Martin. The other two were father and son, named Powers.

"He ought to be right down here," Martin said, moving toward the bridge rail. "Pier 172. I marked it yesterday."

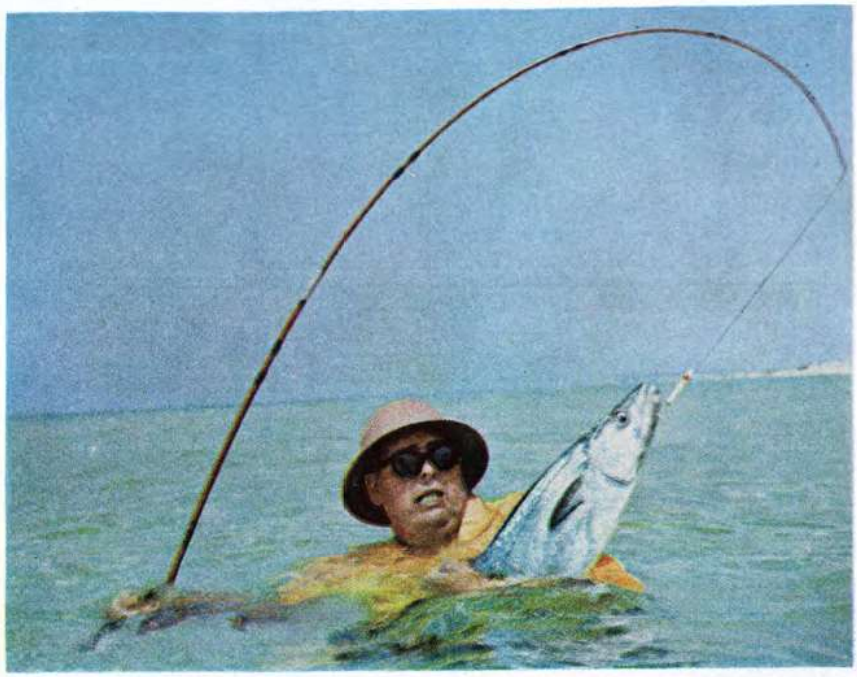
The three men leaned over the rail and looked down. It was slack tide. The sunrise colors floated gently on the surface, the water beneath them amazingly clear. "Lord-a-mercy!" the younger Powers said. "Look at him!"

The giant sea bass lay close to the piling. In the slack tide he swung gently from side to side like a blimp moored to a mast. "He'll go over 200 pounds," Martin said. And to the older Powers, "Keep your eye on him. Chances are he won't go anywhere. Ed and I will get the boat. By the time we're back the tide should be just right."

The giant sea bass was to be the fourth world-record fish Roy Martin had caught within 13 days that autumn. And the incident illustrates a lot about his methods of fishing. Because it was not luck that had brought Martin to the right fish with the right bait at the right time of tide with the right tackle and the knowledge of how to use it. He had arrived there as the result of long study and a campaign as carefully planned as any military battle. "Some record fish are caught by

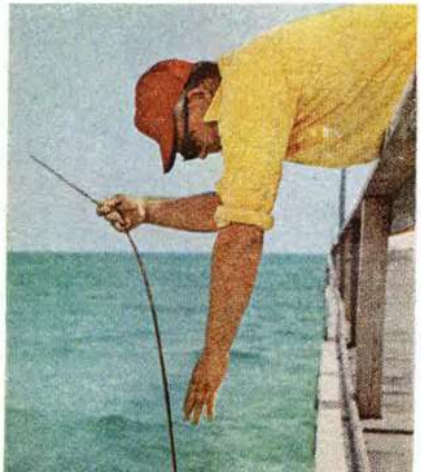
Shown with his record certificates and awards at left, Martin races . . .

. . . into ocean to clear line fouled by a rampaging king mackerel and . . .



. . . eventually subdues the fish after being drawn into chest-deep water.

ONE-MAN WAR ON BIG FISH



When a big fish runs with tide under bridge and beyond, Martin throws rod with a floated line attached into sea. He grapples up float carried by tide to other side, retrieves rod.

All sorts of baits from crab to octopus to live fish are used by Roy Martin. Here he expertly hurls a cast net over school of small fish, one of which may help him set a record.

sheer luck." Martin told me. "But 99 times out of 100 a record fish is the result of planning. The reason I was able to set four world records in 13 days is that I had spent at least 13 months carefully planning every one of them."

Martin ought to know what he is talking about. In recent years he has set a total of 20 International Game Fish Association records and 14 International Spin Fishing Association records, more than has ever been set by any one man in history. Of these he says, chance played a considerable role in the first and some part in the second. After that, the matter of luck was only a minor element.

At least partially I can vouch personally for that statement. One afternoon in the fall of 1952, Martin stopped by my home in Anna Maria, Florida, and told me he had been fishing down at Boca Grande. I asked how the tarpon were doing and he said he hadn't been there for tarpon; he'd been fishing for permit. He had lost a lot of tackle and set no records. "But record fish were there," he told me, "and I'm going back next September. By then I'll have figured out a way to land the big ones, and I'm going to set a permit record."

He did just that. In fact, he set two records which were part of the four he set between September 1 and September 13 that year. The last of the four was the giant sea bass in the Keys. The first was an amberjack near his home in Panama City Beach, Florida. So the story naturally starts with the amberjack.

If a man is going to set fishing records, according to Martin, the first thing he must do is know the existing records. Both the IGFA and the ISFA list records for a wide variety of game fish, and for each species there are different classifications according to the weight of the line used. The IGFA has 12, 20, 30, 50, 80 and 130-pound-test classes, plus an all-tackle class for the biggest fish of its kind on any of these lines. For the ISFA the classes are 2, 4, 8, 10 and 12-pound test. [*Continued on page* 95]

STIRLING MOSS:

his life begins at 140

He has won more Grand Prix races than any other man alive. He is an idol of his countrymen. Beautiful women pay him court for his favors. Businessmen pay him money for his name. He is rich beyond measure —yet his cup refuses to run over. Every new season, even as he grows older and slower, he puts his life on the starting line in his quest of the one honor that eludes him —the right to be called Champion

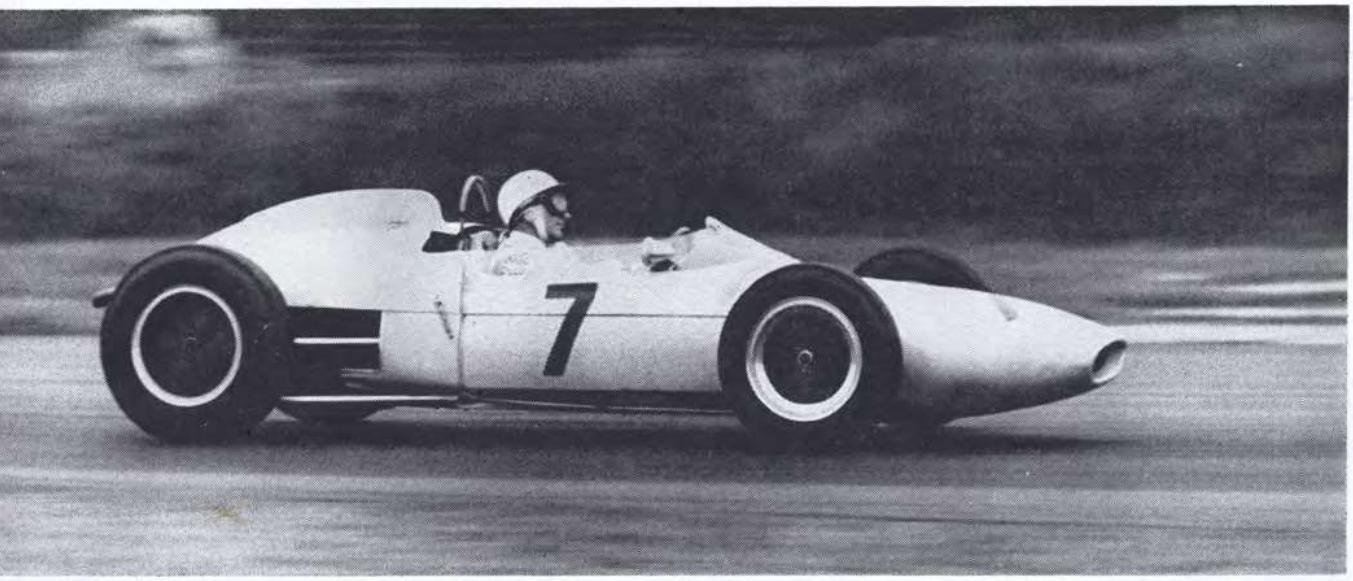
BY DICK SCHAAP

■ Grand Prix racing is a simple art. You drive a low car at high speed, and if you do it better than anyone else, you win. That's all there is to it. Except there isn't much room for error. You depend upon a complicated machine to storm down straightaways at 170, 180 miles an hour and you depend upon complicated skills to drift through curves at 80, 90 miles an hour, and if your machine fails or your skill fails, you pay in blood. The name of the game is survival.

Nobody plays the game harder than a short, wiry, balding, bold, superstitious, shilling-pinching, female-chasing, teetotaling extrovert. Stirling Crauford Moss is British and brash and 33 years old, and if you want to bet he never makes it to 34, you've got a case. He almost didn't make it to 33.

One day last April, Stirling Moss had a date to pilot a rather typical Grand Prix machine, a low, tubular, rear-engine, two-year-old, British-built Lotus, which, like all GP models, had no fenders, no lights and one seat. Moss's Lotus was painted the official British racing green, a color he considers unlucky, but he fought this omen by having painted on the side No. 7, his lucky number. Moss and his Lotus were racing on one of his unlucky courses, the two-and-a-half-mile Goodwood circuit in Chichester, England. Moss and Goodwood were old enemies. Once, in a book he wrote, Moss called the course Badwood. It was a nasty pun. The course was looking for a chance to get even.

The course got even. For Moss, something failed. It may have been his machine. It may have been his skill. No one knows for certain, but whatever the cause, Moss paid. He broke a bunch of bones and he lost a lot of blood, and for almost a week afterward he lay in a coma, not knowing himself whether he was alive or dead. When he finally regained consciousness, his strength was gone.



Cool and imperturbable, Moss drives every race with fierce concentration and matchless skill.

his life begins at 140

After last bad crash it took half hour to free Moss.

After two months he was out of the hospital on crutches.

His co-ordination was shot. His eyesight was weak. His left side was partly paralyzed. His mother and father, who had both driven in competition, visited him and said they hoped he would never try to race again. An American friend visited him and cabled word back to the U.S. that Moss definitely would never race again. His doctors feared he might never even walk normally again. Stirling Moss seemed physically finished. Now, only a few months later, Moss is physically fit—and ready to race once more, eager to prove he is still the finest Grand Prix driver in the world.

"I want nothing more than to get back to motor racing," Moss said the day he left the hospital, two months after his accident. "I feel great. Racing holds no fears for me."

Moss's enthusiasm about returning cannot be questioned. His decision to return can be.

Why should Moss, who is financially secure, be willing to risk his life again?

Will Moss, after long inactivity and definite physical damage, be able to regain his old skills?

As a first step toward answering these questions, the race last April is worth reviewing. The way he acted and the way he drove on the day he crashed offer considerable insight into Stirling Moss—into his personality, into his ability and into his sport.

Before the start of the 100-mile Goodwood International Grand Prix, most of the drivers were quiet, concentrating upon the race, mentally rechecking the course, the cars and the competition. Some were fidgeting. Some were sweating. Moss looked completely calm, completely confident. This is planned. This is part of his strategy. "You have to look imperturbable—even if you are not," Moss reasons. "There is a lot of oneupmanship in driving. The best example was when Mercedes raced. Mercedes would enter three cars and then go around asking the other drivers who was going to finish fourth."

One aspect of the Goodwood Grand Prix points up Moss's curious position in international racing. He was driving a car that for sheer speed could not match several of the other cars in the race. This is significant only because it is standard for Moss. His car is always outpowered. His car is always outdated, too. He drove a two-year-old Lotus at Goodwood for the simple reason that he could not get a new Lotus or a new Cooper or a new Ferrari. Why not? Because for the past four years, Moss, unlike most of the outstanding Grand Prix drivers, has refused to race as a member of an official factory team—and the factories, in turn, have refused to sell him the latest Grand Prix models. Understandably, they don't want to see their own teams defeated by their own cars. Since a Grand Prix car is a purebred machine designed solely for racing, you cannot stroll into an automotive showroom and buy one. Moss must settle for leftovers, invariably lacking the horsepower of the factory's latest creations.

If driving skill played no part in determining who wins a Grand Prix race, Moss would never score a victory. Fortunately for him, skill does play a part. He has won 14 major Grand Prix

races, more than any other active driver and most of them on courses that stress skill over speed. But unfortunately for him, skill alone often is not enough to compensate for lack of power. Even though he has been universally accepted as the world's most talented driver for four years—which means since the retirement of the brilliant Argentine, Juan Manuel Fangio—Moss has never won the world driving championship. The title is awarded annually on the basis of over-all performance in eight or nine specifically designated Grand Prix races; more than half the championship races are held on courses that stress speed over skill. Moss has been runnerup for the title four times.

After eight laps in the Goodwood race, a jammed gearbox forced Moss into the pits. Age does not do for machinery what it does for bourbon. By the time the damage was undone, every other car in the race had passed Moss. He was in 17th place. Graham Hill, in first place, led him by more than three laps. "What are you going to do?" someone asked, as Moss prepared to resume.

"Have a bloody go," said Moss.

He went—magnificently, driving, as always, with his arms stretched out in front of him, his hands gripping the wheel at 10 o'clock and 2 o'clock, poised and comfortable. Moss copied his driving position from Nino Farina, who won the world championship in 1950, and Farina copied his from Tazio Nuvolari, the pre-war Italian ace whom many consider the greatest driver of all time. The position is a classic of artistry and efficiency combined. It is to driving what Sam Snead's swing is to golf.

At the end of the 34th lap, after setting a record by circling the course in one minute, 22.2 seconds, an average of more than 105 miles an hour, Moss had advanced to ninth place. Five miles behind Hill with less than 20 miles to go, Moss had no chance to win. Yet he drove, as he always does, just as hard as if he were in second place or in first.

On the 35th lap, he roared toward a right-and-left jog called St. Mary's Corner, a hazard that harshly penalizes any speed faster than 90 miles an hour. Moss approached St. Mary's at more than 110 miles an hour, bolted past his normal braking point without slowing down and thundered into the corner too fast, much too fast. Hill was right in front of Moss. "It was quite obvious that something was seriously wrong," Hill said later. "He apparently was trying to pass me on the outside of the bend. I was amazed. He was about two feet from me. I couldn't understand why a driver of his experience would try passing me on the toughest corner in the circuit, especially since he was out of the running."

Moss was out of control, too, for some reason still unexplained. He charged onto the grass bordering the cinder track, plowed across 150 yards of grass with no signs of braking, slammed into an eight-foot-high earth bank, then fell back into a ditch. The car was a wreck, and so was Moss.

Blood caked his face, smeared across cut lips, cut gums, cut cheeks and a cut nose. His helmet and goggles were [*Continued on page* 88]

His friends, like former champion Fangio, are drivers.

His girls are pretty, intelligent and very understanding.

RAILROAD THROUGH

In a blizzard-blasted Arctic wilderness
full of mile-high mountains, bottomless canyons and sheer cliffs,
they had to lay 110 miles of track.
The deadline was an impossibly short two years

By MAX DAVID

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS ROSA

A SNOWBOUND HELL

■ Old Sir Thomas Tancrede was an Englishman and an engineer of international repute. He was not a man who could easily be awed by anything Nature built. He had seen savage wilderness brushed aside in the march of the British Empire across the world. He had seen roads, bridges, dams and railways built successfully in all kinds of hellish, wildly impossible places.

But Tancrede had never before seen a place like this. It overwhelmed him. It was too big. There was too much Nature here.

He stood on the muddy, slushy track that was the main street of Skagway, Alaska. Skagway was a coastal town in Alaska's southern jut, a little bit of semi-civilization surrounded by the most ferocious wilderness Tancrede had ever seen. It was a land of huge lonely distances, immense mountains, primeval forests. Sometimes, in winter, it was ripped by blizzards of unimaginable violence. At other times it was locked in silence so vast and desolate that a man felt the lonesomeness creep down to his very boots. It was the kingdom of bear, caribou and [*Continued on page* 100]

THE WONDERFUL WING THAT DOES EVERYTHING

As a $2 toy, Francis Rogallo's Flexikite was a flop. But that was 14 years ago. Today the "Rogallo wing" is one of our most valuable Space Age inventions—and it may even put a miraculous end to commercial air disasters

By FRANK HARVEY

The giant airliner stood at the end of the long runway, four jet engines hissing sullenly. The day was sparkling clear. Inside, passengers tightened their seat belts and peered out with a small sharpening of tension. Up front, the pilot spoke into his mike requesting takeoff clearance from the control tower.

It was given.

The big jet snarled briefly as the pilot gunned out into the center of the runway. He held brakes and advanced throttles to a hurricane of power—then began trundling forward slowly. Black rubber burns on the concrete sucked under the plane's nose in a blur as the speed increased. Five thousand feet down the runway the captain pulled back on the yoke and the jet left the earth in a smooth howling rush, like a big fighter.

"Gear up!" the pilot snapped.

The co-pilot flipped a switch. The field boundary slid out of sight under the hurtling nose. At 800 feet, following a rigid climbout pattern, the pilot began a right turn. Then, without warning, the big jet's nose sagged and the plane began a "Dutch Roll"—out-of-control reaction brought on by insufficient flying speed. The transport was going over on its back, on its way to a final death plunge.

But, thanks to an inventor named Francis Rogallo, our hypothetical commercial jetliner was not destined to make big black headlines. Instead, the pilot flicked an emergency switch. Instantly a giant triangular kite sprang forth from a streamlined compartment on top of the fuselage, caught the air, and steadied the stricken plane. The deadly roll stopped instantly. The big plane swung down into normal flight. The pilot circled the field and then came in for a safe landing.

Now, the near-tragedy and happy ending we have just described never happened, but it *could* happen some day in the future, because sure as a kite flies in the wind the "Rogallo wing" is going to play a dramatic part in averting air disasters.

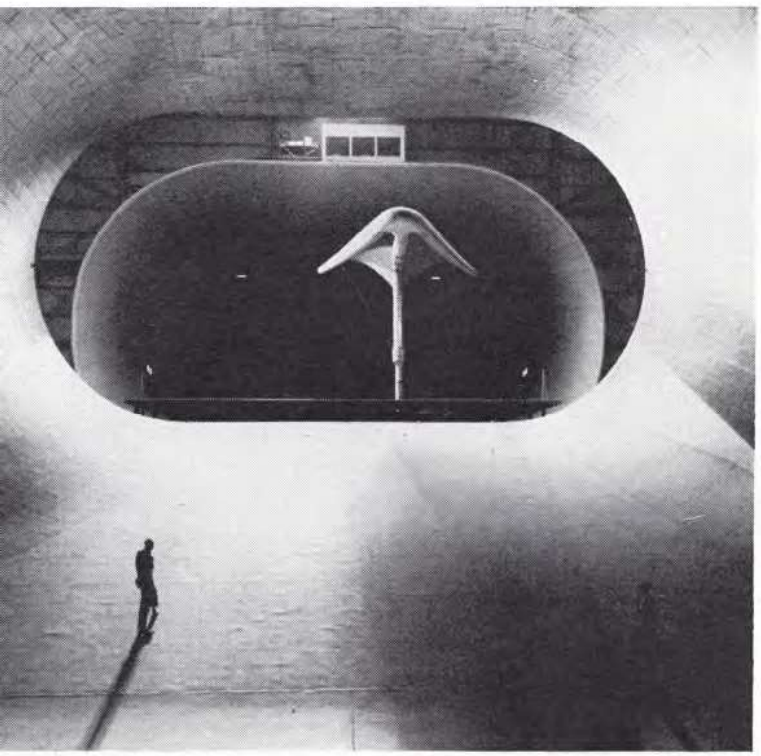
Francis M. Rogallo is a research scientist who works for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration at Langley Field, Virginia. The wing which bears his name is made of nylon sealed with Mylar. It is so light that it's been dubbed "the flying handkerchief." It is so simply built that it can be stowed in a streamlined tube, like an umbrella, without drag penalty to the plane it protects. It deploys swiftly and dependably in a split-second emergency—and once deployed, the entire package—airplane-plus-Rogallo wing—is vastly more stable than the airplane alone.

But the wing is not just an air-safety device. In fact, under present timetables, it is more likely to show up on orbiting U.S. spacecraft before it is ever fitted to commercial planes. It has been selected as a re-entry "brake" for the forthcoming *Gemini* two-man missions. Its use may well become the standard method employed by all space vehicles for re-entering the earth's atmosphere from the dark void of space.

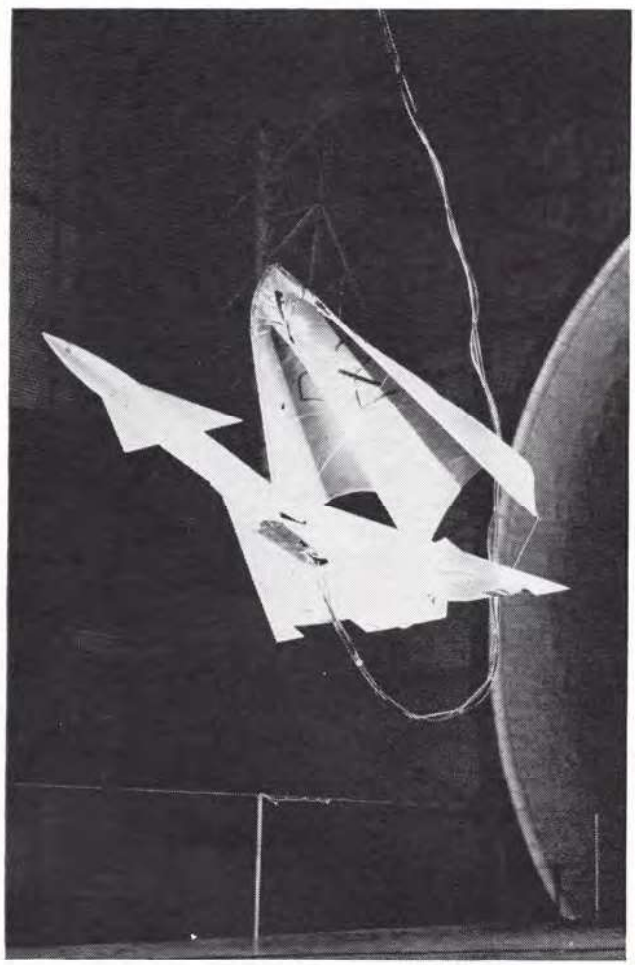
It will be a remarkable metamorphosis for an idea that failed as a $2 toy but went on to succeed in the billion-dollar race to the moon.

Francis Rogallo started dreaming about his flexible wing when he graduated from college. He did not envision just a toy kite. He first thought in terms of a practical device which could be used to tow heavy loads behind a powered aircraft. He thought of a light flexible wing which would be "a happy marriage of a parachute and an airfoil." Unlike Sir Isaac Newton, Rogallo did not arrive at the shape of his wing by a happy flash of intuition. It did not come to

Experimental Ryan plane is jokingly called "flying bedstead." It demonstrates flight characteristics of a Rogallo wing.



In a huge NASA wind tunnel various models of Rogallo kites are tested. Above, an inflatable paraglider which will search for cosmic dust in space; below, a B-70 is flown with a parawing to test its value in ditching techniques.



him in a dream. He approached it doggedly and slowly—building and testing one weird-shaped kite after another. When he joined the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (fore-runner of NASA) back in 1936, Rogallo had a pile of rejected kites in his attic, and very little else to show for his dream.

Then, in 1949, Rogallo came up with a shape that looked promising. He named it the "Flexikite." It was a limp batwing contraption made with three sticks, some glazed cloth and a complicated spiderweb of control strings. Rogallo flight-tested it by dashing around the open lots of his neighborhood—and later in a wind tunnel which he contrived by setting up a powerful 36-inch electric fan in the kitchen of his Hampton, Virginia home and blowing a highspeed stream of air into the sunporch. The Flexikite flew like a thistledown. Rogallo, being a resourceful as well as a neighborly man, handed out several dozen kites to local small fry who flight-tested them (there is no grimmer test for a kite, according to Rogallo, than that administered by an eager 5-year-old) on the windswept sands of nearby Virginia Beach.

By the end of summer, Rogallo had ironed out the bugs—tangling rigging lines, a tendency to nose diving—and was ready to announce the real purpose of this seemingly frivolous invention to his colleagues at the Aeronautics Laboratory.

"It's not a toy," he announced. "It is a military vehicle with many uses: glider tow, reconnaissance drone, delivery system for men or materials, possibly a recovery device for space probes."

But this was 1949. The subject of space exploration, even at a place like the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, was still looked upon as a dream of the future. Rogallo's kite was laughed off. Military vehicle indeed! The military is a serious establishment, not a place where one goes about flying kites.

Rogallo, waiting and hoping, heard no more. After a decent period, he decided to do something about the project on his own. After all, the kite was his. He had created it on his own time and at his own expense; he had offered the fruits of his labors to the U. S. government and it had failed to respond. It was time to make a buck off the idea for himself. Francis Rogallo went into the toy kite business.

Funds were low in the Rogallo household in 1949. Research scientists are notoriously paid off in ceremonial dinners, bronze plaques and other non-negotiable items. Rogallo could scrape up the patent money himself, but the cost of materials and labor in making the kites would have to be spread around in some manner.

"How about the neighbors?" Rogallo asked his wife. "I'll bet they'd help if we asked them."

The neighbors would indeed. A local wood-worker built winding reels. A lady with a new sewing machine stitched up red bags in which the kites were packed for sale. Rogallo built a jig for rigging the control lines, and the younger set did the attaching. The Hampton Kite Guild began to roll. Some 300 Flexikites were completed and packed off to New York for sale, and everybody waited, with visions of paid-off mortgages dancing in their heads, for the world to beat a path to Rogallo's door. The world, alas, hurried on past without more than a sidelong glance. The Hampton Kite Guild, when they finally realized that Flexikites were not going to darken the skies all over America, snapped shut the sewing machine and the turning lathe, and went back to everyday pursuits.

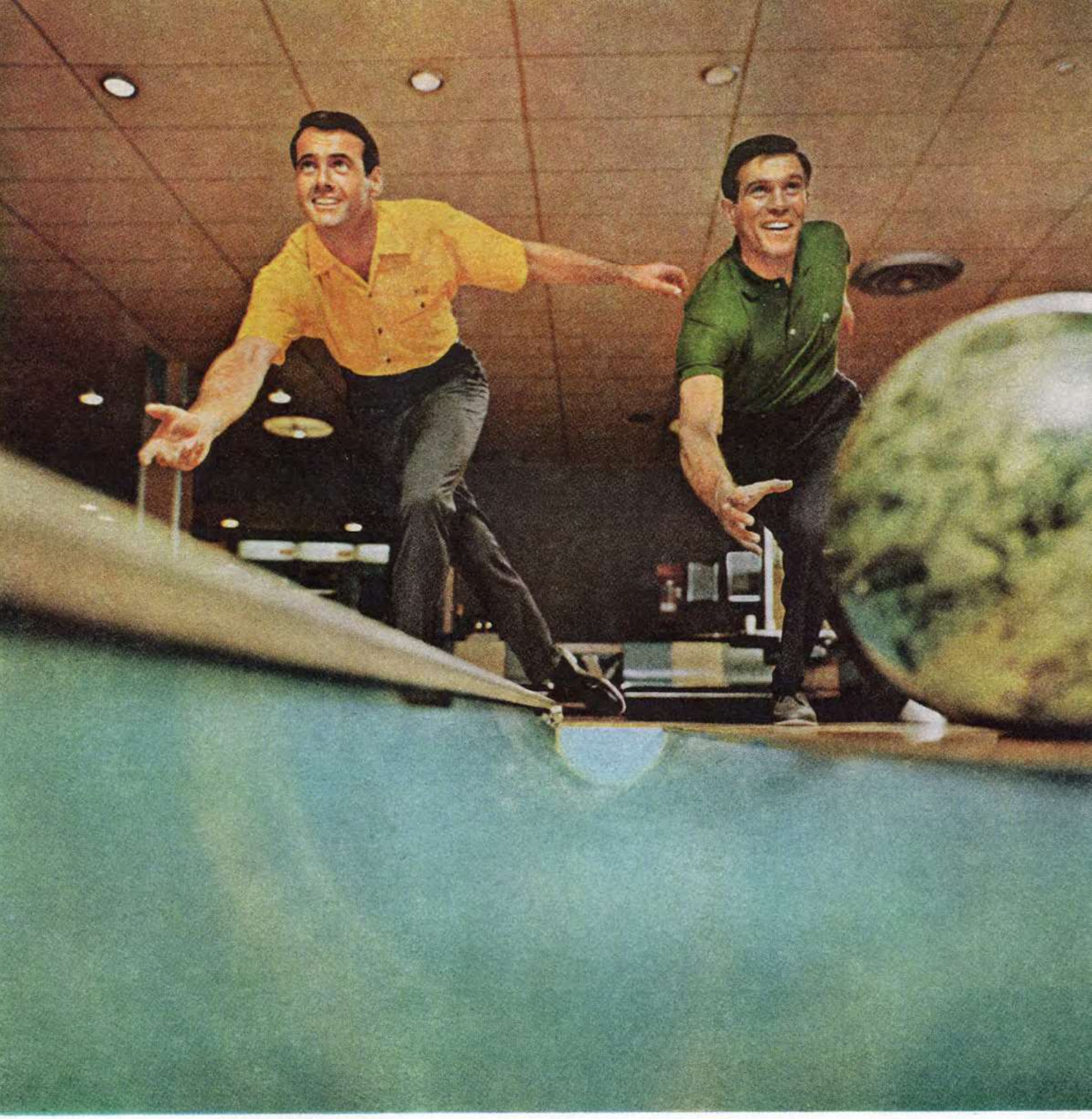
Rogallo, however, refused to give up. He improved the Flexikite, negotiated with a manufacturer in Connecticut to mass-produce the new model [*Continued on page* 99]

DRESS/DONALD BROOKS

FOR 12/25 REMEMBER 21/20

Whet her appetite for all the glittery things to follow with the great taste of a Chesterfield King. **21 great tobaccos make 20 wonderful smokes.** By the carton, that's 200 wonderful smokes—tobaccos too mild to filter, pleasure too good to miss. Here's an extra gift in extraordinarily good taste, and worth at least a hug.

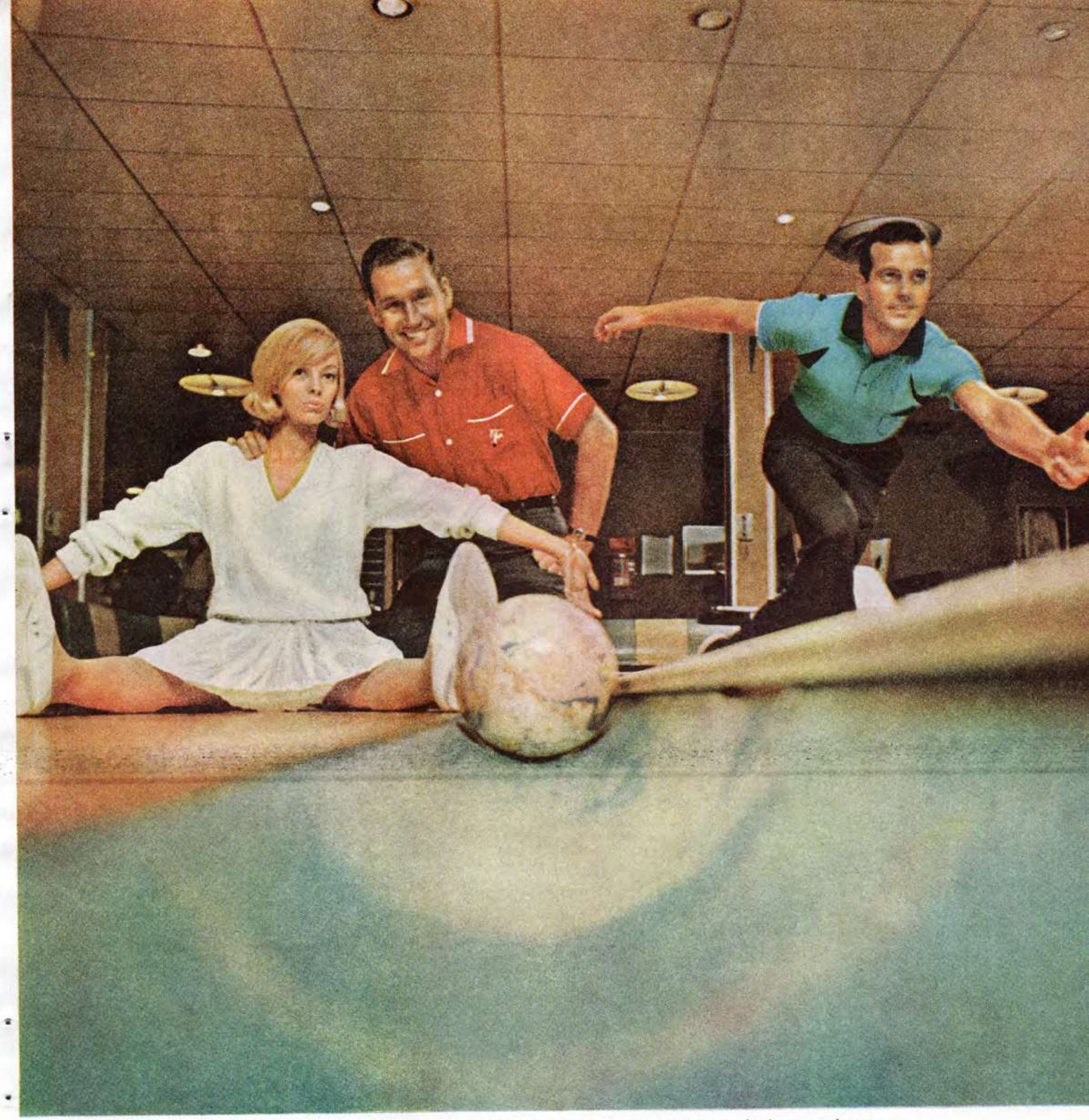
TASTES GREAT BECAUSE THE TOBACCOS ARE



Put on a colorful, functional bowling shirt and immediately you become part of the festive challenge of the game. You've learned footwork, stance, delivery, follow-through and you've also learned that the clothes you wear are a bold, colorful statement that you're hard at play every minute you spend on the lane. Keep these points in mind when you're choosing kegling apparel: look for shirts that give comfort in action—fullness and "give" in the arm-shoulder area and extra length so the shirt stays put when you move; pick the rich color that reveals how you feel when you're at your skillful best and styles that symbolize the sleekness and power of the game; seek quality garments that can take washings without shrinking or fading; make sure pocket space is adequate.

Beau Brummel Bowlers

PRODUCED BY JOE WOLFE



Above, man on left wears gold Air-Flo monogrammed shirt with floating sleeve construction to take tug out of movement, $6.50, of cotton woven with a stretch feature. Green shirt is Manhattan's Le Cheval, a 2-ply lisle knit with a ribbed knit raglan action sleeve, $5. The man giving free bowling pointers wears a red Crown Prince All-American shirt of washable viscose rayon challis, $6.50, available in 10 colors, each with added shoulder-room feature. Man on right wears Peacock and black Lord Penguin bowling shirt by Munsingwear which features underarm gussets of ribbed stretch nylon for action and a knitted body of 80% cotton and 20% nylon, $6.95. Slacks on left page by Cracker Barrel, and on right by Jaymar. Bowling shoes, balls and equipment by AMF. Photographed at the Thirty Fourth Avenue Bowl, Jackson Heights, Long Island, N. Y.

Bold colors help make the point whether you're bowling or bowling em over

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY RICHARD WAITE

For local retail sources, write Merchandise Editor, TRUE Magazine, 67 West 44 St., NYC.

Big Profits for Small Plungers

[*Continued from page* 36]

heavily invested in shares of their own outfit, Tomlinson Fleet, and also in electronics (General Telephone, International Telephone) and basic blue-chips such as Bethlehem Steel. To date, the members have invested roughly $16,700. Dividends have rolled in regularly, and the values of many of their stocks have climbed. The moneypool now is worth $24,000.

This story is enough to start a man dreaming dreams of his own. What's your dream, friend? Early retirement? A vacation retreat? Or maybe you think in more direct terms. Maybe you just want to get rich, smoke 50-cent cigars and loaf around the French Riviera. All right, here's your chance. The Mariners' story, and some other stories that we're going to consider here, can give your dream some backbone.

The moneypool idea could be the answer you've been hunting. You don't have to be rich to start with. The Mariners weren't; they're just ordinary guys on ordinary pay. You needn't know a lot about the stock market. The Mariners didn't; they learned it all from the ground up. All you need is a small group of good friends, a certain amount of care and patience, the dash of luck that's essential in any business venture—and you've got it made.

You never know how your moneypool might fare. Some have bloomed so hardily that they can't even be called investment clubs any more. They're full-fledged businesses. The members stand to make more money out of this spare-time activity than out of their regular 9-to-5 jobs.

A year before the Mariners organized, for example, 13 men in Los Angeles were setting up the Associated Investors of Southern California. The title was considerably more ponderous than the members: a school teacher, a salesman, a lawyer, a plumbing contractor, and sundry others with no special Wall Street savvy. Like the Mariners, these men agreed to toss $25 each into the pool once a month.

They prospered. In a few years they felt wealthy enough to jack up the monthly contribution to $35. They concentrated on local industries that seemed likely to grow as the booming Los Angeles area continued its population increase: utility companies, home-finance outfits. To protect themselves against unforeseen trouble in this area, they also bought into a few big, national companies such as Monsanto Chemical.

At last report, the members had kicked in a total of $33,700, and their dollars were multiplying like rabbits. The moneypool was worth $78,500.

Now the Associated Investors are making big new plans. They think they might buy up some local real estate. They're looking over several small corporations with a view to buying a controlling interest. What started as a chummy group of 13 hopeful men has become a nest of potential tycoons—a sturdy business concern of respectable wealth and power.

The really remarkable thing is that this solidly-established moneypool is only seven years old. Most pools are set up with intentions of a much longer life than that. In fact, the average pooler probably has vague thoughts of retirement as he plunks down his first contribution. He hopes the pool will still be alive 20 or 30 years hence. What will the Associated Investors be like in its 20th year? A vast holding company? A Krupp-like industrial combine?

You laugh. Well, you'd probably have laughed seven years ago if somebody had guessed that these 13 men, early in the 1960's, would be fast climbing toward their first hundred-grand.

Unfortunately there aren't many 20-year-old moneypools around from which to get hints about future, long-lived combines. The investment-club idea didn't really attract many men until the mid-1950's, and only in the past few years could you call it popular without stretching a point. But there were some pools set up in the 1940's. The granddaddy of them all, one of the first modern-style investment clubs, was the Mutual Investment Club of Detroit.

COMING . . . .

For a hair-raising, hilarious account of one man's fling with a perilous pet, don't miss

MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH A TARANTULA

by Dan Mannix

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

This venerable outfit was born in the mind of Fred Russell, a young man with big plans but no cash. He wanted to buy a Howard Johnson's restaurant franchise. To raise the needed capital, in 1941, he gathered five other young men around him and started the moneypool that has since made history. Nobody in the group had much besides holes in his pockets, so the monthly kick-in was set modestly at $10. Later on, six other men were invited into the pool.

The brave little group very nearly disintegrated in its infancy. These were war years; and the members, one by one, received invitations from Washington to travel to remote corners of the earth. In 1944 and 1945, no contributions were made to the pool because there was nobody around to collect them. The little sheaf of stocks lay forgotten in a desk drawer.

At the war's end, the poolers got together again. They began investing in big companies that showed possibilities for growth: RCA, Burroughs, Phillips Petroleum. Feeling wealthy, they changed their accounting system so a man could, if he chose, buy more than one $10 share in the pool each month. The pool grew. Fred Russell got his Howard Johnson franchise—and eventually three more.

To date, the Detroit poolers have invested a total of $50,000. Over the years, for one reason or another, they've withdrawn some $34,000 in cash from the pool. But nothing could stop their Niagara of money from flowing in. Despite the withdrawals, their fund today is worth a cool $189,000.

Among the tycoons in this monumental pool is a slim, understandably cheery, blue-eyed man named Tom O'Hara. O'Hara got so interested in the moneypool idea that, in 1951, he helped found the National Association of Investment Clubs, eventually quitting his job with the Detroit Board of Education to become NAIC's full-time chairman. Clubs belonging to NAIC get, among other things, advice on how to organize and what to buy, news bulletins on the investment business, and an insurance policy that pays the club up to $25,000 if a member takes off with the funds. The association now has about 8,000 clubs under its wing, with total assets of about $87 million. It's estimated there are perhaps 35,000 clubs all told in the U.S., with assets somewhere between one-third and one-half billion dollars. Few are more than 10 years old, and the majority are probably less than five.

Okay, you say, moneypools are prospering. But what's in it for me? Wouldn't I do just as well investing on my own?

At an investment clubbers' convention in New York, I buttonholed several dozen poolers and asked them just those questions. Why join a moneypool? I already knew some of the answers. I'd heard them from financial experts I'd talked to, read them in colorful brochures handed out by the New York Stock Exchange and big Wall Street brokerage houses such as Bache & Co. But the moneypoolers came up with an answer the experts hadn't mentioned. Since this answer seemed to mean so much to the poolers, I'll name it first: fun.

Lew Moore, an NAIC vice-president who was at the convention, put it this way: "You know how guys like to get together for bowling or poker. It's not only the game that's fun; it's the congenial company. Does you good. Well, my investment club gives me all this—and it's making me money at the same time. What more could a man ask?"

Very few moneypool meetings are "all business." The Katahdin Investment Club holds meetings at a hunting lodge in Maine. The 6:50 Speculators, a group of New York commuters, used to meet and drink in a bar before going home at night. They concentrated on wildly speculative issues, hoping to strike it rich but quite prepared not to. One of their major purchases was in a Canadian uranium mining claim, which turned out to be a vast, worthless spread of moose pasture. The stock sank from sight, and so did the 6:50 Speculators. But the members enjoyed each other's company so much that they still meet at the same bar.

Still other clubs, like the Mariners, are formed with fun as a stated objective. The Mariners want a tropical island. Several dozen others want boats, and typical of these is the Sportsmen's Investors Club of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. This

Flavor you never thought you'd get from any filter cigarette!

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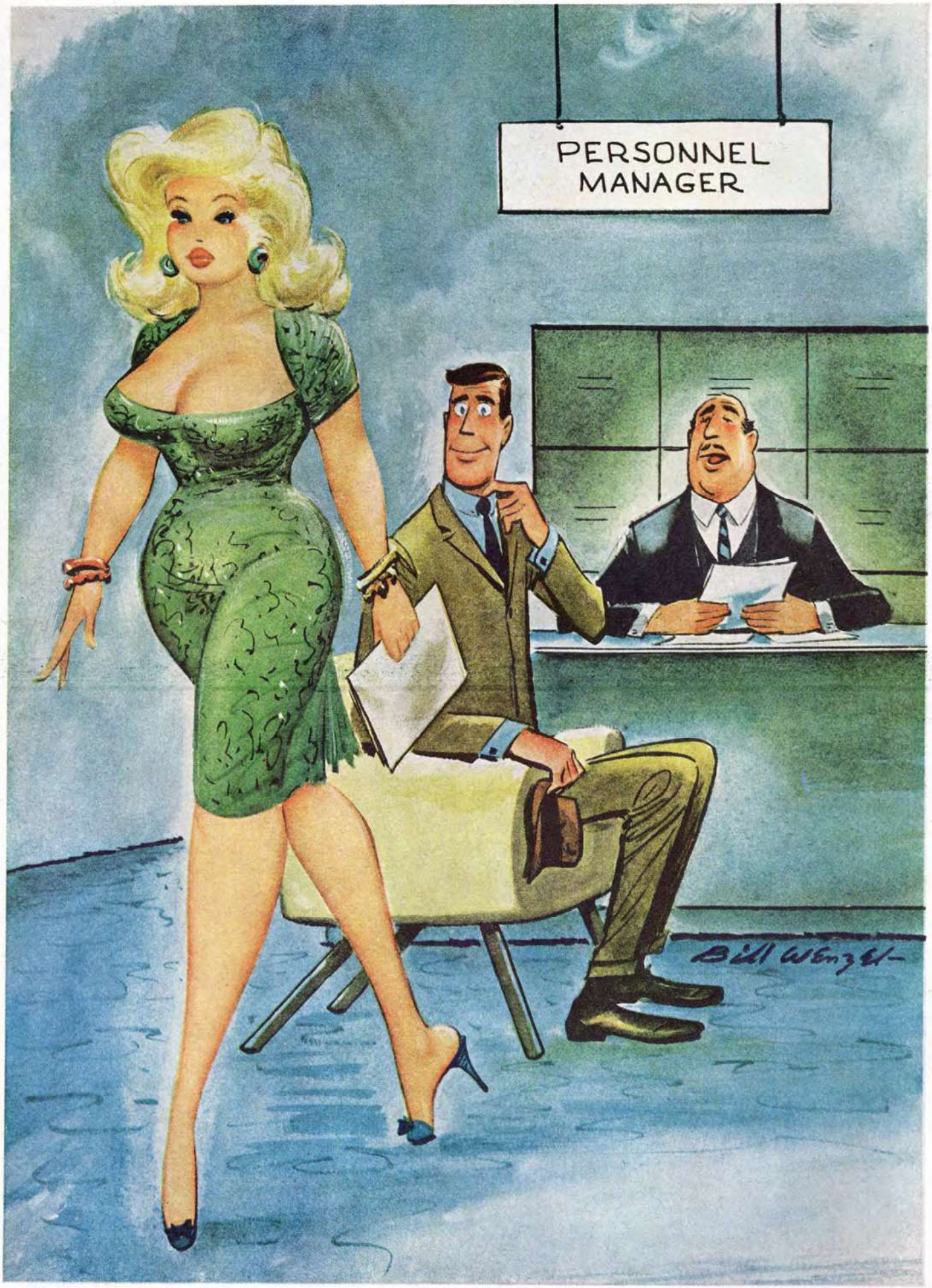

"We also have—*that's* been staked out—a very adequate pension plan. . . ."

six-man moneypool was founded in 1959 with the idea of building funds for hunting and fishing trips to Canada. The pool grew nicely, but not fast enough for the members. They decided to skip some monthly dues payments and put the money directly into Canadian trips and a boat. Thus what started as a moneypool became a sporting co-op. But when the members come home from the lonesome lakes and mountains of the Big North, they turn their reluctant attention back to civilization and their moneypool. Despite their play-before-profit approach, the moneypool prospers still.

A second towering advantage the moneypool has over the lone investor is that of diversity. Diversity is an old technique of prudent stock-market professional investors. Its basic meaning is that you're safer when you don't have all your eggs in one basket. Holding only a few securities, you face the danger that those particular companies will run into some kind of trouble, and the bottom will drop out of your portfolio. But with many different kinds of stocks, you can more reasonably hope that trouble in one area will be offset by gains in another. As a loner, you may find it hard to buy a big, diverse group of stocks. With 10 other guys throwing their cash in next to yours, you can build a diverse holding much faster.

And as a loner, you'll probably pay more in brokers' commissions for the stocks you buy. Brokers charge according to the size of the transaction: the more you buy or sell at a time, the lower the percentage. Let's say you save for a couple of months and walk into a broker's office with $100 to spend. He'll charge you about $6 for his services in getting you the stocks you want. But suppose 15 guys get together, pool their C-notes and hand the broker $1,500. His commission on this deal would be about $22, or less than $1.50 per man.

Then there's the problem of making intelligent decisions on which stocks to buy. Like any business decision, this takes a lot of preliminary study and fact-gathering. As a loner holding down a full-time job, you may be hard put to find time for all the necessary reading and figuring. But in a moneypool you can share the work: one man studies one industry and makes some educated guesses about its future; the next man looks into other possibilities. As a pooler, too, you save a little money by sharing the cost of publications. Many investment clubs subscribe to the venerable but lively *Wall Street Journal*, or to the breezy, forthright moneypool newsletter, *Taking Stock*.

Of course, if you aren't worried about losing your money, you can approach the whole thing as an outright gamble—put yourself in Fate's hands and do no figuring at all. Moneypools have been known to do this. Wall Street is strewn with their financial corpses. One group of lady nitwits on the West Coast started each monthly meeting by pinning a newspaper financial page, the page bearing the day's stock market transactions, to a piece of plywood. One of the members would then be blindfolded, spun around three times, handed a dart and told to throw. Sometimes the dart would hit the plywood. After a few more tries it would pierce the financial page. The optimistic ladies would then dump their monthly dues into whatever stock was thus punched. Actually their decision-making system never got a fair test, for the market at the time was in a slump. But when it hit bottom and began climbing again, the women's fund kept sinking. So they disbanded.

Russ Wiley, the genial young editor of *Taking Stock*, tells of another moneypool that favors a gambling approach, but a modified one. Eleven months out of the year, this group behaves like any level-headed Wall Street combine, invests its money in carefully chosen securities. On the 12th month, the group invests in a horse race. The stocks thus far have paid off more handsomely than the horses.

Now consider another advantage of the moneypool: its effect in buttressing your own willpower. As a loner you'll have periods of gloom in which you'll feel like abandoning your investment program. There'll be times when the $10 or $25 you had earmarked for the program will get spent on something else. None of this will do you any good. Barring some unforeseen catastrophe, the growing U.S. economy is rigged to favor the slow, steady kind of investor who puts in his tenspot month after month, good years and bad. In a moneypool, where you'll have obligations to other men besides yourself, the monthly payout will be automatic and easier.

You can always pull out of a moneypool, of course. But it won't be as easy as the lone investor's simple decision not to invest—hence you'll be better able to resist stray temptations. Maybe you'll even want to set up your pool so that members can't pull out for a few years, until the combine is solidly on its feet.

One successful combine that set up this way is the 36 East Investment Group of Baltimore, Maryland. Eleven business friends started it in 1958. They agreed to meet on the third Thursday of each month at a local restaurant and drop $20 apiece into the pool. But they wanted to have enough cash in the pool so they could move around flexibly in the market and be ready to grab whatever opportunities arose. So they made two extra rules: (1) each member would kick in $200 as his initial payment, so the pool would start life with a tidy $2,200; and (2) nobody could withdraw any money from the pool for the first three years.

As it turned out, nobody wanted to withdraw even when the three-year period was over. The reason is evident. Says Leonard Wonneman, a lawyer and one of the members: "Our group has now invested about $15,000. The value of our portfolio, despite recent adverse trends in the market, is slightly more than $20,000."

Another successful club—but hold on a minute. Maybe it's time to throw a little cold water on our dreams before they burn too high. If anybody tries to tell you the stock market is a guaranteed road to riches, you can safely assume he's either trying to sell you something not worth buying, or he's plain ignorant of the facts. More than a few moneypools have foundered in their first year or two of operation. The moneypool idea, and the stock market itself, are full of pitfalls for those who don't watch where they're going.

The most obvious pitfall—but, oddly, the most commonly fallen into—is overspeculation. All business ventures and all stocks carry some element of risk, but some are riskier than others. Some moneypools have tried to get rich in a hurry by betting on some obscure, low-priced stock, hoping to ride it to some dizzy peak of value and then sell out. These clubs are piled three deep in Wall Street's graveyards.

Most moneypools speculate—but within reason. They put most of their money into solid companies that are likely to be around for a long time, but aren't likely to make stockholders millionaires overnight. Then, for the hell of it, they invest a little bit of hope and money in outright gambles—uranium claims, for instance, or little companies with new, untried inventions. The 36 East Group is typical. "Our objective is to invest in nationally known issues," Leonard Wonneman told me. "But we're leaving the way open to consider speculative issues recommended by our broker."

Speculations do sometimes pay off, and that's what the really far-out dreams are made of. Pour yourself a drink to steady your nerves while we consider a couple of examples. Gunnar Gold Mines, for instance. This obscure little Canadian outfit, early in the 1950's, began prospecting for uranium in the Beaverlodge area of northern Saskatchewan. Word got around that the company had struck a billion-dollar vein. The stock, starting from about 12¢ a share, headed skywards. If you'd bought Gunnar stock at the right time and sold out at the right time, you could have parlayed $1,000 into more than $110,000 in less than two years. One Montreal moneypool did just that.

The problem in speculation is to grab the right stock, and this is more a matter of luck than anything else. Consider another example, this time a well-known company: IBM. The IBM story still brings a tear to the eyes of the weathered old speculators who gather in the bars along Wall Street. Back during World War I, IBM stock was a gambling proposition that no conservative investor would touch. The idea of machines to replace office workers was pretty far-fetched. But let's suppose you had a healthy moneypool back then, and you had some money to speculate with, money you were pre-

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pared to lose. You bought 100 shares of IBM. You hung onto it, and through 1925 you exercised all rights in the stock. Your total investment would have been about $6,000. By 1960 your holding would have been worth something like $8 million. Makes you want to cry, doesn't it?

"We're looking for another IBM," one New Jersey pooler told me, a faraway look in his eye. "We put about 5 percent of our money into outright speculation. We figure we'll lose most of it, but who knows?"

His words point up the lesson: speculate only with money your pool can live without. As for your personal finances, the NAIC urges that all stock buying, speculative or not, should be with money you don't need to live on. Use the money your wife was going to spend on a new handbag.

Another pitfall into which moneypools often disappear is that of disagreement among members. The typical club holds one meeting a month, and at this single gathering all kinds of buy-and-sell decisions must be made. If the members aren't able to thrash out their differences quickly and smoothly, the moneypool is likely to disintegrate.

One way to avoid this pitfall is to keep the membership small. Most moneypools have a limitation, usually from five to 15 members. One of the biggest pools ever to stay alive long was the Lehigh Fund of Allentown, Pennsylvania. Leroy Baker, chief paperwork man of the club, told me it started with 15 members in 1951, each paying $10 a month. Ten years later it had 35 (all men except for three members' widows). It was simply too unwieldly to hold up its own weight, and Leroy Baker was so swamped with ledgers and account sheets that he was losing hope of fighting his way out. On December 31, 1961, the gigantic Lehigh Fund took the only step that seemed to make sense any more: it liquidated. The members happily split $165,000 among them.

To keep your pool running smoothly, think about the personalities of the members too. They should be guys who get along together, see eye-to-eye on most major topics.

The Paupers' setup seems to work. In fact, they're up to their ears in money. In its three and a half years of life the pool has made a 57 percent profit. One of their most charming holdings is Xerox Corp., whose value has almost quadrupled since the canny Paupers bought it.

If you want to start a tycoon club, the Paupers are a good model to copy. They're fairly typical. Like most NAIC-member clubs, they're organized as a partnership. This is a good, workable arrangement. A partnership doesn't pay income tax; the partners simply pay individual taxes on their shares of the income. Other setups are possible, of course. Some moneypools have no formal constitution at all; the members depend on ordinary friendship to hold the group together. A few others—the Lehigh Fund, for instance—have set themselves up as corporations. They figure they get certain tax benefits out of this, but (as Leroy Baker will tell you) there's a lot of paperwork involved.

Whatever you decide, there should be two key men at the first gathering of your combine. One should be a lawyer, or at least a man who has a good understanding of law. Invite him in as a member, hire him for a fee or buy him a drink for his trouble—but get him there somehow. The second key man will be a representative of a local brokerage house. He'll be happy to attend; our stock-market activities will mean commissions in his pocket. Between them, the lawyer and broker will answer most of your questions and get you started on the right track.

One member will have to be detailed to do the group's accounting and other record-keeping. Joe McGuigan says this takes about two hours a month for the Paupers. Joe is a certified public accountant, so he's used to the work.

How do you decide what stocks to buy? The Paupers, at each monthly meeting, name three men to a "research committee." These three spend the next month probing around. At the next meeting they tell the group what they've found and what they recommend. Says Joe: "The members have voted for the committee recommendations about 80 percent of the time."

Once launched, your moneypool will be in good company. A survey by the NAIC last year turned up the startling fact that investment clubs, on the average, increase their value faster than the stock market as a whole. Nearly 1,000 moneypools surveyed had made average profits of 17.1 percent a year, compounded annually. This was 4.27 percent better than the average of 425 key stocks charted by Standard & Poor's, the big Wall Street firm whose charts are watched by seasoned investors as an indicator of the market's health.

Moneypools, in fact, are growing important enough to earn an occasional tip-of-the-hat from big-time Wall Streeters. President G. Keith Funston of the New York Stock Exchange has long touted the pool idea as profitable both for individual investors and for the U.S. economy as a whole. President Peter Hurst of the Aeroquip Corp., and Chairman of the Board Glenn Thompson of Arvin Industries both urge employees to join moneypools. "An investment club is an education in business," Hurst once remarked. And out in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Russ Wiley of *Taking Stock* noted with high glee this year that the big, stiff-collared Wall Street publications now refer to moneypools in tones of respect. "They used to call us 'the lambs of Wall Street,' " Wiley gloated.

Lambs no more, moneypools proved their manhood during the mid-1962 stock-market catastrophe. After deflating soggily for months, stock prices crashed on Black Monday, May 28, 1962. On that macabre day and in the weeks that followed, many stock prices sank to the levels they'd started from in 1958. On Wall Street, tears flowed in the gutters like rain water. Thousands of investors panicked and sold everything.

Moneypools? The vast majority of them just sat tight. Says the NAIC's Tom O'Hara: "We surveyed a group of brokers handling clubs. As far as we can tell, there was no sign of panic among club members." Adds Russ Wiley, pointing out a further advantage of moneypool membership: "The very nature of a monthly-meeting club program makes it hard for clubs to jump to hasty, fear-inspired selling. The second Tuesday of next month will not be a timely moment to do anything about damage that occurs to a club portfolio today."

And not only did the moneypools refuse to panic; but when the shock of Black Monday wore off, they coolly walked into the smoldering rubble and, as Tom O'Hara puts it, "began adding to their holdings at bargain rates." Stock prices are still invitingly low, and to most Wall Street experts this looks like a mighty good time to start a moneypool.

—Max Gunther

TRUE

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How Long Will a Gun Last?

[*Continued from page* 43]

told me that a .32-40 rifle he had made for himself on a Winchester single-shot action and using his system of loading the bullet through a false muzzle, kept its target accuracy for 100,000 rounds. He then measured the bore with his usual care and found that it had increased in diameter by only one thousandth of an inch.

The fact that Pope's barrel lasted so long is not a fluke. He was using relatively soft, lead-alloy bullets. He had to else he couldn't have loaded them from the muzzle. His charge of black powder primed with a few grains of low-pressure smokeless gave a velocity of around 1,350 feet a second at the muzzle. Colonel Larson's .22 short bullet had a muzzle velocity of about 1,125. The minute charge of powder gave little heat.

The barrels of rifles shooting jacketed bullets at high velocity will not last anything like as long as those using lead-alloy bullets at low velocity. The heat of heavy charges of smokeless powder erodes the throat and the first inches of the barrel proper. The rest of the bore is also damaged, though in less degree.

When Winchester first introduced the .220 Swift cartridge which gave and still gives the highest velocity of any commercial cartridge, 4,140 feet a second at the muzzle, the company had plenty of trouble with barrels; they lost their accuracy at 300 rounds. The company then found a steel that stood up for many times that number of rounds and today's Winchester Swift barrels are made of stainless steel.

I once had a Winchester Model 70 with a heavy barrel for the .220 Swift cartridge. For the most part I used hand loads giving less velocity than the factory cartridge. I also got better accuracy. I afterward learned that the powder I was using was peculiarly erosive. The barrel lost its pristine accuracy at something over 1,000 rounds.

It seems not to be generally known that a high-velocity rifle often improves with shooting. Charles Cummings told me when he was head of research at Remington's Bridgeport, Connecticut, plant that a rifle for the .220 Swift would not at first deliver the muzzle velocity of 4,140 feet a second. After more shooting the velocity increased. After still more shooting the velocity began to decrease. But the .220 Swift is a high-intensity cartridge. It is not a sound measure for cartridges giving less velocity.

It used to be said that a Springfield rifle shooting the .30-06 cartridge would not keep its accuracy for 5,000 rounds even if it was never shot rapid fire as it often was in Army competition. Consequently I was surprised to read in the *American Rifleman* the results of some tests made at Frankford Arsenal 15 years ago. The .30-06 barrels were the heavy kind used in testing ammunition and fired from machine rests. It was found that using the AP bullet (armor piercing) which is characterized by a hardened-steel core, accuracy improved noticeably during the first 500 to 1,000 rounds and improved more gradually up to 2,000 or 3,000 rounds. With the former 152-grain service bullet, accuracy did not improve after 2,000 rounds. But with the 172-grain match bullet accuracy improved as it had with the AP bullet and accuracy was maintained to as much as 8,000 or 10,000 rounds.

The improvement was attributed to the burnishing action of the bullet and perhaps to its wearing down any tight spots in the barrel.

What does this mean to the big-game hunter? It suggests that a man who starts out with a .30-06, which after so many years is still one of the best calibers for North American game, he will not wear out the barrel—not in hunting big game. Grancel Fitz—the well-known hunter—got a Remington bolt-action rifle, similar in design to the Model 1917 Army rifle, more than 30 years ago. He has used that rifle exclusively when hunting North American big game. With it he has collected all 25 of the big-game animals that may legally be taken, many of them with heads in the record class. He has killed a lot of other game—he told me he didn't remember how many whitetail deer he had shot. He has done some target shooting with the rifle and he has always shot enough before going on a hunt to make sure of the sighting. But I doubt if he has fired that rifle more than 3,000 times. In that case the rifle may be more accurate than it was when he got it.

Shotgun barrels of modern steels seem to last indefinitely. It is possible to blow up a modern shotgun barrel by accidentally dropping a 20 gauge shell into a 12 gauge gun and following it with a shot from a 12 gauge shell, or by firing with some other obstruction in the barrel such as cleaning patches or a brush. The arms companies get in a few burst shotgun barrels every year from such causes.

Sometimes the useful life of a gun is terminated by a technological advance, such as smokeless powder. In the days of black powder, high-grade shotguns were made with so-called Damascus barrels. Here alternate rods of steel and iron were wound together and then wound around a mandrel. The edges were then welded together. Damascus or "twist" barrels went out with the development of smokeless powder which gives a much higher breech pressure than black powder. Even with black powder, the welds did not always hold. There was always some slag in the welds. The iron was much less elastic than the steel. Rust sometimes made its way in. Damascus barrels haven't been made for many years but there are still a lot of Damascus shotguns around. They are considered unsafe. I have known two men who were still shooting guns with Damascus barrels recently, but they were taking awful chances. A Damascus barrel may go 1,000 rounds with smokeless powder and fail on the next shot. The burst, when it comes, may be near the shooter's forward hand.

A double-barrel shotgun will eventually shoot loose. A typical shotgun has a pair of lugs, called lumps, underneath the barrels. These lumps have recesses in them. When the gun is closed, sliding bolts fit into these recesses and lock the barrels down to the bar of the action. Some shotguns have additional locking devices. In any case, there is wear. I recently saw a high-grade double that had been shot so much by a trapshooter that it rattled when you shook it. It took a highly competent gunsmith a week to repair the gun, making a new hinge pin on which the barrels swing in opening and closing, building up the worn surfaces of the lumps and the bolts, resoldering the rib that was falling off. When he finished the job the gun was like new at a fraction of the cost of a new gun.

Single-barrel repeating shotguns, pump or semi-automatic, don't shoot loose in the same sense as a double-barrel gun. But with enough shooting they will eventually fail to function. Here the remedy is to replace the worn parts.

Revolvers are in a different class. The action of a rifle will often last indefinitely. Revolvers fail not because the barrels are worn out but because the joints fail.

A high-grade target revolver, the only kind that is shot for many thousands of rounds, has a swing-out cylinder on what amounts to a hinge. The alignment of the cylinder is essential to accuracy. The chambers in the cylinder must line up with the breech of the barrel. As the revolver wears, the cylinder gets loose. There are other parts that wear—the cylinder stop or the "hand" that automatically rotates the cylinder one position when the revolver is cocked. The rear of the cylinder is a ratchet. That wears. Ultimately the revolver must be repaired in order to restore its accuracy.

Semi-automatic pistol barrels do not wear out any more than the barrels of revolvers do. Some of them in .22 caliber seem to last forever. But in time a semi-automatic pistol needs new parts, same as a semi-automatic shotgun or rifle.

The stocks of rifles and shotguns sometimes split as a result of recoil. This is more likely to happen with a shotgun than with a rifle. A gunsmith I know has twice had the job of repairing the fore-end and the stock of an exceptionally light 20 gauge gun made in Europe. The wood just wouldn't stand the pounding of a few hundred shots.

But any way you take it, good guns do last. Few men who are not ardent target shots fire a shotgun, a rifle or a revolver enough to make any matter.

What about the future of sporting guns? No one knows what is just around the corner. Winchester recently introduced a shotgun barrel which consists of a thin steel tube with some 500 miles of glass fiber wound around it and bonded to it. The result is a lighter barrel than one made solely of steel and a stronger one. Remington makes a series of .22 caliber rifle that are largely of nylon—except for the barrel and bolt.

Perhaps our space-exploration programs will turn up some dramatic, tough new material soon that will make present guns outmoded. Meanwhile, what we have will last and last and last.

—Lucian Cary

Wide World

When lightning strikes a tree it creates a tremendous steam explosion.

man to man

ANSWERS

from the staff of TRUE

As a result of something he saw on a recent venture into the woods, veteran outdoorsman Arnold Hayes, of Providence, Rhode Island, tosses us a question that has puzzled a lot of people. What gets Arnold is this: "Just *how* does a lightning bolt destroy a tree?" He's seen a lot of them, obviously shattered by lightning, but showing no effects of being burned. "How can electricity do that to a tree?" he asks.

The answer is that there's a lot more to a lightning bolt than electricity. The 25,000 amperes in an average bolt account for only one-fourth of its energy. The other 75 percent is delivered in the form of heat, with temperatures running clear up to 50,000 degrees F. As the bolt hits a tree, it is channeled through the moist inner bark, which is, because of its high water content, the most conductive part of the tree. The instantaneous superheating of this moisture actually creates a tremendous steam explosion that can rip a tree apart with such violence that chunks of wood can be hurled hundreds of feet.

A study by the National Shade Tree Conference reveals that the oak, which has a particularly high water content, is lightning's favorite target among trees. It is 62 times more likely to be struck than a beech, on whose smooth-barked surface rain forms a continuous moisture shield. When smooth-barked trees *are* struck by lightning, they are less likely to suffer severe damage, for the heat is dissipated directly into the air from that outer moist coating.

America's biggest trees, the giant sequoias of California, take a particular beating from lightning. A tree that has withstood disease, insects and forest fires for thousands of years can be wrecked in an instant when lightning seeks it out. Walter Fry, a noted big tree authority, once saw a 300-foot sequoia being struck. The top of the tree was shrouded in low clouds when there was a sudden tremendous burst of light. Fifty feet of the trunk seemed to be wrapped in lightning. With a roar, the entire top half of the tree was sent down the mountainside, while the bottom of the trunk was instantly converted to kindling, forming a 20-foot-high heap of wreckage. Fry reports that the tree looked as if it had been passed through a gigantic rock crusher and the product symmetrically piled.

While the steam explosion does most of the damage to a tree, it's just plain sizzling electricity that injures the man or beast who takes refuge under it. You don't even need to be near the tree to get killed. Sometimes the electricity running down the tree electrifies the wet ground all around it. In 1959, seven cows in a Long Island field were killed by a bolt of lightning which struck a tree. It ran through the ground for 300 feet to reach some of its living targets.

Q: What action did Calvin Coolidge take in the Boston Police Strike? *D. B. Hansen, St. Petersburg, Fla.*

A: Calvin Coolidge, who later became President, was governor of Massachusetts at the time of the Boston Police Strike in September, 1919. He proclaimed martial law and placed the militia in charge. The militia continued to perform police duty until a new police force was organized. None of the strikers regained their former positions on the force. In a quotation which quickly became famous Coolidge told AFL president Samuel Gompers: "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time." This caught the public fancy and helped bring about Coolidge's Republican nomination for Vice President in 1920.

Q: Is an atheist permitted to take an oath in court? *Henry L. Womack, Seattle, Wash.*

A: Yes. A witness may be sworn, even though he denies belief in God, provided he admits that an oath would be binding on his conscience. If the witness is conscientiously opposed to taking an oath he may be permitted to testify merely on affirmation, which is equivalent in law to an oath.

Q: What is the difference between a crow and a raven? *Stanley Scott, Farmington, N. M.*

A: A close examination is necessary to distinguish these two birds. The raven is larger and the feathers on its throat are longer, narrower and more pointed than those on the crow which are short and rounded.

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Q: What is a Morgan horse? ***John Bagby, Albany, N. Y.***

A: It is a breed of horses descended from a dark-bay stallion named Justin Morgan who died in 1821. This horse was noted for the smooth precision of his trot, his naturally animated knee action, his stamina and his well-knit strength. The Morgan makes a fine saddle horse because his short back, short stride and springy step practically eliminate the need for posting.

Q: What is the lowest score ever made in this country on an 18-hole golf course? ***Frank Yearwood, Austin, Tex.***

A: On August 19, 1962, Homero Blancas shot a 15-under-par 27, 28—55 at Longview, Texas. The record was achieved on the 5,002-yard Premier course. The round included one eagle and 13 birdies.

Q: What is a Rob Roy cocktail? ***Floyd Fullmer, St. Petersburg, Fla.***

A: It is very similar to a Manhattan except that Scotch is substituted for blended whisky. The proportions are generally two parts Scotch to one part sweet vermouth, with a dash of bitters.

Q: What is a Duck's Foot Pistol? ***Eddie Downes, Gary, Ind.***

A: This weapon came into use in England shortly after 1800. It fired four balls simultaneously from four barrels arranged so as to spread the shots over a wide front. It was also called a Mob Pistol and was used by prison officers, sea captains and others who might be called upon to deal with vicious mobs. If fired point-blank into a crowd it was almost certain to hit someone.

Q: Why is Connecticut known as the Nutmeg State? ***Alan S. Fields, Durham, N. C.***

A: In colonial days Connecticut Yankees had a reputation for commercial cunning and sharp practices in trade. Among the products they dealt in was nutmeg, which is the small, hard kernel of the fruit of a tree that grows in the Molucca Islands and a few other tropical areas. It was alleged that Connecticut traders were in the habit of counterfeiting nutmegs of wood and palming them off as genuine. Phony spices, it was said, constituted one of the state's chief exports and wooden nutmegs became a symbol of business trickery.

Q: Was the present ruling family of England ever known by another name than Windsor? ***David Brower, Evansville, Ind.***

Culver

A: Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria, came from the German principality of Saxe-Coburg. His son, Edward VII, was considered to belong to the House of Saxe-Coburg. The next king, George V, changed the name of the ruling house to Windsor in 1917.

Q: Were the big snowstorms which hit New York City in 1888 and 1947 both officially described as blizzards? ***Peter Barnes, Boston, Mass.***

A: No. To be described as a blizzard a snowstorm must be accompanied by high winds, low temperatures and deep drifts. The 1888 storm certainly qualified as it had winds up to 70 mph and temperatures as low as five degrees. It lasted for 36 hours during which time 21 inches of snow fell. The 1947 storm had more snow, 26 inches in 24 hours, but was not severe enough in other ways to be called a blizzard.

Q: How many colleges belong to the Western Athletic Conference? ***Bradford Lee, Worcester, Mass.***

A: This is a new league which presently includes six schools. They are Utah, New Mexico, Wyoming, Brigham Young, Arizona and Arizona State.

Q: Why is 13 a "baker's dozen"? ***Miles Goren, Atlanta, Ga.***

A: This is thought to have originated in days when a heavy penalty was imposed on bakers for giving short measure. To be on the safe side and avoid all risk of incurring a fine the baker would give an extra loaf.

Q: How did Richard Halliburton die? ***Danny Hater, Thompson, Manitoba.***

A: Halliburton was a famous American adventurer and travel writer. One of his favorite dreams was to cross the Pacific in a Chinese junk. He sailed from Hong Kong on March 5, 1939, in the junk, *Sea Dragon,* and was never seen again. A radio message was received from him on March 24 but no further word was ever heard. The U.S. Navy conducted an extensive search but found no trace of the *Sea Dragon*. On October 4, 1939, a Tennessee jury declared Halliburton legally dead.

Q: What is the correct name for the bird known around here as the Bullbat? ***Roger Moye, Brunswick, Ga.***

A: Bullbat is a popular name in the South for the nighthawk, a bird which flies at dusk like a bat and makes a booming sound. The nighthawk is not actually a hawk at all but feeds upon insects. Its flight is spectacular. It soars upward until, from a height of several hundred feet, it begins a fast vertical dive and does not pull out until it is only a few feet from the earth. The rush of air against the wings during the descent causes a dull boom to be sounded. The rapid dive is the main similarity this bird has with the hawks.

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Q: How many of the six men who raised the flag at Iwo Jima are still alive? ***H. A. Herman, Sharon Spring, N.Y.***

A: There were six marines who participated in this historic event on February 23, 1945. Only two are still alive. They are Pvt. Rene Gagnon who is now an airline agent at Manchester, N. H., and Pharmacist's Mate John H. Bradley, now a businessman in Appleton, Wis.

Q: I have heard of a place near Rapid City, South Dakota, where gravity seems to be defied to the extent that a plumb bob does not hang perpendicular. What is the reason for this? ***Earl Lemon, Las Vegas, Nev.***

A: You are probably referring to the Cosmos of the Black Hills. The cause of this phenomenon has not been established. It is possible that it results from some type of secondary gravitational pull, perhaps created by a large mass of some very compact mineral. However, in other parts of the country several similar phenomena have been carefully investigated. All have turned out to be optical illusions.

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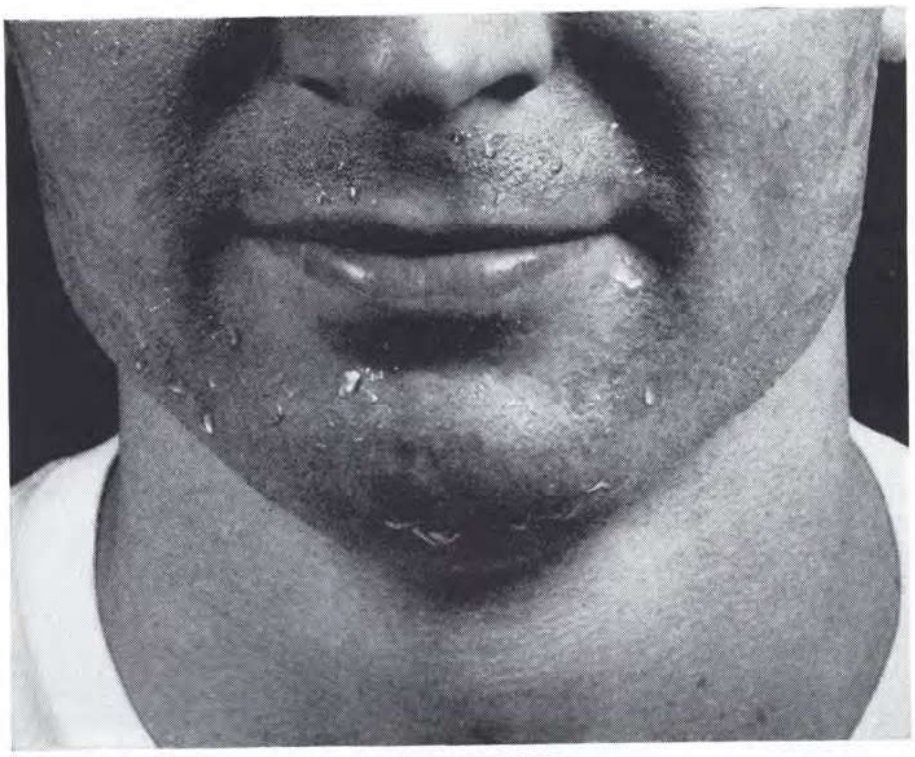

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D-Day for the Doom Prophet

[*Continued from page* 31]

along came Robert Reidt and for three of the most unbelievable days in American history, the country trembled as a remote Long Island town became the scene of what might have been the greatest—and last—show on earth.

The world has probably never seen a more unlikely Doomster than this pale-faced, fat little man of 33. Born in Germany in 1892, Reidt came to the United States as a boy. For 13 years, since he was 20, Long Islanders pointed him out with amusement as the town crank.

He drove about the Island in an ancient black flivver that choked and sputtered as if to call attention to the foot-high message painted in white on its doors—THE WORLD WILL END IN FIRE and THE BRIDES OF THE LAMB ARE THE CHOSEN.

He was a good house painter, and a good provider for his buxom wife and four small children. But anyone who hired Reidt would probably get, in a sincere and earnest monotone, a strange mixture of religion and prophecy.

"I'm afraid I won't be able to paint your barn next spring, Mrs. Johnson," he would say in his soft gentle way. "You see the world won't be here, after February."

Most of the time the Mrs. Johnsons of Long Island would nod understandingly. "Of course, Mr. Reidt, but just in case things don't turn out as you expect keep my barn in mind for spring."

Occasionally, some one would question Reidt more closely. Then the little man's hand would pause over his paint cans and his eyes would shift out of focus as if they were studying something that they, alone, could see.

"It came to me in a vision," he would say. "At midnight, February 6, 1925, the seven days of destruction will begin. For seven days flames and hail will torture the earth, and plague will kill its inhabitants."

Miss Katherine B. Kennedy of Valley Stream, a middle-aged spinster who had spent most of her life in the front pews of Baptist churches, expressed a little more interest than most of the rural folk in the area. A thin, worn woman with sparse gray hair, she invited Reidt in for tea one day.

"Will anyone be saved, Mr. Reidt?" she inquired in her quavering voice.

Questions like that could wind the little house painter up for hours. He would fold his pudgy hands across his bay window and reply as if in a trance.

"Only the Brides of the Lamb, Sister Katherine, those who have been chosen by the Great Spirit for salvation. Only 144,000 of us will be transported from the ends of the world to a small thicket near San Diego, California.

"And God's searchlight shall shine and blind the wicked and show the pure of heart the wonders of heaven."

Greatly agitated, Miss Kennedy would twist her handkerchief in fretful, bony fingers. "And then?"

"We will go to Jupiter as guests of the Lord," said Reidt, "and watch from there as the Great Curse silences a wicked world."

It was heady stuff for a maiden lady who wasn't planning to go any farther than New York City and she made Reidt promise that when the time came, he would call upon her.

She was not the only disciple Reidt acquired as he painted fresh surfaces on Long Island homes and tried to do the same to the homeowners. In the fall of 1924 he met Willard C. Downs, a 57-year-old farmer from Yaphank who was to become his chief of staff.

Brother Downs was a tall, angular man with an unkempt grayish-brown beard, eyes that flashed like heat lightning, and a voice that sounded like a foghorn in high fidelity. He had spent all of his life within a 10-mile radius of his farm, and much of it reading and memorizing scriptures from the Bible.

"When the Day comes, Brother Reidt," he rumbled through his hairy face, "I will be beside you on the golden chariot."

Reidt began to organize his faithful through the early part of 1925. A motley group of sincere, if somewhat disturbed, followers began to meet in Reidt's home. They called themselves Reformed Seventh Day Adventists, and planned how they would spend the glorious days after the world ended.

COMING . . . .

It's a madcap world of wacky wonders when "VIP" VIEWS THE MEN OF TOMORROW

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

The group was denounced by the Seventh Day Adventists, a large religious sect which believes in the Second Coming but does not set a date. Nevertheless, Reidt announced, in early February, that 35 followers would be with him at Friday midnight, February 6, for the end.

On February 4, the End minus three, Reidt and his family abandoned their home and took up residence in a dilapidated shack off Old Orchard Road, on the outskirts of town. In three days, he said, a cloud would descend upon Scrub Oak Hill and carry the Brides of the Lamb on the great trip.

And now the skeptical Mrs. Johnsons of Long Island began to get worried. Perhaps this funny little man really did know something, they whispered. It was a feeling that was soon to sweep the country as dozens of newspapermen, in search of a story, went out to Patchogue.

Even if the Jazz Age was ripe for a shaking up, nothing would have happened if the newspapers of the day had shrugged off Reidt as just another misinformed missionary, and let the stunt die. But they carried thousands of words, and pictures.

They were just as much to blame—if not more—as Reidt for the strange events and chilling tragedies of the next three days, and the tragicomedy that was to follow.

If there were any doubts about Reidt's sincerity, they were dispelled that first day on Scrub Oak Hill. In full view of a growing audience, the little apostle disposed of all his earthly possessions.

A steady stream of merchants and dealers from the nearby communities plodded up Old Orchard Road. That morning Reidt sold everything except the shack and his car. The moment he had the cash in his hands, he turned it over to his creditors.

"I must be free of wordly taint to enter heaven," he explained carefully.

By mid-afternoon there was little taint left. Reidt had sold all his clothes but the flimsy shirt and trousers and the paint-stained shoes he was wearing. His wife spent most of the time inside the two-room shack to keep warm.

Sister Katherine was deep in prayer, Brother Downs was poring over his Bible and Reidt was discussing the length of God's searchlight when suddenly a long haloo echoed across the desolate meadow of Scrub Oak.

The little group turned in time to see a big, smiling man in a frock coat leading a group of people across the frozen slop. "How do, Brother Reidt," boomed the big man.

The newcomer introduced himself as the Reverend M. J. Devine from Sayville, Long Island.

"Only can stay a moment," he roared, flashing brilliant white teeth. "Just wanted you to know, Brother Reidt, that if the cloud don't come on time you can stay with me in my church."

One of the generous parson's congregation tugged at his sleeve. "How we gonna fit them all in, Brother Devine?"

Devine threw up his arms and smiled at the sky. "Why the house will stretch, my friend, the house will stretch."

With that, the parson wheeled and began the long, sloppy march back to Sayville.

Meanwhile, the wires had begun humming. Throughout the country, people began reading of this strange group in a remote town, and they began to wonder. What was the gimmick?

It didn't make sense. There had been other Messiahs before Reidt, glib charlatans who promised a seat on the heavenly express for anyone who could cough up a measly grand or two. There had been phonies who offered salvation in return for anything from a widow's life savings to a quick roll in the haymow with the widow's young maid. But Reidt wasn't selling a thing.

And then, after the snickering, and the gibes and the disinterested shrugs, America began to worry. There were no angles. Maybe this guy really thinks the world is going to end. And maybe he knows something.

The day before the last day, February 5, dawned bright and clear. Reidt was up with the sun, standing outside his shack searching the sky for a possible sign. He had just shaven, and the harsh winter-light etched out the sagging weariness of his rotund face. He had been living on carrots and water for several days, and his face hung like the folded jowls of a bulldog.

His audience had come early, too. Old

Orchard Road complained slushily under the first automobile congestion it had ever felt. Newsmen, photographers and telegraph operators had set up a skirmish line on the meadow below the shack.

Neighborhood farmers stood shoulder-to-shoulder in the snow with coveys of idle rich who had motored out from the fashionable Hamptons or city townhouses. The farmers munched on thick sandwiches in brown paper bags. The chauffer-driven minks and Chesterfields picked at basket lunches of cold pheasant.

It was a curious, though respectful, crowd, and it fell silent when Reidt finished contemplating the heavens. He studied them for a moment and then, with great assurance, said:

"The trip to heaven, for the chosen, will take seven days. On the first Sabbath, our group will rest on Jupiter."

Reporters scribbled furiously on wads of folded paper. One of the women wrapped in fur giggled nervously.

"Silence." The thundering voice of Brother Downs, the bewhiskered Yaphank disciple, shattered the serenity of the morning. "Know ye all that this was written in Revelations in the Book of the Lord."

"Yes, Brother Downs," said Reidt patiently. "These people know."

Stiff as a ramrod, looking as if he had grown like a tree out of his redneck boots, Downs marched to the center of the snowy hill, like an actor taking center stage.

"Have these unbelievers been told of the red snow falling upon Japan?" he rumbled. "Do they know that the very waves of the Atlantic have turned to blood?"

A small boy at the edge of the crowd started a rumor that Downs had taken a bath that morning and the crowd chuckled. Reidt took the opportunity to take over the stage.

"I have been informed that Gabriel may be delayed in reaching us. He is making arrangements to feed the Saints on other planets."

"Seven days, seven days," rumbled Downs. "Count them well, ye who do not believe."

"Yes, yes," said Reidt, a slight edge to his voice. "We all know, Willard."

Slightly chastened, Downs strode into the shack, and sulked.

"Now, where were we?" said Reidt turning back to the crowd. "Of course. These Saints will be. . . ."

The crowd began to snicker and Reidt turned. His face flushed as Brother Downs came out of the shack waving a zither.

"When we have entered the Golden Gate I shall know how to play upon my harp." Downs stroked the zither and smiled cherubically at the grating noise. "I'll be ready." Then he scowled at the crowd and marched back into the house.

If the farce was apparent to those in East Patchogue, the humor of the situation was not transmitted to the rest of the country. The bluster of Brother Downs somehow got lost between the telegraph operators and the front pages of newspapers across the land. THE WORLD ENDS TOMORROW NIGHT was, after all, a much better headline than YAPHANK FARMER MAKES A FOOL OF HIMSELF.

And the former headline was the one that was read. The switchboards of newspapers and radio stations were jammed with excited calls. And Reidt talked on.

"The stars will fall upon the earth and the mountains and rocks will bury the wicked," he said grimly.

And his eyes became dreamy as he said: "When the birds, the fish and iniquitous among men will have been destroyed, the ascension will begin. Music will fill the air as we follow the angels to our homes on the streets of gold."

The day ended in a chaotic farce. The crowd had swollen to hundreds by nightfall, and Reidt moved in the weird lights thrown up by the magnesium flares of photographers and the beams of automobile headlights. He began calling for Gabriel.

A magnesium flare went off and a photographer yelled: "Better take your pictures now, boys, we may not be able to tomorrow night."

A woman looked at Reidt and shook her head. "The poor man is talking himself into the grave."

Reidt heard her and shook his head sadly. Then he went into his shack and closed the door for the night.

Reidt was up at dawn again on Friday, a damp and unpleasant day for earth's finale. He and his wife drove into town to unload the last of their wordly goods. The shack on Scrub Oak Hill, which he had once paid $1,250 for, went for $154, and its furniture went for less than $100.

As he closed the deal in a local broker's office, a town official stuck his head in the door. "Ya better put a clause in that bill of sale. If the world don't end the deal's off."

The official snickered all the way down the street, but Reidt refused to acknowledge the crack with even a nod of his head. At the post office, he found his box filled with mail.

There was a letter from Baltimore wishing him "a good night for it." There were also several letters, printed crudely in crayon, warning him that if the world didn't end on schedule he "was going to get it but good." The letters were signed "K.K.K. Blackhand." Reidt shrugged them off.

A local newspaperman offered Reidt $50 for the black flivver, and the little house painter took it.

"If you're right," said the newspaperman, "I won't need the money, anyway. If you're wrong, I'll donate it to a museum."

While Reidt was in town, the shack on Scrub Oak Hill stood melancholy and ghostly, at sea in a meadow of mud and snow, two miles from the nearest home. Brother Downs took advantage of the apostle's absence to prance and pose on the hilltop for the benefit of the press. He resisted forcibly when his son, a clean-cut, embarrassed young farmer, tried to drag him home to Yaphank. Downs would have none of it: he was the center of attention.

A resplendent blue necktie which he had put on over his denim work shirt flapped in his bewhiskered face as he marched up and down in front of the photographers' skirmish line.

"Get those instruments of Satan out of my sight," he would bellow, making sure his gaunt profile was in proper position for a picture. "I'll never be photographed again," he would roar, "between now and midnight, that is."

All the while he struck Moses-like poses and ignored the cranking of newsreel cameras and the steady click-click of shutters.

By early afternoon, Downs had been shot from every conceivable angle. Reidt had still not returned, so the photographers began shifting their apparatus over to the corner of the meadow where Sister Katherine, a young disciple named Arthur Rupp and a few others were praying softly.

The good Brother Downs became en-

TRUE

"This play is always good for fifteen yards!"

raged at the sudden loss of attention. He glowered at the crowd, bellowed out scriptures, pulled on his tie and yanked on his beard. Finally, he rushed into the shack, and came roaring out with two wooden pails filled with muddy snow-water.

Before the cameramen had time to scatter, he dumped the slosh on their heads.

"That'll teach you a lesson," he shouted. "When a man takes an oath not to be pictured you should let him keep his word." He advanced, shaking a great horny finger.

"My heart must be pure and full of truth tonight. I don't intend to risk my chances just because you want to take some pictures."

The curious, the cynical and the concerned continued to press in. Cars were strung out for half-a-mile down Old Orchard Road and the aristocrats were as muddy as the sodbusters by the time they waded through the muck to the scene.

It was snowing again in the early afternoon, soggy flakes that melted in the sun before they reached the ground. Their faces streaked with snow and tears, the Reidt children straggled home from school. They had cried all the way.

Brother Downs gathered them around his lanky body and raised his arms, as if in blessing, over their heads. The girls sobbed out that their schoolmates had taunted them.

"They called us end-of-the-worlders," said the serious-faced 12-year-old boy. "But we didn't care because we're going to be saved tonight and they're going to die."

Some of the spectators within hearing smiled pityingly at each other. Some merely shifted their feet in the slush and kicked little wet holes in the ground.

It was nearly dark when Reidt and his wife returned. John Stephani, the police chief from nearby Hagerman, cleared a path for them through the gathering mob. Stephani, on his own time, had organized a squad of eight men to protect the cultists should the mob become unruly. It was the wisest maneuver of the day.

By nightfall, there were more than 500 people massed around the hill. The crowds, until that night, had been generally well-behaved, and even awe-struck. But now, a new element was added. Tough young farmboys out for a piece of action, and drugstore cowboys with time on their hands drifted up Old Orchard Road. They had vaguely heard there were some goings-on.

But the icy finger of panic, endorsed by sensational newspaper coverage, began to touch other sections of the country.

At the very moment that Reidt and his wife were climbing up to their shack, a skinny young man in a rat-infested tenement room on Manhattan's Upper West Side was looping a newly-bought clothesline over an exposed beam.

Scattered on the floor about him were clippings predicting the end of the world. He stood on a rickety kitchen chair, knotted the rope around his neck, and kicked the chair away. There was no heat in the building, and his corpse was in pretty fair shape when the police broke in and found it several days later.

In Brooklyn, a 13-year-old boy sat shivering in an over-stuffed living-room chair as a radio broadcaster reconstructed the last hours of mankind. The boy bolted out of the house, and hours later his worried family found him under the altar of the Roman Catholic Church, sobbing convulsively.

A Pennsylvania divorcee, ill and lonely, left a note by her bedside that night. She had borne so much in her life, she wrote, that two hours more or less didn't matter. The ambulance attendants weren't able to pump the sleeping pills out of her stomach in time.

And in a tiny town in Michigan, a 49-year-old farmer shot his wife in the abdomen and put a bullet through his own head. His wife later told the coroner that her husband was unable to face the fact that his $35,000 life savings would be worthless at midnight.

Small knots of people took refuge in Rocky Mountain caves, clusters of Sunday Christians jammed into churches that Friday night and one old New Hampshire curmudgeon sat out the night on a White Mountain peak with a thermos of coffee and a jug. "Iffen it's comin', I'm gonna see it comin'," he is reported to have said.

People congregated in front of wireless sets, others went to sleep with more than the usual emphasis on their bedtime prayers.

There were other reactions. Two Kentucky youths got fried to the eyeballs on backyard corn likker, and raped a neighbor's daughter. A week later they told a court that they had gone "crazed" after hearing about the end of the world, but the judge claimed the boys would have done it anyway and put them away for a few years.

It was a grotesque mixture of tragedy and comedy that swept the country that night, but it was nothing compared to the pathos and farce that dogged Robert Reidt from midnight on.

At 10 p.m., he stepped out of his shack, and began calling for Gabriel.

"Got room for one more on the chariot?" a town tough called out. Another one yelled: "You can drop me off on Mars, any corner will do."

But it was whistling in the dark. Like the man in the Chesterfield who offered all his money in exchange for salvation, and the woman in the man's coat who begged for her 8-year-old son, most of the crowd on Scrub Oak Hill, indeed most of the country, had two hours more of fear and uncertainty.

A few minutes after 10 p.m., Reidt and his followers went back to the shack. Soon, the static-marred cacophony of a Pittsburgh jazz band splintered the night. For nearly two hours Reidt sat by a radio set listening for a signal from Gabriel. Only Paul Whiteman came through for sure.

It was an eerie, ghost-like scene. Five hundred people, like quivering statues, were outlined against the snow. Automobile headlights and magnesium flares bathed the desolate meadow in strange patterns of light and shadow.

Newspapermen began to file their early stories around 11 p.m. One of them was the late Meyer Berger, one of the country's greatest reporters. A careful journalist, Berger took the precaution of writing two stories, each marked "hold for orders."

The first story assured readers that the world had not ended.

The second story began: "The World ended tonight at. . . ."

At precisely 11:55 p.m., like an usher calling an actor's cue, a reporter knocked on the shack door and said: "Five minutes, Mr. Reidt."

A minute before midnight, the Apostle of Doom stepped out of his shack and into the circle of eerie light.

Slowly and dramatically he stalked to the edge of the hill. Five hundred persons held their breaths as he pulled out an ancient pair of opera glasses. For 10 minutes he scrutinized the eastern sky.

He shook his head. "Well, I'm going to sleep. It doesn't look as if anything is going to happen tonight."

There was a moment of deep silence, broken only by the relieved sigh of five hundred people. Then the laughter began, deep mocking laughter that echoed the righteousness of five hundred people who suddenly wanted to prove to each other that they hadn't been afraid at all.

A rock hurtled up from the darkness, fell at Reidt's feet and disappeared in the snow. Three young boys ran along the perimeter of the crowd shouting, "The Klan is here," and a fourth hurled a flaming cross up the hill.

Police Chief Stephani and his men leaped forward, stamped out the fire and hustled the youngsters away from the crowd. Their quick action probably averted a riot. But they couldn't stop the laughter.

"You fraud, you dirty stinking fraud," screamed the woman in the man's work coat.

"I'll see that you're run out of the state," roared the man in the Chesterfield who, two hours before, had offered his fortune to Reidt.

"Where's your pal, Gabriel?" they screamed. "Three cheers, the chariot's here."

Robert Reidt looked at the laughing faces and tried to speak. Whatever he said was drowned out in the clatter of telegraph keys and, within hours, the laughter was sweeping the country.

Strangely enough, there was no reaction of hate against Reidt. There were few people who wished to remember the

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

THE HOUR I STRUCK IT RICH

by Paul Gallico

Every fisherman dreams of a day like this one. Every cast was a sure strike and the fish were eager and many.

hours of dread and besides, the world has never hated for very long a man at whom it could laugh. And they laughed.

Now they could settle back and enjoy this little man. And the funniest was yet to come.

The next day, Reidt explained to a small crowd that the newsreel cameras had illuminated the sky and blotted out the dark cloud that was to be Gabriel's signal. The crowd cheered lustily—and broke up laughing. Even the newspapers which had treated Reidt seriously a day before now had headlines that read—WE'RE STILL HERE, FOLKS.

When Brother Downs told the crowd that Gabriel had placed a hand on his shoulder while he slept that night, the people charged up the hill, and carried him around on their shoulders—laughing.

To many, the biggest joke of all came when a Valley Stream coal dealer disclosed that Sister Kennedy had ordered one ton of bituminous the day before the earth was to end.

It was all downhill for Reidt after that. Two days after the Millenium, Reidt, his family, and Sister Kennedy were invited to speak at the Patchogue Movie Theater. They kept their audience something less than spellbound.

"Give him the hook," a man yelled. "I came to see a show, not hear a lot of nonsense."

Reidt left the stage, pleased. "When I start my speaking tour the words that I say will bring plenty of persecution," he confided. "When the persecution begins, pestilence will follow."

The next morning the Reidts disappeared. The children were taken out of school. Local wags told each other that there had been no westbound clouds seen in the area that day.

There were encores, however; pale attempts to recapture an audience that had lost interest in him. A week later Reidt and Brother Downs were spotted in front of the Newark city dump, carrying large placards.

"I want it understood that the world will come to an end sometime this year, probably in September," Reidt told passersby.

"September, September," rumbled Downs.

"I never said that the world would end February 6," said Reidt. "Other people said so, not I."

Ignoring the snowballs of little boys and the nipping-teeth of puppy dogs, the two men marched up Frelinghuysen Avenue, waving their placards and amusing the factory hands.

It was about all Reidt was good for by now. The country went back to its bathtub gin, its hot music, its preoccupation with Al Capone, Texas Guinan and Eliot Ness.

Soon plaintive letters began appearing in New York newspapers.

"I am in need of a job . . . will take anything . . . family in want . . . I can furnish the finest references."

And finally:

". . . homeless, jobless and stranded on the rocks."

By springtime the world had forgiven Reidt—its harshest act of pretended unconcern—and he returned to Long Island. He bought back his flivver for $35 (a $15 profit and the only money he claims to have made from his prophecy) and started his old house-painting business again.

"As I started to say . . . I can't stand criticism."

Indifference eventually became annoyance. He was brushed off when he predicted that Japan would conquer the world in August; when he predicted that there would be war between England and Russia in November, and he was completely crushed in December when he announced he was moving inland to avoid the great tidal wave that was to wash away New York.

He prepared carefully for the destruction of New York. He sent letters to all members of the city government and to important business and communications firms. On January 2, 1926, he sent a letter to Mayor James Walker, asking permission to broadcast his warning over the city-owned radio station.

"I want no one's blood on my hands," he said.

At the end of the month he marched on City Hall, determined to convince the mayor. On his way to the mayor's chambers, he met Charles A. McManus, who was then the Democratic floor leader of the Board of Aldermen.

"Say there, Mr. Reidt," said McManus. "Can you possibly postpone the end of New York one day? February 6 is my birthday."

"You'll have a chance to celebrate during the fire," Reidt snapped, never breaking stride.

The mayor sent one of his aides out with a brief message. "I'm very sorry but the mayor's too busy to see you today," he said. "He'll talk to you on February 7 after New York's been washed away."

It was the final blow, and Reidt went home for good.

There have been other Prophets of Doom since Robert Reidt. A Pasadena minister called the shot for September 21, 1945 at 7:33 a.m. Nothing.

West Germany had a mild panic in March of 1949, but, as a Frankfurt bartender commented: "We won't start worrying until the beer stops flowing."

And only three years ago an Italian physician waited on the top of Mont Blanc almost two weeks for a mercury bomb to blast the earth off its axis. "We made a mistake," he said sheepishly a few hours later.

But they were all two-bit tipsters compared to Reidt. The pudgy apostle was soon forgotten in the wave of cataclysmic events that passed over the world. The wars, the bombs, the disasters, the riots.

He retired just a few years ago, and now at 71, he and his wife and one of his sons are living quietly in a southern state. His other children, now scattered, are reluctant to discuss their father, themselves, or what happened.

"What can we say?" One of his children told this reporter recently. "We're not the same people we were in 1925, and we'd rather forget it. My father? Well, he believed in what he was doing and that's more than you can say about many people."

And what can you say about the night the world didn't end?

There are nights like that.

—Robert M. Lipsyte

The Rowdy Reign of the Black Avenger

[*Continued from page* 41]

him there. The cameramen, glad to repay Gillett for the cheap whisky he'd been feeding them, went to work.

Some weeks later, Gillett and his Cleaner California Committee sat in sickly silence in G.O.P. headquarters while the state caucus returns came in. The governor had been trimmed, 3-1, for his party's nomination. Beyond any doubt, the public's indignation, following circulation of scenes showing their virtue-shouting leader ostensibly giving his blessing to the notorious race-mixer, Johnson, had been a leading reason for his defeat.

"What statement shall I give out, sir?" asked an aide.

"Tell them," choked Gillett, "that if that perditious black ape ever returns to these parts, I'll have him roped and castrated!"

The assistant started away, but was called back.

"With a dull file," said the former chief of state.

Over the years, Jack Johnson was obliged to leave a number of places in a hurry—after California, there came Chicago, Montreal, Juarez, Barcelona and London—and he seldom left because of the same indiscretion. But it couldn't stop him from rolling to glory. At his peak, he was the most flamboyant figure on three continents—a big, giddy, fun-loving, lecherous rebel who took and gave what he wanted, when he felt like it. He was everything that society of a half-century ago couldn't tolerate; the son of a slave who became an emperor. For a dozen years he put together a career as a fist-slinger, rake and riot-maker, perjuror, cheat, fornicator, jail-dodger, stirrer of racial hatreds dormant since the Civil War and international high-roller unmatched in sports and almost unequaled in American history. Most of the country—from Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan to Jack London to the Klu Klux Klan—wanted to hang Jack Johnson from the highest tree.

Mainly, he is remembered as a lowlife. But one night in 1923, when the Klan was terrorizing his people without serious opposition, Johnson walked into a white-sheeted rally at Danville, Illinois, uninvited, and by the glare of a blazing cross lectured on love, humility and the Golden Rule. He also walked out. Somehow the feeling persists that he had something which more respectable members of the community lacked.

The Galveston giant broke a few other taboos—such as the code handed down from the time of John L. Sullivan which prohibited a Negro from holding the heavyweight title. While he held it, from 1908-1915, some 19 persons died in race riots caused by his activities. He loved white women freely and married three of them. Of these, one became an alcoholic, one was cast out by her friends and one killed herself within 11 months of the ceremony. In 1913, a British boxing fancier, Trevor White, who lost both his bankroll and reputation backing a Johnson stage revue, shot himself. For seven years, Li'l Artha was a fugitive, on the dodge in Europe and Latin countries from a Mann Act white-slavery conviction and owing his government one year and a day in the jug. "We're still paying for him," says Archie Moore, the modern-day lightheavy champion. "The man was a disaster to anyone who came near him."

But on the levees and in Darktown slums, he was a Black Avenger, come to raise an abject race from its knees. No one of his day had dared to broach the subject of integration—but Johnson did. He made his own, beginning in Sydney, Australia, in 1908, when he knocked out Tommy Burns in 14 rounds, for the title, and continuing into the 20's, when, as Mark Hellinger (always an admirer) put it, the big boy was still behaving like a 4-11 fire in a lard factory. Hellinger's favorite Johnson story concerned the time the champ met Sir Claude de Crespigny (Lord Tweedmouth) at a tea in London. Irked at Johnson's elegant attire and patrician bearing, the Britisher harrumphed that among the Tweedmouth possessions were lands, cattle, a shooting preserve and a baronial castle.

"Indeed?" drawled Li'l Artha, who recently had won the modern equivalent of $600,000 with his fists. "Tell you what, Tweedmouth—I'll flip you for them."

No doubt an unbeatable fighter never lived; but the 220-pound, catfooted John Arthur Johnson came closest to it. Once on the same night, he met and polished off two tough punchers, Joe Jeanette and Walter Johnson. Twice within 10 days he met the fearsome Sam Langford, and both times left the Weymouth Wizard twitching on the ropes. The so-called "white hopes" fell apart when he struck—Fireman Jim Flynn with a broken jaw, Bob Fitzsimmons in a soggy heap, Stanley Ketchel unconscious for 10 minutes, Jim Jeffries, never before on the floor, blindly appealing to his corner to come rescue him. In 1921, at the age of 44, Johnson boxed Luis Angelo Firpo. In two rounds, the 25-year-old Firpo was hanging on. At almost 50, over a 15-round distance, Li'l Artha whipped a good heavyweight, Pat Lester. Many critics today class him as the best boxer-counterhitter combination of all time, as vicious as Dempsey, and faster; smarter, more powerful than Louis. When the Boxing Hall of Fame opened in 1954, his was the first name ratified.

Aside from that, Li'l Artha's strong points were guile and an urbane way of fascinating every female he met. "His great, staring eyes," sighed Gaby Deslys, the French actress, "simply devoured one. His wit—*enchantement*!" In conning them, Johnson had other weapons—a supreme arrogance, recklessness, and beyond all else a driving need for social equality. As a scullery boy in Galveston, in his youth, he used the "coon walk," or dirt area bordering the street.

As a man, he rode in the glossiest Daimlers, Benzes and Thompson Fliers built, owned a Chicago saloon called the Cabaret du Champion, played in *Aida* in grand opera and plated seven of his top teeth in 14-karat gold. He owned trotting horses, suits of silk and velvet, and thumped the bass viol with Johnson's Troubadours, his personal jazz band. Once he spent six weeks as a paid companion of a famous silent film star. "I'll make them kow-tow to me," he promised, after beating Burns, referring to 85 million people. "I'll make them small beer." He was still holding to that theme 12 years later when the odds caught up and they locked him in Leavenworth Prison as a Mann Act violator, bail-jumper and the busiest lover on both sides of the segregated street in U.S. history.

Even then, no one came and *took* Johnson. He surrendered voluntarily, to the relief of those charged with his capture. As they hadn't forgotten, early in 1912, in Chicago, Li'l Artha was visited by a delegation of strong-arm lads who kept order for Bath House John Coughlin, boss of the First Ward. Coughlin's orders were brief. Johnson was to stop entertaining white girls in the second-floor quarters of his saloon. "It's a bad ad for the Ward," the callers declared.

Within two square miles of where they stood, on Thirty-First Street in The Levee, were 119 whorehouses. But to Johnson it was an unfair rap on other grounds. "I don't run Coughlin's show," he said. "Tell him to stay the hell out of mine."

A rubber hose thudded against a wall, where Johnson's head had been an instant before. The six toughs piled in, using truncheons and brass knucks. As described later, by the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, no furniture worth saving remained in the room when it was over. Two bodies were found in the wreckage, two more at the foot of the cabaret staircase and another turned up down the block, bleeding in an alley. The sixth never was located. Li'l Artha greeted reporters, and bought drinks, with nothing more to show than a few head lumps and a depressed knuckle.

"That cheap crook, Coughlin, hereafter is not to cross my door," Jack announced. Now, the ward king found that *he* was the unwanted one—barred permanently from the Cabaret du Champion.

The Johnson ring battles were slower affairs, carefully paced, often going 15 to 20 rounds, to fit a plan that was both tactical and educational. He carried opponents, savoring them like a fine cigar—taunting them, slicing them up and enacting execution only after it was plain that Caucasian supremacy was a myth. While his mouth worked, he slid about on size-13 feet, slapping blows away with

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

A RAGGED CREW

by John Steinbeck

Newest Nobel Prize winner unfolds a gripping tale of World War II. It's a true life and death drama you won't soon forget.

nonchalant ease. Using his "Long Melford" straight left to stun, he moved inside to heel and slash, then glided away, and arranged the moment when he would smash his man out. In mid-1907, while still a challenger for the title, he was steered into the worst business arrangement in his career. British matchmakers posting a 2,500-pound purse, talked Sam Fitzpatrick, his manager, into a bout with Ben Taylor, the Woolwich Terror. The terms were:

They would meet in Taylor's back yard, Plymouth, England. A British referee (Eugene Corri) would officiate. Rounds would be cut to two minutes each. Six-ounce gloves would replace the usual skin-tight pads. And, to win, Li'l Artha must K.O. the Terror within 10 rounds. Built like a blockhouse, Taylor could make himself hurtproof.

After seven rounds of playing turtle, Taylor had yet to be solidly hit. In Round 8, Johnson clinched. A yelp was heard, and Li'l Artha recoiled from the clinch gripping his ear. "He bit me, the dog!" he cried.

Taylor began an indignant protest to Corri. His guard opened, and then the world blew up at the point of his chin. Like Ketchel, he was out for several minutes. In World War I, British artillerymen named one of their larger shells "the Jack Johnson."

In the U.S., the crowds which watched him were hostile, if not downright deadly, in their intent. In strange arenas, Jack always kept an escape-hatch open.

At Mechanics Pavilion in San Francisco, in 1905, signs were displayed showing a black figure being held down and castrated. Some 300 race-rousers were at ringside the night Johnson fought Sam McVey, a "good nigger," and a local product. They amused themselves by flicking lighted cigarettes at Johnson's back, while he sat on his stool.

McVey, conqueror of the great Harry Wills, had an iron head and Johnson didn't crack it until the 20th round, when he slammed McVey through the ropes, and out. By then his back was dappled with angry white burns.

Moving to his corner, he kicked his wash bucket, filled with sweat, blood and spittle, into the ringsiders' faces. "Allow me to serve the refreshments!" he said.

The rush to get him was quick, but Johnson jumped the ropes, raced up an aisle and vanished through a trap door in the rear, which he'd earlier staked out. The hunt for him lasted through the night. By then he was across the Bay, in Oakland, drinking beer at the home of one of his many friends, a lady known as Madam Sweetmeat.

The madam, who controlled several integrated gambling and sporting houses, was mostly white. She may have been the first to declare that her guest was the best man who ever dropped his boots to the floor in a boudoir. Later, he earned the vote of women from all walks—showgirls, girls on the run from respectable homes, society heiresses, French soubrettes like the lovely Mistinguette (who adopted Li'l Artha for a season, and spread the word he was "*formidable*"), lady horse-players, dancers of Old Spain, and plain hustlers. At an estimate, he earned $1,000,000 in his lifetime. Much of it went into lavish night clubs and cafes in Chicago, Paris, Juarez, Barcelona and Los Angeles. Each had attached to it what Johnson (a fluent linguist, speaking French, German and Spanish) called his "*joiede fille* room," or harem quarters. When he cuckolded a white man and stole his woman, the victim could only grit his teeth. One reason for it became obvious whenever the champion appeared in snug ring tights: but, early in 1912, it became a matter of legal record.

That summer he was accused of defrauding a Chicago jeweler of $6,200 in gems. At the Criminal Courts building, he pranced in with a friend on either arm —Hattie McLay, a flame-haired Irish chorine from Brooklyn, the other a chesty brunette, a German brewer's daughter from Milwaukee, named Belle Schreiber.

The plaintiff's attorney named the date on which his client had been swindled—February 16. "You were where on that date?" he asked.

"With my two friends here," said Johnson.

"*All* the time. *All* day and *all* night?"

"Every second," said Johnson, negligently buffing his nails.

As Hattie and Belle freely testified, Li'l Artha indeed was a sweet and thoughtful companion, so faithful that he hadn't stirred from the Wabash Avenue flat shared by the girls for not just one day—but for six straight. Not until food and drink ran out had they seen the light of day.

"You mean," exploded the lawyer, scornfully, "that both of you stayed cooped up with him for almost a week, without ever leaving the premises?"

Hattie and Belle didn't have to feign their surprise.

"Of course we did!" they came back, indignantly. "John Arthur is our big, wonderful . . . *man!*"

Pulling himself together, the lawyer demanded that the girls explain themselves. Hattie and Belle broke into giggles, while the audience roared. "Puh-leeze!" they protested.

"Well," said the judge, "I can hardly call it hearsay evidence." Verdict: the champion couldn't possibly have been as busy as all that and still have gulled the jeweler.

By 1912, his fourth year as champion, John Arthur was earning $1,500 a week in vaudeville. On Chicago's roaring Levee, he threw open the country's most unusual night club, his Cabaret du Champion. Asked to describe it, Big Tom Carey, onetime candidate for Chicago mayor, said, "Did you ever see One-Eyed Connolly sleeping off a drunk under a VanDyke painting of The Vestal Virgins?" The twin floors contained an alleged $200,000 worth of Rembrandts, Rubens tapestries, Biblical scenes and solid-silver spittoons, along with the proprietor, sipping cognac through a gold straw, wearing spats, a biscuit-silk suit, diamond studs and a doeskin beret, and, often, quoting Spenser or Chaucer to the visiting rubes.

Li'l Artha was studious and widely-read. Asked whether the black-white-and-tan admixture of patrons might not cause him trouble, he replied, "Emphatically in the negative—and a rude inquiry, I might add." The place was an ornate dive; it echoed with the sound and strife of many races and must have had Dred Scott cheering in his grave.

TRUE

"I wasn't listening. You need what?"

Upstairs, they said, Johnson maintained apartments padded with leopard-skin couches and paneled solidly in mirrors. Many of the women who were attracted to the saloon were far from cheap pick-ups. Some, such as Etta Duryea, of a New York theatrical family, and Lucy Cameron, a Chicago university student, seemed under a compulsion to learn all there was to know about the 6-feet-1, perfectly-proportioned, exotic owner. One day, "Wurra Wurra" McLoughlin, a New York sportswriter, asked one of Johnson's girls what went on upstairs amongst the mirrors.

She said she really couldn't say. "But you haven't lived, chum," she did confide, "until you've seen that *monster* from 15 directions."

Wurra Wurra returned and told his readers that Jack Johnson unquestionably was the biggest thing in Chicago. "And I include the stockyards," he ended, not very obliquely. Tad Dorgan, the cartoonist, and a skeptic, took the trouble to check on the traffic up and down the staircase. "I made it seven in 12 hours," he dispiritedly reported. "—not counting repeaters."

By as early as 1909, when he was 31, the pace had begun to show on Johnson. His sleek, hairless skin took on a curious grayish shade. At Colma, California, that autumn, he pitched training quarters at a country inn, for his October 16 date with middleweight champ, Stanley Ketchel. But suddenly there came an interruption.

From Chicago, in pursuit, arrived Mame McLay, a sister of Hattie, the redhead, and Belle Schreiber. Taking rooms near Li'l Artha's, they pulled hair in a contest for his favor. To restore peace, he divided himself evenly, spending alternate nights with each. After a week, the innkeeper approached Johnson, who was sluggishly tossing around a medicine ball. "I never seen the like of it," the man said, ingratiatingly. "Could you tell a feller your secret?"

"Eat jellied eels and think distant thoughts," replied Johnson. Which might bear some wisdom, at that.

More disruptive warring broke out, however, and to get some sleep, he hung a rope outside an upstairs window and departed after lights were out. Somewhere around the third night, he heard a light breathing as he reached the ground.

Standing there expectantly was the innkeeper's daughter.

"Thass the way it went," he recalled, long years later. "A rope can hang a man more ways than one."

Against Ketchel, who was outweighed 35 pounds, he was a tired fighter. To sell the match, the 5-feet-9 Ketchel had strutted about for weeks in padded jackets and boots elevated three inches. Yet in the 12th round, Ketchel landed a right to the ear which knocked Johnson onto his haunches. At the "five" count, his right leg was extended sideways, the other awkwardly doubled beneath him. The upset of all time was only seconds away.

In Johnson's corner, Kid Cotton barked, "Roll over on your knees, Jack! You still got plenty left!"

"Thass what all those doll-babies said," Li'l Artha is reported to have muttered.

At "eight," rolling over and up, he caught the inrushing Ketchel with a pile-driver right to the mouth. By some accounts, 10 minutes passed before the Michigan Assassin stirred a muscle. By the word of Sunny Jim Coffroth, the promoter, he was stiff for an hour, and a priest administered last rites. Willus Britt, Ketchel's leechlike manager, had a heart attack on the spot. A few weeks later, Britt dropped dead. In fact, it was a triple disaster by Johnson: most of Ketchel's upper teeth were sheared off, and thereafter the fabled Stanley wasn't much good—eight months later, Johnson hired him to run errands.

Soon after that, in Reno, Ketchel spoke up to Johnson for his treatment of Kid Cotton. The faithful Kid, who was 40-odd, syphilitic and growing punchy, unintentionally cut his boss's lip while sparring. Johnson beat him so viciously that the Kid was out for five hours, after which he tried drowning himself by jumping into an irrigation ditch. "You're the meanest S.O.B. who ever lived," Ketchel said. "Oh, if God had only made me a foot taller!"

Johnson called the sheriff in nearby Sparks, Nevada, and had Ketchel arrested. The official charge was: standing a prostitute on her head on a public street. Drifting east, Ketchel was shot, fatally, four months later.

Biographers of King Arthur (his phrase) fall into a pattern—after saying that he was a sociological explosion in the early century, they pass on to his fights with the mealymouthed footnote that he was also a naughty boy. "He was a bum. A dead loss," said Jim Corbett, the former heavyweight champion. "He hated everybody—his managers, Tex Rickard, who made him rich, his women. He even hated himself." Corbett pointed out that three times Johnson tried to commit suicide, but couldn't pull the trigger.

"Untrue," replied Rex Beach, the writer. "He was a man misplaced by time, a tragic genius. And you don't knock geniuses. He was beaten down for years and too much man not to square it up. He was the greatest fighter—in all ways—I ever saw."

Beach, a minor ring critic, at best, has an ally in most of the knowing men of fistiana alive today, or recently so. "Johnson," said Sailor Tom Sharkey, a onetime heavyweight challenger, a few years ago, "would have taken anything Jack Dempsey, Joe Louis or Rocky Marciano could have handed him, and then beaten their ears off. I tell you that honestly—because I hated Johnson."

"I've never seen the man who could have handled his speed and cleverness," says Uncle Joe Woodman, who managed Sam Langford. "Not Dempsey, and for sure not Gene Tunney." In the opinion of Ace Hudkins, the onetime Nebraska Wildcat, "They just make cheap carbons of Johnson today. He was a great big cat, impossible to hit. He could stand on a foot-square handkerchief and you couldn't touch a hair of his head." Nat Fleischer, the ring historian, concurs. Damon Runyan once said substantially the same—that the Galveston playboy was the best of all time.

"I won't argue with that," added Jack Dempsey, not long ago. "The farther back you go, the tougher fighters were, and Johnson was the top guy among the oldtimers. He was all elbows and arms, the greatest catcher of punches who ever lived. Nobody ever hit harder, either. And he could go all night. Since Johnson, I haven't seen anyone who was a combination of Jim Corbett and Louis. I'm glad I never had to fight him."

Probably no man so loathed ever has been so lauded.

If he had any true love in his life, it was his mother, Tiny. A midget Negress of 4-feet-8 inches, she bore nine children in a Galveston shacktown, aided only by a midwife. Jack was born—he always claimed—in 1878. (The Tenth Marquis of Queensberry, while visiting America, inquired into this, and insisted Jack had shaved five or six years off his age; which would have meant he was at least 42 before he lost a ring fight—or seven years older than Joe Louis when he dropped the title to Ezzard Charles). Jack's father, also pint-sized, was a former Tennessee slave and a janitor by trade. Thinking the grits might be more plentiful elsewhere, the boy left home on a box-car at 15. The wheels clicked out his escape-song from poverty, but, at dawn's light, he peered forth at an unchanged world—he'd been riding around in the Galveston freight yards all night.

Trying again, Jack made it to Florida, then The Bowery, Boston, Pittsburgh and way points. He was tall and skinny and tough. Between the ages of 15 and 25, he was a battle-royal fighter, an object of white men's cuffs, a hobo, a "wipe" at a race track, a Key West sponge-diver, a California beachcomber and, once, in Cripple Creek, Colorado, chief bottle-washer and cook for a cartel of roving exhibition fighters assembled by Sailor Tom Sharkey. At the camp they pitched, young Johnson learned from the best—Abie Attell, Young Corbett, Georgie Dixon, New York Jack O'Brien. He was shown that soaking bandages in a solution of guncotton and whisky would form a rock-hard casing inside his glove. From Sharkey, who had drawn in 20 rounds with champion Jim Jeffries, he acquired the art of chopping a quick punch to an opponent's biceps while the latter's blow was on the way. The effect on a taut muscle was remarkable. His head was shaved, for butting purposes. Spider Kelley added a touch seldom seen after the age of the Old Masters: a short left jab, a turning and cocking of the fist and a slashing, quick hook, or two punches almost in one. But in time Jack developed his own specialty—a feint to the jaw, and a lightning-fast re-slanting of the blow to land in the guts. That, and an uppercut uniquely delivered when both feet seemingly were taking Johnson away from the other man, were his main guns. With them he beat a series of well-known blacks; Frankie Childs, Klondike Jim Jeffords, Denver Ed Martin, Joe Butler. Although white fighters generally ostracized him, by late 1904 he was a newspaper item.

Among other joyous habits of the time was the practice of "slipping the peter" to a man, or lacing his food or drink with a cheap variety of hasheesh, made from hemp-sprouts imported from eastern India, and it taught Jack never to trust anyone. As he worked his way upward, he took on a manager, Frank Corella, a bail-bondsman known as The Furnisher. Corella's specialty was staging fights between wild boars and pit dogs, arranging to have the shows raided, then bailing out his guests at an 80 percent profit. In Los Angeles, he matched the 190-pound Johnson with Jack Jeffries, the beetle-browed 215-pound brother of the world title-holder. The "other" Jeffries was a noted alley-fighter and a 3-1 favorite. Regardless, Johnson knocked him lopsided in five rounds.

San Franciscans demanded a look at the new boy, so Corella set up a 20-rounder with George Gardner, the Lisdoonvarna Larruper, from County Clare, Ireland, generally accepted as world light-heavyweight champion. Strutting around outside a circus tent pitched on Valencia Street, Corella made token bets that his fighter would win. Meanwhile, his agents were sending in large bundles of money on Gardner.

Nine days before the match, Jack was permitted to sip a glass of beer in Harry Corbett's Ellis Street saloon, an "honor" for a Negro. As he left, he turned dizzy and fell to the sidewalk. "For God's sake, help me!" he moaned to Corella. "I'se . . . sick."

After a vomiting spell, he was racked with the dry heaves, and for the next week ran a temperature of 102. Corella fed him water biscuits, milk and soda until Jack's stomach puffed. Hours before ring time, there came another mysterious attack, with more violent retching. The "petering" was done so artistically that Jack, although limp, was able to make it down the aisle under his own power.

A tentful of San Franciscans screamed for black blood, and were spattered with it, as Gardner, at long range, drove his man from post to post. Between rounds, Corella dosed Jack with shots of straight rye. By the 12th round, he was reeling with belly cramps and the knockout was just a formality. But, then, the Larruper, overswinging a right, came to close quarters for the first time. He found himself eye-to-eye with a cornered wild animal.

"It was murther, itself, starin' at me," Gardner explained later, when accused of leaping out of his socks in fright. "It was the Evil Eye of Doom."

Three murderous digs to the body dropped Gardner, who came up running, and kept running. In the 19th and 20th rounds, Johnson regained enough strength to catch him and beat the champion almost senseless. The win put him in the headlines for the first time.

When Jack discovered he'd been training on cured hemp, Corella disappeared, and it was back to knocking over men of his own color—Sam McVey, Joe Jeanette, Young Peter Jackson, Black Bill, Sam Langford. The battles were epic, against some of the greatest heavyweights ever to wear gloves. And they gained Li'l Artha nothing. When he was allowed to meet a white opponent—as in the case of John L. Sullivan's star protégé, Sandy Ferguson, in Chelsea, Massachusetts one 1905 night—local sports dropped around to make sure the conditions were understood. Pointing to the floor, and hitching pistol-holders, they said, "John L. has big plans for Sandy. Boy, you understand how this fight has to go?"

"Uh-huh," said Jack, rolling his eyes piously. "I'se to be nice to your boy, and you'll be nice to me."

"An extra hundred smackers for you," said the sports. "But a short life if you forget to be good."

In a career shot through with larceny and lies, and with the swift doublecross of his best friends, nowhere, during his struggling years—despite threats and hunger pangs—is there any evidence that Li'l Artha ever went into the tank. The enormity of this act scarcely can be appreciated today. From the time of Tom Molyneux, an 1810 Virginia slave who whipped whites, Negro ringmen had been abject serfs of crueler masters than ever ran a plantation—Sam Langford, for instance, was pushed through the ropes while almost totally blind; Georgie Dixon, in one week, was sent against 22 opponents and wounded up insane; Sam McVey, after 17 years of game performance, died in rags. Jack Johnson—alone—stood free and defiant. Against Ferguson, he handed out such a beating that the Swede kicked him in the groin. The referee gave Jack the fight on a foul. Quicker than you could say Booker T. Washington, the crowd rioted, tearing out ringposts and throwing uprooted seats. Jack vaulted the ropes in his practiced style, fought his way out of the house and disappeared in the direction of Philadelphia.

One week later, in Philly, he floored Iron Man Joe Grim no less than 18 times and gained a national name. He'd now won 43 of 45 bouts and challenged James J. Jeffries to meet him.

A rascist from 'way back, Jeffries replied that "no dinge is any good." Translated to music, the words became a popular ditty, played at several Johnson fights with the title of "All Coons Look Alike To Me." Jeffries retired unbeaten in 1905. His self-appointed successor, Noah Brusso, alias Tommy Burns, also drew the color line. For three more years, Johnson's hopes stalled while he vainly trailed Burns from England to France to Australia—largely on funds promoted from pale-skinned women he was now meeting, captivating and appointing to the position of his personal secretary. "They build me up like colored gals don't," he explained. "And I, in turn, allow them to bask in the limelight." His ego was beautiful to see. He rented a white Stutz, a 20-pound bearskin coat, a chauffeur, and motored down 5th Avenue, a sugar-baby at either side, stopping traffic.

At this stage, his sex-drive was secondary to his ambition. In nearly 10 years and more than 600 rounds of milling, in gas-lit barns, stock-yards, carny tents and major arenas, his one sizable purse had been $1,200 for a knockout of Bob Fitzsimmons in mid-1907. Luckily, he had another talent. A New York merchant named McLay had a daughter called Hattie. He never knew what hit him when Jack breezed in one 1908 morning, extracted a $600 loan and sailed for London, with Hattie McLay as part of the baggage. Soon Jack cabled for $500 more. Old Man McLay sent it, on the condition he would get his daughter back.

"A fair swap," said Jack, nine months later. When Hattie came home, discarded, she was no longer the pert Irish flirt; she was a changed woman with such a gin breath that her family turned her out. She claimed that when she'd opened her mouth to Jack (who wouldn't marry her), he'd punched it. Against that, Li'l Artha complained, in an article he wrote years afterward, that sleeping with Hattie was a chore. "She was a sneak drinker. The bottles she hid under the mattress made it all lumpy."

In Covent Garden, London, he called at the august National Sporting Club, a hangout of noblemen, to seek help in cornering Burns. "Stay out here on the mat," he was instructed, "while we discuss the matter."

"Peggy" Bettinson, the N.S.C. director, let him stand on the stoop for two hours, while passing delivery boys whistled and sniggered at him. When finally allowed to enter, he was told to strip. Bettinson, Lord Hugh Lonsdale and Sir Hiram Maxim poked fingers into his muscles while they sipped highballs and agreed he'd possibly demolish the smaller Burns with one punch.

For a man of Johnson's makeup, the insult was intolerable. His resentment of whites grew into hatred. Students of stimuli and conditioned reflexes might even say he was entitled to feel that way.

Once he caught up with Burns, a pudgy but powerful French-Canadian and ex-timberjack, at Rushcutters Bay, Sydney, on December 26, 1908, the hate poured out—by comparison, Joe Louis versus Max Schmeling—was a mild display. Burns was getting $30,000, Johnson $5,000. Furthermore, at their first meeting to sign the articles, Burns pulled a gun on him. "Hello, nigger," said Burns, twirling the shooter under his nose.

"Hello, you yellow Canuck bastard," said Johnson, right back. "So you finally decided to stand and fight?"

Grabbing a heavy inkwell, Burns heaved it at Johnson's head, but Hugh McIntosh, the promoter, pinned his arms. Cobbers (pals) of Burns swarmed Sydney, armed to the teeth. The betting sharps agreed that the open threat, plus Burns' remarkable reach of 74½ inches,

COMING . . . .

THE PRESSURE PEDDLERS

by Richard Gehman

The consumer price-fixing racket is costing the U.S. public millions of dollars every year. Who controls it? Where will it stop? Don't miss this shocking report.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

were enough to offset Johnson's 20-pound advantage. Tough "Tahmy" came through the ropes a 3-2 favorite.

Of some 70 derby-hatted swamis of the sports page present, not one mentioned in his account of the fight that Johnson fouled Burns with one of his first punches —so slyly was it done. But two years later, in Reno, McIntosh, who also acted as referee, confessed to Jim Corbett, "It's always been on my conscience that I let him smash Burns a sneaky orful one while they was breaking from a clinch. Like to split Tom's face open. But wot could I do—with a world record $130,000 in the house? Throw the beggar out?"

Reeling, Burns was floored by an uppercut for a count of eight. At the round's end, Johnson pranced back to his corner like a minstrel high-stepper and waved an American flag at the crowd.

Burns, his mouth dripping blood, walked into a salvo of head punches and was down in the second round, again in the seventh. He shrugged off the punishment and bored in. His mighty swings were blocked by the best "catcher" of all time, who could pick a fly from the air, and instantly were countered with hooks and uppercuts to the head and body. Burns' nose was broken, spouting blood. One eye swelled shut. Pat O'Keefe, his corner man, lanced it open by shoving a silver sixpence into the wound. Purple fluid spurted over the champion's face and chest. Johnson dropped his hands, exposing his stomach. "Hit here, Tahhhmy!" he taunted. Burns swung and Johnson beat him to it, splitting an eyebrow.

Burns always got up. Shreds of lip-flesh now dangled, and were cut loose with a pair of scissors; his face was a shapeless, inhuman blob. Round 12 came, but still he wouldn't let go of consciousness, nor would Johnson permit it. "Any time after the seventh," wrote Billy Naughton, the San Francisco boxing sage, "the Big Smoke could have ended it. But he willed the torture to go on—as revenge on everyone who had ever rubbed his woolly head into the mud."

Jack London's ringside report said, "It was hopeless, preposterous, heroic! Johnson play-acted all the time. Burns was a mere toy in his hands, a pygmy against a colossus. . . ."

A crunching right spread Burns on the mat in the 14th. In a minute, Johnson would have killed him. Since McIntosh wouldn't stop it, Sydney police jumped into the ring, and for the first time in history a Negro was heavyweight champion of the world.

London, a devout race-baiter, got bitterly drunk that night in a King's Cross pub. Next day, he cabled his famous message to the New York *Herald*, appealing to Jim Jeffries to unretire himself and "remove that golden smile from Jack Johnson's face. . . . Jeff, the White Man must be saved!"

While Jeffries studied the idea, J.J. took the title and bounced it off society like a boomerang.

At 2131-33 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, stood the Everleigh Club, operated by sisters Minna and Ada Everleigh, and the place where the classic American phrase may have been born: "How about a little something for the professor?" The Everleigh piano-tickler played on a $15,000 golden instrument. Steaks were served at $100 a plate and in each of the 44 rooms fountains of perfume cascaded. The Taj Mahal of the prostitution business, the Everleigh stressed refinement and exclusiveness, with only the white upper crust admitted. Li'l Artha moved in and put his feet on the Moorish furniture. The Everleigh sisters sped to Hinky Dink Kenna, the alderman, shrieking protests. "He brings his bass viol and plays to all hours," moaned Minna. "He even has the girls singing spirituals. It's awful!"

Hinky Dink was evasive. "I'll have Charlie Erbstein take care of it," he said. Erbstein, a sharp little persuader, later an attorney for Scarface Capone, asked J.J. how he'd like to have the plumbing and wiring in his cabaret found in violation of city ordinances. J.J. roared and slapped his thigh at the threat.

Then he personally jerked Erbstein's skimmer over his ears and tossed him into the street.

After her retirement, Minna disclosed that J.J. was paying $1,000 a month graft to Hinky Dink to keep his own saloon rolling, had witnesses to the fact and would have spread the news across Page One had his Everleigh musicales been ended.

To detour from an off-limits love palace to the big-time auto-racing speedway was no problem for the King of Fun. It was his sentiment that in all things he should be supreme. And early in May of 1910, he announced his invasion of the race track, where no ebon-hued individual ever had been permitted. "I'll dust off Barney Oldfield," he predicted, "like I did Ketchel and Burns."

Berna Eli Oldfield, in his new German Benz "Lightning," recently had been clocked over a mile in a record 131.75 mph. Occasionally, his pal, Jim Jeffries, rode with him, as mechanic. "It's a plain and shameful fact that Jeffries is scared to fight me," went on Jack, "so I'll take on both of them behind a wheel."

The national press was delighted, especially the Hearst papers, which observed that Jack Johnson would make a lovely corpse. Everyone knew of his speed mania, of his erratic driving habits, of his 690 Thomas Flier, his Renaults and Loziers, in which he'd cracked up three times. Oldfield accepted the challenge (without Jeffries) and the race came off in October at Sheepshead Bay, Long Island. A capacity crowd turned out to yell for Johnson's blood.

Race pilot Louie Chevrolet, in describing the scene, called it a Roman holiday. "While the mob cried in frenzy, Johnson cut across on Barney at the start, which almost put them both over the rail. Barney bounced sideways. He hit the throttle, mad as hell. They both lost some paint on the first lap. Then it was Oldfield all the way. After losing two heats, Johnson had 'motor trouble' and quit. But in the end, he had the last laugh on Barney."

The AAA slapped a two-year suspension on America's racing idol for competing with a Negro.

Had his program for social advancement stopped there, J.J. yet might have avoided disaster. However, while browsing in a New York theater stall one 1910 night, he met Etta Duryea, a high-bosomed French-American girl of good family and repute—and married. Johnson changed that in 15 minutes. When Etta left her husband to follow him to Pittsburgh, and then marry him, the press and clergy threw a fit. Swamped with petitions of protest, Congressman James R. Mann of Illinois drew one of the most durable of all statutes, and, later in 1910, introduced the federal Mann Act into Congress, carrying stringent penalties for transporting a female across state lines for "carnal" purposes. Activating it, though, wasn't easy. Jack and Etta left for Europe.

Abroad, they were noticeable. A Paddington, London landlady evicted them for bottle-throwing. In Brighton, a music-hall operator sued and collected 1,500 pounds when the champion broke his contract. In Paris, Jack knocked down a U.S. embassy official for "insulting" his wife and fell in with a cult of poppy-smokers and men who dressed like women. Paris was so much fun that he returned, reluctantly, to meet Jim Jeffries at Reno on July 4, 1910 in the "battle of the century."

The fight had all the razzle-dazzle angles he loved. Five syndicates competed for the promotion rights, at Meyer's Hotel in Hoboken, New Jersey, in a room thick with cigar fumes. Bids totaling $506,000 in cash guarantees were presented. Johnson, favoring Tex Rickard's offer, set out to eliminate the others. He got rid of one, Eddie Graney's Tuxedo Club, when Graney said, "Let's not talk business until we get that damned smoke out of here."

Leaning across the table, Johnson said silkily, "You just finished yourself, man. I ain't leaving."

Rickard won out, with an offer eventually worth $145,000 to Johnson. At San Francisco, the selected site of the contest, someone slipped poison (or a drug) into Li'l Artha's wine glass. However, he always maintained a court "taster," trainer Frankie Sutton. Sutton sipped the wine, spun around twice and fell on his head. Within the month, Governor Gillett banned the fight from California—but too late for his own benefit. Uplift leagues voted him out of office after he was inadvertently photographed "hob-nobbing" with Jack Johnson and his white camp-followers.

At a heavy financial loss, Rickard shifted the match to a railroad switching point between Reno and Sparks, Nevada. Jack London arrived to interview Johnson. On the way, in an Ogden, Utah, saloon, he was attacked by local mugs, a case of mistaken identity. Although badly bruised, London pushed on, but at Johnson's camp gate, the world's most celebrated author was turned away. "Mr. Johnson said that if you came nosing around," a guard said, "to sic the dogs on you."

Down the road, London came upon the great John L. Sullivan and William Muldoon, sitting in a flivver. They were raging. "The bastard won't let us in,

either!" boomed John L., the creator and arch-defender of the prize-ring color line. "But a whole carload of booze drummers and chippies is in there right now!"

London, it is said, bowed his head. The others joined him. "Oh, Lord," he said, "let Jeff come out in the first round and kill the low-life ----- with one punch. . . ."

The thought was echoed in the White House, when Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan predicted that Nemesis, the great avenger, would have nothing on Jim Jeffries when he went to work on the dark malefactor. The betting odds stood at 10-4 on the never-beaten Jeff. Helping along his chances, hundreds of armed men appeared in Reno streets. "If the black wins," reported London to the New York *Herald*, "it may be the last act of his life." Tex Rickard, taking alarm, stationed 150 sheriffs and deputies with six-guns around ringside.

"High Noon," the movie, had nothing on Reno in the way of suspense on July 4, 1910. Wearing royal-purple tights held up by an American-flag belt, Johnson was into the ring first—smiling his 14-karat challenge. A venomous roar sounded from 15,000 voices.

On a Southern Pacific siding, sat a special locomotive and Pullman, reserved by Li'l Artha for fast-getaway purposes.

In Chicago, "Tiny" Johnson, Jack's mother, sat alone on a theater stage. She was to receive press bulletins after each round. Hundreds of people paid just to sit and watch an old woman's changing expression.

At ringside, Mrs. Etta Johnson sat coolly in a special ladies' box built by Tex Rickard.

With a mocking bow to Sullivan, Johnson took Jeffries by the elbows and turned him toward the one shaded corner in the ring. "Take my seat," said Jack, gaily. "You shore can't afford no sun in your eyes today."

At the bell, Jim Corbett leaned over the ring apron. Odd as it may seem, he had conceived the idea of making insulting faces at Johnson, "My theory being," said Gentleman Jim, "that the $10,000 I have bet on Jeff will be safer than baby's blue socks after I've broken the sonofabitch's concentration."

Johnson lazily shuffled out and stuck a long left lead in Jeffries' face. He slid about, blocking blows, lightly, casually. He landed a stunning hook to the head. "It's the law of jaws, Jim," he called to Corbett. "Sooner or later, they all goes down when they hear it."

Corbett was unable to get a word in edgewise as the rounds advanced and Johnson delivered a steady patter, requesting the clinching Jeffries to "stop lovin' me," and remarking to ringsiders as he shot one home, "Too much on hand at the moment, eh, boys?" With dancing footwork, he did a tricky left-right shift, feinting his target off balance, then picking him off with a rapier left hand. "Show me your stuff, Jeff," he pleaded.

Jeffries began to swell in the head like a pumpkin. Infrequently he landed a smothered body punch, which only excited Johnson to pour on the punishment. The ex-champ's left eye had closed in the fourth round and his right eye blossomed in the ninth. His ponderous style couldn't match a phantom who was in and out in flashes, short-arm-hooking one moment and at long range the next, never in one place long enough to hit. Sullivan and Corbett turned their heads away. They couldn't bear to watch what was happening to a legend.

In the 15th, the California Grizzly, never before off his feet in a ring, was a revolting sight. Even those whose bets rode on him cried to Rickard (refereeing) to stop it. Tex seemed to be deaf. Blood and teeth flew as Jeffries fell into the ropes, slid down and sat grotesquely on the canvas, gaping at nothing. The 220-pounder was up at "nine" and had his head turned around. He went down in a slobbering stupor and lurched up again at "ten." Johnson, grinning, put him away with a thundering right. As Jeffries collapsed in a heap, Sam Berger, his chief second, threw in the sponge.

In Chicago, an old woman smiled fleetingly. . . .

The shock of it delayed reprisals by the crowd long enough for Jack to skip out of Reno on his private train; elsewhere all hell popped. In the South celebrating Negroes were pulled off streetcars and in the midwest bombs were thrown. Atlanta recorded 4 dead; Chicago had 2 killed; the national toll ultimately was placed at 19. In many towns, martial law was needed.

And back in Chicago, a few months later, Etta Johnson killed herself with a .38 revolver.

At the inquest, Johnson solemnly declared, "She was murdered by those who persecute me—by every one of you here—and may Jehovah have mercy on your souls!"

It was always easy for him to rationalize, to hit and move deftly away from blame, and it was in him, two months after the funeral, to begin a flamboyant public courtship of Lucille Cameron-Falconet, a 19-year-old white college girl —"with virgin and martyr written all over her," to quote one Johnson authority. Winning Lucy wasn't the cakewalk he'd enjoyed with Etta. One of the entertainers (female) at his Cabaret du Champion shot him in the foot in jealous reaction to Lucy. And her mother raised such a cry that J.J. was arrested on charges of abduction. The U.S. District Attorney drew papers to prosecute him under the Mann Act.

Jack was in the tightest corner yet. But he still had a feint or two left. While the indictment was pending, he married Lucy. Now, with its only witness unable to testify, the government's case seemed shot.

Then came one explosion after another.

Belle Schreiber (she who had forced Li'l Artha to slide down a rope before the Ketchel fight, to get some sleep) was brought into court. Belle, down on her luck in Pittsburgh, had wired Jack for $200. He had obliged. When she returned to Chicago (transported, the D. A. argued) they had performed "sex acts." Another pale, reluctant deponent was led in. She had been hiding in a barn on Indiana Avenue, anxious to protect Jack. But she, too, had traveled with him over state lines. Judge George Carpenter sentenced Jack Johnson to a $1,000 fine and one year and a day in Joliet. Johnson had one question for the judge: "If I was white, would you do this?" Carpenter looked evasive.

A near national holiday was proclaimed, until 28 days later. While his attorneys filed an appeal, Jack was out on $30,000 bail, and suddenly he disappeared, with Lucy.

TRUE

"Things will pick up again as soon as the edge wears off their New Year's resolutions."

In Washington, Secretary of State Bryan ordered federal marshals to comb all midwest states. On July 2, 1913, the Johnsons showed up in Montreal, blandly displaying tickets on the Paris-bound steamer *Corinthia*. "The duck-out was easy," Jack told a *Star* reporter. "Foster's Colored Giants, the baseball team, was on their way to New York, so I just re-routed the train." Joining the Giants, disguised as a first baseman, he had walked past Chicago cops with a bag of bats on his shoulder.

Canadian officials were still mulling a U. S. demand that he be held for extradition when J.J.'s big Benz, along with 20 trunkloads of ring and theatrical apparatus, was loaded aboard ship and he sailed away into exile.

By his own estimate, years later, he got away with more than $70,000, not inclusive of Lucy's sables and diamonds. And in London—the bitterest pill yet for his enemies—all doors swung open. Such fight-fanciers and devout Johnsonphiles as Lord Hugh Cecil Lonsdale, donor of the Lonsdale Championship Belt, and Sir Hiram Maxim, the machine-gun tycoon, would be more than willing to overlook his past, if Jack would behave.

In fact, they drooled over the big strutter. In a silk topper, J.J. was invited to tea by the Duke of Devonshire. In Scotland he was installed as a Freemason. His stage revue, "Seconds Out!" drew turnaway crowds on the London boards. Negotiations were under way to match him with the aging but still rugged Bombardier Billy Wells, the Commonwealth champion, late in 1913. To swing it, Lonsdale and Maxim had performed heroic feats of diplomacy, convincing objectors in Parliament that J.J.'s Chicago conviction was merely an example of the bigoted thinking in the Colonies. One night, feeling pleased with their success, Lonsdale was host at an elegant dinner party at his Carlton House flat.

Late in the evening, there came a banging on the door. Opening up, a manservant staggered back as Johnson, more pop-eyed than usual, and spattered with mud, fell into the roomful of guests. Pounding up the stairs behind him came three constables. "Closed for the night!" sang out Jack.

The officers were torn and bleeding and Lonsdale demanded to know what it was all about.

"It's about everything, sir!" panted a sergeant. "This evening, Mr. Johnson struck down the manager of Oxford Music Hall. We tried coshing him, but he took away our clubs, and then it was fearful. He knocked two of my men into the orchestra pit and another has a broken jaw.

"After that," continued the sergeant, "we pursued him down Shaftesbury Avenue, worse luck. Another of my squad is stretched out back there."

His Majesty's official produced a paper from his pocket. "What's more, there's this injunction from the Swansea Watch Society, and several ministers of the church."

"The charges," groaned Lonsdale. "What are the charges?"

The charge was that J.J. had been exhibiting his wife, Lucy, in an "obscene" dance, in which she wore an oyster-shell gown—the shells flaking off as she gyrated. Most painful to the Crown was the fact that, at the finish, Johnson, wearing an animal skin, jumped on stage, "embraced the scantily-clad woman," and shouted, "Li'l Artha is a lovin' man!" The whole thing was an open invitation to race riots in the Empire.

Sir Hiram, his mutton-shop whiskers rising to stick stiffly out, turned on Johnson. "That's all!" he said, furiously. "You're finished here! You'll never get a fight in England!"

J.J.'s prominent eyes shifted from his swollen knuckles to the three bleeding coppers to the warrant they carried. "Well now, Sir Hiram," he said, dubiously, "I don't know as though I'd put it like that. . . ."

Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary, and Winston Churchill, signed papers giving Jack just 24 hours to leave his Majesty's soil and spread South Sea culture elsewhere.

With jail always beckoning at home, he played the roaming rake for the next seven years. If he ever repented, the record fails to show it. Things certainly never became dull. In early 1914 the Jack Johnson road show opened a tour of continental spas and capitals, arriving in St. Petersburg in time for him to receive a gold-embossed invitation to the Grand Duke Alexis's ball. Amidst Russian nobility, he was right at home, creating a sensation with the court women. One guest, who was about the size of Jim Jeffries, a black-bearded giant with wild eyes, watched this with hostility.

"That's Gregori Efimovitch Rasputin," a translator informed Jack, "the most powerful man in all Russia. He is known as 'The Holy Devil'."

"Well, I'm no saint, myself," replied Jack. "Send him over and I'll be glad to shake his mitt."

There were gasps. "No, you must approach *him!*"

Jack stayed where he was, ogling the women, until Rasputin walked by. The two men met. Then 43, Rasputin was at the peak of his mystic domination of the Empress Alexandra and of Russian politics, and the most debauched man Europe ever knew. His royal orgies, involving mass rapings of the female peasantry, were the scandal of the day, and, only months earlier, Rasputin had narrowly escaped assassination. After a chat, through an interpreter, the two became friendly. "We are much alike," the fearsome monk told Johnson. "In my philosophy, one must first sin in order to repent and gain forgiveness. It is what we term *Khlysty*."

Jack clapped Rasputin's back, toasted him and allowed that he was right. "I've tossed a few parties in my time, too," remarked Jack. Only, he added, in the States, it wasn't called *Khlysty*, but by a name coined by the bluenoses and a politician named James Mann. "I'm so damned illegal back home," he explained, "that they even cut my picture out of all the school books."

"Excellent!" beamed Rasputin. "Like me, you will be imperishable in history." He invited Jack to stay a while and enjoy the local revelry.

The idea was appealing. But war was looming, and, from what he'd heard, Rasputin was about to drop the biggest decision of all. Some 30 months later, in fact, the Mad Monk was poisoned, then shot to death. Li'l Artha, meanwhile was slated to stage wrestling exhibitions on the estate of a wealthy Hamburg brewer. All Europe was eager to see the Black Emperor in exile. He could earn enough marks, kroner, francs and pesetas to keep going indefinitely—since he owned the title, and was beyond reach of American law.

In Germany, he found the Rhine wine and *schnapps* so salubrious that he went to 260 pounds; he also became chummy with a blonde. Inconveniently, though, she had a steady lover, a *kapitan* of the Fourth Dragoons. One morning, leaving her flat, filled with wine and weariness, J.J. was caught red-handed by the *kapitan*, stationed at the foot of the stairs. The German was fondling his saber.

Johnson was as arrogant as always. "Don't bother to go up, Fritz," he advised. "You'd be following too good an act."

However, the officer had brought along his own supporting cast: at a gesture, Dragoons sprang forth, bristling with swords and muskets. Jack had one chance—what he, among all men, did best. He belted the Heinie captain halfway to Heidelberg. Then he ran for it.

Always, later, he referred to the incident as the time he stole "the girl friend of a field marshal of Kaiser Bill's." He was a tireless liar; a *kapitan* with an army wasn't good enough for him.

In Gothenburg, no glove-fights being available, he met the 300-pound Danish catch-as-catch-can wrestling champion, Hansen. The Dane was winning when Jack gave him a sly kidney punch, then the Cripple Creek Special—a low hook to the groin—and a fast uppercut. The crowd rioted at such unfair tactics. But it quieted when J.J. apologized, saying that he had fist-fought for so long that instinct had overcome him. When Hansen was conscious, he shook hands.

Through this, Lucille Johnson remained faithful (for 12 years in all, be-

fore she got a divorce), although in Madrid there was a tight squeeze. Jack rented a grandee's *casa*. When the owner, informed of strange outcries coming from the place, looked one night, he found his tenant and a bullfighter named Chicorita luxuriating in a large wine vat set up in the main banquet hall. The vat was half-filled with rare Madeira and Burgundy from cellars the Spaniard had carefully locked. Nero, himself, never had it so good—splashing in the vintage stuff with the roaringly-lit Jack were half a dozen naked servant girls. The grandee couldn't see his ruined rugs for the smashed crockery and broken furniture.

Crying *"diabolico!"* he ran for the police. Throughout his foreign explorations, Jack regularly maintained a fast Benz, parked outside, driven by his valet and nephew, Gus Rhodes, a small, browbeaten individual, and again it saved him from incarceration. He was up and gone from another home away from home before the police arrived.

His $70,000 drained away faster than seemed possible, and replenishing it in the European ring in the shadow of war was becoming almost impossible. In December, 1913, he had gone 10 dull rounds with Battling Jim Johnson, at the Premierland Francais, in Paris, and broken a radius bone in his right forearm. His end of the slim $3,000 purse was $1,120. In June of 1914, he gave Frank Moran, the new white-hope imported from the States, a title match at the Velodrome d'Hiver. Fat and out of wind, Jack fenced his way through 20 rounds to the decision, but Dan McKetrick, Moran's manager, tied up the $36,000 purse in litigation. With the August 4 outbreak of war in France, a banking moratorium was declared, freezing Johnson's end of $14,400 permanently. He never saw a franc of his earnings.

He took it blithely. More to the point, he'd noticed that the enchanting Mistinguette, the great soubrette, had sat at ringside at the Moran fight, whimpering ecstatically with each thud of glove upon flesh, and so Jack sent around his card to her hotel. Soon he was up to his beret in French salon society. The girl with the world's most exciting legs taught Jack the newfangled tango, and he taught her crapshooting. Mistinguette arranged a booking for him at the Folies Bergére, making muscles. He re-decorated her *maison*—having an eye for modish design. The affair became so torrid that Paris journals urged that Jack be expelled from the country. "They're just making wind," he said. "How the hell can you shock a Frenchie?"

Mistinguette introduced him at the Folies with a roll of her eyes and the word *"formidable!"*—and the audience guffawed, proving his point.

"A fine how-de-do," said Jack, in disgust. "Here I am, rolling in clover, and I'm broke." In the six years since beating Tommy Burns he'd frolicked through half a million dollars; now he was down to Lucy's furs and a road-weary Benz runabout.

The furs and Benz went into pawn, and in a second-hand Austin, he headed for Boulogne with Lucy and Gus Rhodes. At 80 mph, he lost control, sailing over a 50-foot embankment. "Hold your hats!" yelled Jack.

When Lucy and Gus had been patched up they found Jack, who'd escaped the crash unhurt, deep in conference with Jack Curley, the New York promoter. "Curley wants me to fight some cowboy I never heard of named Willard," said Johnson. "It's worth $30,000 and a chance to go back to the States without landin' in jail."

"That's right," said Curley. "Jack has been promised a pardon by top government officials if he'll risk his title against Jess Willard. The deal is on the q.t., but it's all set. All expenses paid, to boot."

Jack was eager, but suspicious. "Any trick cards in the deck?"

Avoiding a direct answer, Curley handed over letters, purportedly from State Department authorities, indicating that amnesty could be arranged. Willard, continued Curley, was a 6-feet-6, 250-pound hambone who'd been beaten by the aged Gunboat Smith and who tripped over his own flat feet.

Now *non persona grata* in England, France and Spain, his credit shut off, and homesick, Jack had no option but to sign. So it was that he headed for his personal Gethsemane, the one moment of agony he experienced in 68 years of hellbending living.

The true facts of the events at Oriental Race Track, near Havana, Cuba, on April 5, 1915, never will be known. Johnson, although badly overweight, did no training. He let a horse stand on his stomach for publicity purposes and pinched brown bottoms in the cantinas at night. During the match, for 24 rounds, Willard swung timidly and wildly, collecting mostly a fist full of air. When he felt inclined, Johnson cuffed the Pottawatomie Giant at will. In the fifth round, he cut Willard's mouth and in later sessions bounced his left off the big jaw, staggering the Kansan. On a broiling hot day, the 20,000 Cubans gave off *"oles!"*, waiting with teeth bared for the inevitable kill.

Then the tempo changed. Johnson began to walk through it, dreamily, abstractedly, as with a new purpose, now that his mastery had been shown—with his eye on Lucy, at ringside. During Round 25, eye-witnesses later testified, a man approached Lucy, at which she left the arena with a nod to Johnson. Her husband promptly took two light body blows and another to the jaw and folded to the canvas for the 10-count, one forearm bent across his eyes as a sunshield, his knees flexed. The most powerful, the cleverest boxer of all time, had been "KO'd" by a third-rate stiff who afterward refused to fight anyone, and clowned in Wild West shows until Dempsey came along in 1919 to destroy him in two minutes.

Joe Waterman, the Los Angeles matchmaker, sat with Jack in a hotel room an hour after it ended. "He was stroking the bundle of $500 bills they'd paid his wife in the 25th," Waterman told this writer, "and laughing like a fool. Lucy's leaving was the signal for him to throw the fight."

A fix? It remains the biggest riddle of sports. Johnson's story, a rambling account of doublecross, which he sold to newspapers at home and abroad, was that the $30,000 had become payable only on the condition that he surrender the title to a Caucasian fight trust including Curley, Harry Frazee and Jimmy (Boy Bandit) Johnston; that he took the dive only after "the goods" were delivered where he could see them. Celebrating America didn't believe him; nor do most critics of today feel that anything but champagne, rich food and women caught up with Johnson. But Damon Runyan left Havana holding his nose. And Tex Rickard wired Jack: HOPE YOU CAN COME HOME NOW. THEY GOT WHAT THEY WANTED. BUT WASN'T THE PRICE HIGH?

Usuriously high, it developed, for Curley's promise of a pardon was a phony—pure invention. Jack raved and beat his breast when he learned that a federal prison cell awaited the minute he crossed the U.S. border. "Some way, I'll get home," he roared, "and I'll strew Curley's guts from the Battery to Frisco!"

Now 37 years old (and maybe 43), he returned to Paris, then slipped over to London, looking for a way to keep his name in lights. By the law of the jungle, dethroned champions are fast forgotten. None ever has managed to top his past performance once time caught up. Yet, in his hardest hours, Li'l Artha's imagination didn't fail, reaching to new heights and boggling everyone. Re-opening his stage revue, *Seconds Out!*, he played the British hinterland, where his eviction notice of two years earlier temporarily wasn't enforced. Business was poor—and Jack blamed his manager, one Jaques du Maurier. One day du Maurier appeared in Bow Street court, demanding damages for a seriously injured eye. "I'm a victim of a vicious assault by Johnson, who has become a madman now that he faces failure," testified du Maurier.

"Emphatically a prevarication!" Jack snapped back. "I merely extended a forefinger to emphasize my demand for better management by Jaques, and he walked right into it. The man is nearsighted."

The court fined Johnson 1,075 pounds.

However, introduced to the recently-deposed King Manoel II, of Portugal, he showed he'd lost none of his self-esteem. "How did your conversation with the former King go?" he was asked.

"Gentlemen," Jack replied in magnanimous tones to the British press, "I endeavored to put him at his ease, and I do believe I succeeded. I've always tried not to be hard on a chap simply because he's fallen."

COMING . . . .

HEMINGWAY'S LONGEST DAY

Ernest Hemingway takes matters into his own hands and proves to be a one-man task force. Read about his hilarious D-Day heroics.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Moving to Barcelona, Jack was sipping *rioja* in a sidewalk cafe when he encountered Juan Belmonte, the celebrated slayer of bulls, who remarked that prize-fighting was all a sham. "Where I fight, there are no rules—only death," said little Belmonte. "What you do is no more than a joust, a battle of roses."

"You get in there with Langford or McVey," grunted Jack, "and you'd find out. Those boys don't run on rails like your bulls."

It planted an idea, though. Entering training under the tutelage of Belmonte, working with *muleta* and sword, Jack made his debut as a matador in the big-time Barcelona bull-ring on the afternoon of July 10, 1916. Twenty-eight thousand gleeful Spaniards turned out to see the comeuppance of a black amateur, who was about to have his tripes spread on the sawdust.

Toward zero hour, Belmonte became concerned with what he'd done. With his noted rival, Joselito, he called on Jack at his Alphonso Hotel suite. Li'l Artha, himself, was sweating heavily, as he struggled to squeeze his bulk into skin-tight satin pants. Lucy was in a corner, wailing, as her meal-ticket prepared for what would certainly be his end.

"You are not ready for this," said Belmonte. "Let us announce that you were taken sick."

"I'm feelin' fine," said Jack, his teeth chattering.

All pleas failing, Joselito, who had helped confirm Jack as a Catholic (and who was to die, his stomach ripped open by a bull's horns four years later), suggested that they repair to the chapel for prayer. "Won't help me none now," declined Johnson. He told Lucy that, if the bull won, she was to have the gold extracted from his teeth, which would pay her passage home.

Marching into the Plaza De Toros, Jack drew mixed hisses, cheers and screams of *"loco!."* As his bull tore out, a monster Miura, Jack's thought was—as he declared long later—*how the hell does a man turn on the speed and run in these damned pants?*

It was too late for running. On the beast's second pass, Jack lost his *montera* (hat) when a horn split his trouser leg. He took another glancing horn across the thigh and the crowd howled at his tyro's efforts. The *maravilloso* moment was coming—a goring. But their attitude changed when, remembering his lessons, he executed one good pass after another, unflinchingly working the bull close, standing rigidly as the horns slashed within inches of his hips. His cape was held suicidally high, through ignorance, but the spectacle was thrilling—the old master of fistic defense out there protecting his life with all the footwork, speed, timing and cunning he could still muster. Even when he muffed two attempts to kill the bull, before succeeding, the Spaniards jumped into the ring and carried him out.

Now the toast of Barcelona, Jack stayed on for nearly three years, sticking more bulls, defeating Spain's wrestling champ, Juan Ochoa, knocking out a series of heavyweights imported from the States for his pleasure. He'd all but abandoned hope of ever seeing home again when he sailed for Mexico in July of 1918. He opened The Main Event saloon in Tijuana—a roistering place with peep-holes for U.S. tourists, through which they could witness weird sex acts—and gazed longingly at the forbidden land across the border bridge. A visiting Chicago politician, Tom Carey, finally convinced him to cross over and face the music.

"You're still a hell of a hero, Jack," Carey told him. "Why, you'll get an *ovation* in Chicago. Sure, you'll probably do a little time. But that bluenose, Wilson, is dead, and Harding's President. Hell, Harding's got a mistress, *himself*, and everything goes."

On July 20, 1920, his beret at a jaunty angle, Jack surrendered to the sheriff at San Diego, and discovered that Carey hadn't been whistling the white man's usual deceitful tune. Ten thousand people massed at the Chicago depot to greet him and he was escorted behind a brass band to a special train bound for Leavenworth Prison. En route, he sold his life story to a news syndicate for $5,000. The U.S. Marshal in charge stopped the train at Kansas City, saying, "Jack, I know you've got a lot of pals here. So take a couple of hours and then report back."

"Thanks," said Jack. "I wonder if a gal named Sadie still hangs her bustle here?" Sadie must have—the Jailbound Jackson Special was delayed for six hours.

Prison was like "a kiss on the cheek," after all he'd imagined. He served 11 months in all, in Leavenworth, Geneva and Joliet. The movements from brig to brig were necessary because the Chicago press learned that the ex-champ was eating fried chicken in his cell, was attended by his valet, Gus Rhodes, slept between silk sheets and was allowed outside the walls twice weekly to meet women. "A friend in need is a friend, indeed," observed Jack, "but my persecutors make it impossible to relax during this temporary interlude."

Lest he be bored, Superintendent Dickerson of Leavenworth erected a ring, imported a 250-pounder named George Owen, sold tickets, and allowed his prisoner the pleasure of adding a 6-round K.O. to his record.

Playing the plush-lined jailbird was far from the last broad, defiant gesture of his life. But even to then, the record is immense: on the brightest of public stages for more than a decade, he broke every known social and scriptural law, outdoing the wildest rips and rounders of sport (and politics, religion and the theater, too), and paid for it with less than 1/68th of his life spent behind bars. Because of him, in 1910 Congress ordered a ban on interstate shipment of fight motion pictures, lasting more than 20 years, and which Willard and Jack Dempsey estimated cost them upward of $2 million before its repeal. After Johnson, the door was shut all the way to Negro fighters. In the U. S., it was not until 1926, 11 years after he was overthrown, that a black man, middleweight Tiger Jack Flowers, was permitted a shot at a world championship, in any division.

And 22 years passed until a Negro again could wear the heavyweight belt. Harry Wills, a great one, was so stigmatized by Johnson's memory that he withered on the vine; it took Joe Louis Barrow to surmount prejudice, and for Louis it was a painful thing.

"Wasn't for Jack, there wouldn't have been a Joe," Dumb Dan Morgan, the manager, once noted, in tribute to Johnson's color-line-breaking. Louis, today, takes a sourer view. "When I was coming up, back in '34 and '35," he told me, "they didn't forget old Jack. I had to live like a saint to get a break. Had to take anything they paid, too." Of a $44,000 gate for a K.O. of Roy Lazar in 1935, Louis was handed $4,200. "Before my big chance with Primo Carnera, there was people who tried to stop it because they figured on race trouble," remembers Louis. When he became champion, Johnson dropped by the Louis training camp to offer congratulations, and was given a faster bounce than that Winston Churchill tendered him in Britain 24 years earlier.

In his downhill period, J.J. was "needy," off and on; but each time he worked his way out of it, haughtily above the hand-outs customarily given ex-pugs. In the 20's and 30's, he traveled the revival circuit, urging more hygienic and moral behavior by Americans. He was all action—preaching Confucianism, operating "The Knockout" cabaret in Hollywood, squiring Lupe Velez to the premier of *The Jazz Singer*, selling Old Champ Liniment, directing trained fleas at Hubert's New York museum for curios, taking a third white wife and accusing Shakespeare of poor plotting—"Othello shouldn't end in a tragedy," he said, perhaps with a fearful look over his shoulder.

He was always himself, believing fully that the good man takes what he wants, to the last. The writer of this account can testify to that. One 1944 night, he interviewed Johnson and the French Angel, the wrestler, over a West Coast radio network. Both were totally bald. The Angel said he'd lost his hair slipping headlocks. "And you, Jack?" the old heller was asked.

"Lost mine," he said, straight out over the air, "makin' babies."

His golden smile never stopped challenging.

The smile was clenched tightly in place at around 5:30 p.m. of June 10, 1946 after he stopped his Lincoln Zephyr at a roadside cafe near Raleigh, North Carolina. The proprietor took a look at the black face and refused service. Down the road a way, driving at furious speed, he swerved over the dividing line, skimmed a truck, hit a ditch, then a power pole, and, at 68, was finished. Seven thousand people, including many whites, turned out to view the bronze casket at Graceland Cemetery, 4001 North Clark Street, Chicago. It was natural for some to observe that, near Raleigh, Jack Johnson had crossed the white line for the last time.

But not quite. The burial ground—which includes the remains of an earlier heavyweight champion, Ruby Bob Fitzsimmons—is integrated. **—Al Stump**

The Strange Story of Human Wolves

[*Continued from page* 45]

scent and hearing made them invaluable in the darkness. Spring-guns—blunderbusses with three wires attached to their triggers—were set up. The wires, carefully painted black so they would not show even by moonlight, were stretched across the cemetery paths. Still the horrible acts continued.

Then on the night of November 5, 1848, the watch dogs in the Hospital Cemetery (a graveyard where only paupers were buried) rushed at some object moving among the graves. The guards cheered them on while the dogs and their quarry vanished among the tombs. A few minutes later, the dogs returned; whining and with their tails between their legs. Next morning, the body of a woman was found. Being a pauper, she had been put in an open grave which, as in all such cases, was not covered until it was completely filled with corpses. Her left thigh had been ripped open but the ghoul had been driven away by the dogs before he could do more.

But why hadn't the dogs attacked the trespasser? Before that question could be answered, a still more curious incident occurred. The next night in another cemetery a guard saw a figure rise up before him from an open grave. He raised his pistol and fired at point-blank range. He later swore that he could not have missed but the figure seemed "to float over the cemetery wall and vanish."

The guard returned to the grave and threw back the shield of his dark lantern. Four corpses had been pulled out; two women and two men. Badly shaken, he ran for help. Apparently none of his friends were eager to investigate, however, for it was not until dawn that a search party was organized. Then the men made the astonishing discovery that the creature had returned and dug up a fifth body, that of a woman recently drowned. A doctor testified that the woman's intestines had been chewed and, in part, eaten.

While Paris was still recovering from this shock, a spring-gun in the Montparnasse Cemetery went off during the night. Although it did not seem that anything human could have discharged the gun without being hit by the charge, there was no sign of blood. Three corpses had been dug up and partly eaten. Several nights later, a guard in another cemetery pursued a shadowy figure and fired at it just as the creature was scaling the wall. Next morning, the mark of his bullet was found on the stones exactly where the guard swore the figure had been when he fired. There was no sign of blood, or anything else.

During the next few months, 15 corpses were dug up and mutilated. The whisper of *"loup-garou!"* (werewolf) began to run from one end of Paris to the other. The fearful legend of the Middle Ages that certain accursed humans could transform themselves into wolves of great size and ferocity was recalled. According to the legend, a werewolf could surmount any obstacle, dogs were afraid of him, and he could be killed only by a silver bullet.

The authorities were besieged by demands that the cemetery guards be equipped with silver bullets, that wolfbane (a magic herb which supposedly a werewolf dared not touch) be strung along the cemetery walls and that the incantations of the medieval sorcerers be invoked against the menace. There was an alarming possibility that an outbreak of mass hysteria, comparable to the terrible "witch-hunting" mania of the sixteenth century, might break out and result in the deaths of many innocent people.

Even the hard-headed Parisian police themselves were beginning to wonder. What was this creature who was apparently immune to bullets, who could climb walls like an ape, and seemingly lived on human flesh?

Then one evening in March, 1849, a spring-gun went off in the Montparnasse Cemetery only a few yards from where the guards were patrolling. Throwing open the slides of their dark lanterns and shouting to their dogs, the men raced toward the spot. They arrived just in time to see a figure wrapped in a blue military cape climbing the wall. The men discharged their pistols but the marauder escaped. Apparently it was the same familiar story—but not quite.

Blood was found on the ground in front of the spring-gun and a piece of the cape had been left sticking to the row of spikes on top of the wall.

At last the police had a clue. They went to every military barracks in Paris. When they checked with the men of the 3rd Company, 2nd Battalion, 74th Regiment, they were told that the popular, handsome, Sgt. François Bertrand had met with a serious accident. He was now in the military hospital of Val-du-Grâce.

The police went at once to the hospital. There, badly wounded from the spring-gun discharge, lay a good-looking blond young man of 25 with a small, carefully trimmed mustache. He grinned when he saw the police and remarked cheerfully, "So at last you've got me!"

This likable youngster was the werewolf of Paris, the "human hyena," the "depraved ghoul," the "modern vampire" to mention only a few of the names subsequently used to describe him. Before the famous trial which shocked Europe, both police and doctors looked into the young sergeant's past history.

Bertrand was born in the little village of Voisey in northeast France. His parents had a small farm and were quiet, respectable people. His brother was normal, although he had an uncle who had become insane. Bertrand had been educated in the seminary of Langres, but deciding that he had no call for a religious life, had entered the army in 1844. He was in the paymaster corps and as his work was regarded as more clerical than military, he was not required to remain on the base at night. He was noted in the regiment for his good nature and gentle manners but he was no milksop. He was fond of girls, attending the brothels as did most soldiers of the time, and enjoyed his glass of wine. The regimental physician described him as "having a confident but pleasant manner, normal sexual relations like all soldiers, and his medical record shows that he has never had an illness that kept him in bed more

TRUE

"I miss my wife's cooking—as often as I can."

than five or six days." Physically, he was described as being of average height, blond with blue eyes, and with a slightly receding hair line. Hardly the monstrous "*loup-garou*" for whom the police had been searching.

As he was a soldier, Bertrand was tried by a military court, Colonel Menselon presiding. Bertrand appeared in court on crutches as a result of his wounds but he answered all questions "clearly and calmly," never showing by his words or manner any eccentricity or even embarrassment.

Colonel Menselon asked Bertrand when he had first begun to mutilate corpses. The sergeant replied:

"It was not until February 23 or 25, 1847, that the madness for corpses came on me. I had gone for a walk with a fellow soldier and we passed a cemetery at Blere (near Tours). We went in. A person had been recently buried but a drizzle had started and the grave digger hadn't filled in the grave, going off and leaving his tools behind him. At the sight of the coffin, horrible desires seized me. My head throbbed, my heart beat wildly and had it not been for my friend, I should have then and there yielded to my passions. I made an excuse to go back to town, got rid of my friend, and hurried back to the cemetery. I dug up the corpse and hacked it to pieces with the spade, possessed by a frenzy which I can't understand. A workman came in the cemetery gate and I jumped into the grave with the corpse but he saw me and ran screaming for help. I leaped over the cemetery wall and ran into a little woods. I was shaking and in a sweat. There was a cold rain falling but in spite of it I lay down and slept for three hours. When I awoke, my legs and arms ached. From that time on I have never been free—these terrible cravings invariably come on me after sunset.

"Two nights later, I went to another cemetery, dug up a corpse and tore it to pieces. I then put it back in the ground and filled up the grave with my hands.

"Later, my regiment was transferred to Paris and it was four months after we arrived before I had another attack. A friend asked me to go with him to see some of the famous sepulchers at Père-Lachaise. I noticed the coffin of a small child in a vault not yet covered (this was the grave of General Darimon's daughter). I went back that night and made a game out of tearing the corpse into as many pieces as possible. After that, I went out every night for the next two weeks but I was always careful to rebury the bodies and smooth over the graves again."

The following questions and answers are from the court testimony.

Question: Why did you do these things?

Answer: I don't know.

Question: Are you sure you really did do them?

Answer: I must have. I was shot while getting over the wall of the Montparnasse Cemetery.

Question: (a list of the mutilated bodies was read off) Did you commit all these violations?

Answer: Yes, and many more you don't know about. A madness seized me. Sometimes I would dig up 10 or 15 corpses in one night, mutilate, and then re-bury them.

Question: Have you no idea why you did this?

Answer: I had no motive. I was in the grip of an uncontrollable frenzy whenever I saw a corpse. Male or female, it was all the same to me. In my sane moments, I can't imagine why I desired to tear up corpses.

Question: How did you dig them up?

Answer: With my hands. I often bled but I felt no pain until the next day.

Question: How did you feel afterward?

Answer: I had a fever that left me trembling. I always fell into a sleep so deep that it was almost a trance but I could distinctly hear any sounds around me. When I awoke, I always felt exhausted and languid.

(Although Bertrand claimed that he had mutilated the corpses of both men and women impartially, the evidence showed that he had attacked only the bodies of women.)

Question: Why did you mutilate only the bodies of women?

Answer: It must have been just chance.

Question: Sex had nothing to do with it?

Answer: Nothing at all.

Question: The corpses were chewed. Did you do this?

Answer: No, I never used my teeth. I did cut up several corpses with my sabre which is quite blunt and that must have left rips in the flesh which resembled tooth marks.

Question: Did you put your hands inside the bodies?

Answer: Yes, to pull out the entrails. I especially liked to get my hands on the livers.

(This remark "produced a sensation in the courtroom.")

Question: Weren't you afraid to live with yourself?

Answer: Yes. I hated myself more than you possibly can do but I couldn't stop. Even when I knew that spring-guns had been set in the cemeteries I still had to climb the walls. Once in Montparnasse I was nearly killed by a spring-gun but the wire had been left a little too slack and the charge went off behind me. Instead of being frightened, I just kicked over the gun irritably. I then disinterred several corpses. I remember it was a pitch dark night and a thunderstorm was raging, but I could see to work by the lightning flashes. From Montparnasse, I went to the Ivry Cemetery and dug up some more. Sometime around 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, I went on to the Luxembourg. Then I went home to sleep off my orgy.

Question: How often did this madness strike you?

Answer: About every two weeks. I could always tell when it was coming on. I got violent headaches. At first, I could only do it if I'd been drinking but later I was always cold sober.

(Bertrand was now asked a series of questions as to how he had managed to avoid the dogs, escape the guards' bullets, and scale the walls.)

"When my frenzy was on me, I had remarkable strength and agility and could climb almost any wall but also I got to know the various cemeteries very well. There's a tree growing over the wall of one cemetery which makes getting in and out easy. I remember sitting on a branch of that tree one night while a guard with his pistol in his hand walked directly underneath looking for me. I have been shot at twice. Once, the guard caught me as I was just getting out of a grave but he was so frightened that he missed. Another time, I was climbing a wall as a guard fired at me and his bullet went through my coat but I escaped. As for the dogs they'll only chase a man who's running. When I heard them coming I'd simply stop and stare at them. Then they'd turn and run.

"I haven't an enemy in the world and I never hurt anyone in my life."

After Bertrand left the stand, Dr. Marchal de Calvi (a major in the army medical corps) took the stand. He had had several private interviews with the young sergeant, and Bertrand had written out a "confession" for the doctor which de Calvi now proceeded to read in court.

The doctor claimed that Bertrand should be treated not as a criminal but as a mentally deranged man. He was not, the doctor regretfully admitted, technically insane. He knew the difference between right and wrong and was able to think logically even during his "frenzies." Therefore he was not legally a "raving maniac." To describe Bertrand's condition, Dr. de Calvi used the word "monomania." By this, the doctor meant that Bertrand was mentally disturbed along only one line. Apart from that, his mind functioned normally.

Dr. de Calvi explained that "monomanias" can often be traced back to the patient's childhood. In proof of his assertion, he quoted from Bertrand's confession:

"When I was 7 or 8, I was already strange but not to a serious extent. I loved the darkest part of the woods and I stayed there for days, wrapped in melancholy. I preferred the company of animals to that of humans. The animals did not abuse me as did humans. I often thought that if only I could have become a strong, powerful animal I could strike back at my oppressors."

Dr. de Calvi had another curious theory. He claimed that "monomanias" were often based on some sexual obsession. Yet what, it might be argued, could be less sexually attractive than tearing up dead bodies? Here the doctor felt constrained to read again from the confession. Bertrand, it appeared, had not been frank with the court. It was not merely a coincidence that he had mutilated only the bodies of women. The doctor did not wish "to pile horror on horror" but he felt that the court must know the truth. He read from the confession an admission that Bertrand had cohabited with some of the cadavers.

Dr. de Calvi claimed that from the be-

ginning Bertand's actions had been prompted by some mysterious sexual urge, although what it could be, the doctor had no idea.

Colonel Menselon asked, "Do you think he had any control over his actions?"

"No, in ancient times it would be said that he was possessed by a demon," replied the doctor. He implored the court to send Bertrand to a hospital rather than to a prison.

De Calvi's testimony aroused a storm of protest in the courtroom. It was felt that he was trying to excuse the sergeant's inhuman behavior and prevent the law from taking its course. The court had one last question. In Dr. de Calvi's opinion, was or was not Bertrand legally responsible for his acts? The doctor was forced to admit that the sergeant was rational enough to know what he was doing.

The court considered its verdict and then sentenced Bertrand to a year's imprisonment. To everyone's surprise, the sergeant smiled "as though in satisfaction." He then made a brief speech in which he announced that after having served his term he intended to change his name and to leave France "because of the notoriety I have received as a result of this trial." He apparently kept his word as he was never heard of again.

Sergeant Bertrand is generally considered the classic case of lycanthropy, a medical term for the psychopathic disorder in which the patient imagines himself to be a wolf or other wild beast, although Bertrand might better be described as suffering from necrophilism, a morbid passion for dead bodies. He did dig up the corpses with his hands and worried them to pieces as would a wild animal, but he apparently never attacked living people. The true lycanthrope is not so discriminating.

Although there have always been lycanthropes and they continue to exist even today, this terrible mania was particularly prevalent during the Middle Ages. Especially during the sixteenth century there were virtual epidemics of lycanthropy which affected whole areas and entire families. People left their homes to live in the forests, allowing their nails and hair to grow, and regarded travelers as a source of food.

Two of the most famous were Pierre Burgot and Michael Verdun, who lived in Besancon, France, during the early part of the sixteenth century. These men, working as a team, committed a number of murders over a period of 19 years. Although the bodies of many of their victims were found, the nature of the wounds made it appear that they had been killed by wolves. But in 1521, Verdun was stabbed during an attack. He escaped into the forest, but a posse was formed and they followed the blood trail. Verdun implicated Burgot in his confession.

At least five murders were directly traced to these two men. Once they had attacked a woman who was picking peas and tore her to pieces. A man who came to her help was also killed. They had killed and eaten a little 4-year-old girl, all except one arm. Occasionally their victims escaped. Burgot attacked a small boy, but the child screamed so loudly that the lycanthrope was frightened away.

"Being in the shape of a wolf at the time, I could only attack him with my teeth," Burgot explained.

Both men were shepherds and had developed a superstitious awe of the fierce wolves who attacked their flocks. Neither doubted that he had actually become a wolf, although Burgot was puzzled by the fact that in one case he had used a knife on his victim and Verdun was equally bewildered by evidence that he had strangled a child. Both men were convinced that during their metamorphoses they had coupled with she-wolves who they described as being "far superior to women." While in their wolf-shape, they could "run faster than the wind" and bound over walls or across streams. Both men were burned at the stake.

Another terrible werewolf was Gilles Garner, a hermit who lived near Dôle, France. Several children had been killed near the village and partly eaten but, as usual, the crime was attributed to wolves. But in 1572 Garnier attacked a young girl and peasants working in the fields nearby heard her screams. The men ran up in time to see "something run off into the forest on all fours." It did not look like a man but it was definitely not a wolf, and the peasants obtained permission from the Court of Parliament to carry arms so they could organize a drive for the "werewolf."

A few days later, a 10-year-old boy was carried off, and a week after that another boy was attacked near the town of Perrouze. Hearing the boy's cries, the villagers hurriedly armed themselves and ran up in time to see Gilles on his hands and knees dragging the boy's corpse into the bushes with his teeth. Even running on all fours Gilles could go faster through the bushes than his pursuers, but this time he was definitely recognized and followed to his hut in the forest.

Gilles had killed at least a dozen children, even taking parts of them back to his hut in case he became hungry during the night. He seemed particularly fond of the thighs and entrails (this was also true of Bertrand). He was very indignant when his pursuers insisted that he had killed the Perrouze boy in the form of a man, not a wolf.

During the trial, one of the most serious charges brought against Gilles was that he had eaten a small boy on Friday, a fast day. Like Burgot and Verdun he was burned.

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Possibly the greatest werewolf of all time was a man named Peter Stump who lived in Cologne, Germany, at the end of the sixteenth century. Stump killed 13 children, two women and a man. Stump showed no physical peculiarities and was a respected member of the community, taking part in the hunts organized to track down the werewolf and commiserating with the families of the deceased. In March, 1590, Stump attacked a young girl who was playing near a herd of cattle. He seized the girl by the throat with his teeth, but the child happened to be wearing a high collar which protected her. The cattle became excited and charged the lycanthrope who was forced to leave the child. Hounds were put on his trail, and although Stump managed to keep ahead of them for a long time while running through the bushes on all fours, they finally brought him to bay. At the last minute, so the hunters reported, Stump tried to save himself by turning back into a man.

The basic cause of lycanthropy is what psychologists call "oral-sadism"—the obtaining of sexual gratification by using the mouth to inflict pain. To avoid feelings of guilt the person "transforms" himself into a fierce animal which cannot be held responsible for its acts, but it must be an animal which the affected person knows. Hence there are were-tigers in India, were-lions in Africa, were-bears among the American Indians, and werewolves in medieval Europe.

When wolves became so reduced in numbers that they no longer came to symbolize ferocity in Europe, oral-sadists ceased to think of themselves as werewolves. Andreas Bichel, who killed a number of young girls in 1809, claimed he did it for their clothes, although he confessed that after tying the girls' arms and legs, he cut them open and otherwise mutilated them while the girls were still alive. "I trembled all over with excitement and longed to cut off pieces and eat them," he admitted.

In 1837, an Austrian beggar named Swiatek was caught with the head of a young girl under his coat. Swiatek admitted that he had killed and eaten 14 children. He claimed that he had committed the crimes simply as a means of obtaining fresh meat, although Swiatek was such a successful beggar that he maintained a wife and several children in comparative comfort on his earnings. Neither man supposed himself a wolf.

Today, the werewolf is regarded as myth and the legend is only revived for such horror movies as *I was a Teenage Werewolf*, but to the medieval peasant listening to the howling of the wolves around his hut at night, the *loup-garou* was a real and immediate danger. "Werewolves" did exist and the strange mania that drove men to such fearful acts did not vanish with the legend. Oral-sadism is a theme which still interests not only psychiatrists but serious dramatists—as Tennessee Williams' *Suddenly Last Summer* shows. It is part of man's inheritance from a brutal past, and an inherent aspect of his nature which will continue to manifest itself in spite of civilization.

—Daniel P. Mannix

His Life Begins at 140

[*Continued from page* 53]

cracked, his ribs crushed by the steering wheel. The gas tank was almost in his lap, the battery wedged between his legs. It took rescuers half an hour to hack Moss free from the wreckage. It took doctors 40 stitches to close the wounds on his face. Unconscious, with a fractured left knee, torn left shoulder and two broken ribs, he was taken first to Chichester's Royal West Sussex Hospital, then to Atkinson Morley Hospital, a neurological center in Wimbledon.

"You don't go into motor racing expecting that people are going to weep if you get killed," Moss once said. "You know the risk you're taking. Oh, I suppose one or two people would weep if I were killed, but most would shrug and say: 'He was asking for it.' "

Moss underestimated his appeal. While he lay abed in Atkinson Morley Hospital, he received 2,768 letters, postcards and wires, urging and hoping for a rapid recovery.

Recovery was slow at first. But when he came out of the coma, early reports were encouraging. His doctors predicted Moss would recover completely and conceivably would be able to race within two months. Then, suddenly, the reports changed tune. "He has a marked weakness of the whole of the left side of the body, involving face, arm and leg," a hospital release stated two weeks after the crash. "This weakness is due to severe bruising on the right side of the brain. There is a possibility that full recovery of the functions in the arm and leg will not take place."

At this point, most racing fans reluctantly decided that Moss's racing career was ended. Then, just as abruptly, the reports turned optimistic, and Moss began to recuperate rapidly. Two months after the accident, he left the hospital on crutches. A month later, he left England for a vacation in Nassau, walking under his own power, shaking hands firmly with his left hand and convinced, after a brief and leisurely test run on a country road, that he would race again. In Nassau, he swam, sunned and rebuilt his muscular body, hoping to rejoin the Grand Prix tour before the end of 1962.

Moss discovered firsthand the dangers of auto racing at about the same time he learned to walk. As a child, he picked up a permanent scar on his stomach when he brushed against the hot exhaust pipe of a car being driven by his father, Alfred Moss, an ex-dentist who twice raced in the Indianapolis "500."

Since then, the accidents have been more harrowing. At Naples in 1950, while passing on a curve, his tire touched another car's wheel hub and burst. He spun at some 85 miles an hour and crashed into a tree. The force of the collision drove his face into the mirror, breaking his front teeth. On the verge of unconsciousness, he pulled himself from the car, staggered a few yards and passed out. His escape, Moss later explained, was motivated by a subconscious fear of dying in a burning car. Five days later, he was driving with his leg in a plaster cast. One more week and he was racing again.

At Silverstone, England, in 1953, Moss cracked up in a curve called Abbey Corner, spent the night in a hospital and raced the following day. He admitted before the race he had "in the back of my mind, that haunting nameless dread of Abbey Corner." On his first lap, he navigated the corner swiftly and smoothly, and the dread disappeared.

During the Mille Miglia in 1956, he came a step closer to death. On a descent before Rome, he locked a front wheel on a slippery road, lost control, slammed into an embankment, ricocheted off to the opposite side, cracked through a concrete palisade and went over the parapet. "This is it," he told himself. It wasn't. The car smacked against a tree—the only one in sight—and stopped just short of a sheer 400-foot drop. Moss strolled away without a scratch. "Another year in the Mille Miglia," he said recently, "I had a brake pedal fall off. It just snapped right off, which is pretty annoying. I was very lucky. I had just dropped down from 180 to 140. I was braking going up to a curve. So I scraped around the corner and I was all right."

The day before the Belgian Grand Prix in 1960, practicing on the Spa-Francorchamps course, Moss suffered his worst pre-Goodwood accident. "I was going around a righthand curve at 140 miles an hour," he recalled later, "and the left wheel came off, the one I was leaning on. I managed to slow it up a bit. I spun it, slowed it to about 90, 95 and then was thrown out of the car. I broke both my legs." He also broke his nose and several ribs, and crushed a vertebra in the spine. Five weeks later, he was driving at top speed again.

"Ever since Spa," Moss said a month before the Goodwood crash, "I've had a strange feeling going into treelined curves at 120, 130 miles an hour. I'm thinking, you know, 'What would happen now if the wheel were to come off?' You have to fight that feeling."

The same feeling, the "haunting nameless dread," surely will linger for a while after Goodwood. But so far, Moss has always overcome it, and he aims to overcome it once more.

Considering the closeness and the frequency of Moss's brushes with disaster, you might theorize that his decision to continue racing is based on (a) a belief that he is invincible or (b) a death wish. The theories are nice, but wrong. Moss is too intelligent for the first and too sensible for the second. "I am, quite frankly, petrified of being killed," he says.

Death, not facetiously, is a fact of life in Grand Prix racing. From 1957 through 1960, 15 GP drivers died in crashes. When you realize that at any one given time there are barely 20 Grand Prix drivers in active competition, you can appreciate the risk. Two of Moss's closest friends and rivals—Britain's Peter Collins and Mike Hawthorn—died in crackups, the first while racing for money, the second while dragging for fun after retiring from formal racing. Some drivers look upon death philosophically. "Only those who do not move do not die, but are they not already dead?" France's Jean Behra once said. On a race course, Behra moved as though he were chasing death. He caught up to her eventually.

Other drivers do not share Behra's fatalistic outlook. For instance, Phil Hill, who in 1961 became the first American to win the world driving championship, prefers to think about accidents only in terms of other people. He blames them upon driver failure. This is for his own peace of mind. "If you believe that mechanical failure causes all the accidents," Hill says, "then we drivers are not taking calculated risks. We are all playing a game of Russian roulette, waiting around for something sooner or later to kill us."

Moss, on the other hand, prefers to think about accidents in terms of himself. He blames them upon mechanical failure—again for his own peace of mind. "If I thought that an accident was my mistake," Moss says, "I would give up racing." Hill wants to have total faith in his machine. Moss wants to have total faith in himself.

Moss's faith is not misplaced. Of all the drivers in Grand Prix racing, he is the man who has most effectively mastered his machine. Once you watch him in action, even if you know next to nothing about motor racing, you cannot help but appreciate his ability. On straightaways, where sheer speed is the determining factor, Moss obviously must surrender ground to his more powerful rivals. But in curves, where skill outweighs speed, Moss regains lost ground. Always, he seems to follow the shortest, swiftest, most efficient line through the bends, braking at just the proper point, holding his car firmly under control, passing less gifted opponents. If there happens to be rain on the course, so much the better for Moss. Rain is an equalizer in racing, as it is in football—minimizing the effect of extra horsepower, placing added emphasis upon talent—and if Moss had his way, every race would be run in the rain.

Moss, too, is a genius at slipstreaming, the delicate art of tucking a slower car right up behind a faster car, within a few feet. By using the faster machine to break down air resistance, the slower car can be sucked along to exceed its normal speed and, at the same time, cut down the strain upon its engine. Moss has been known to slipstream for many miles, waiting for the faster car's engine to falter, and then scoot by to victory.

The Moss method is as safe as it is swift. "Stirling is one of the best drivers to race against," says Bruce McLaren, a short, skilled New Zealander. "Side by side in a corner with him or braking at the end of a straight, he will always leave one enough room for safety."

During the 1961 Grand Prix season, the fastest cars in competition by a wide margin were the Ferraris. On power alone, Phil Hill and the late Wolfgang von Tripps (Count Crash), the stars of the Ferrari stable, should have won every

Grand Prix between them. Yet Moss in his outpowered Lotus managed to sneak in two GP victories—one at Monaco and one at Germany's Nurburgring. These two GP courses, as you might expect, are the ones that place the greatest premium upon driving skill.

"In Monaco," Moss explained later, "I took the lead after about 10 laps in the 100-lap race. Once I got the lead, I went full out—absolutely flat—the whole time. I kept telling myself, 'Now let's try to drive this lap perfectly, you know, get every line right, every braking point right.' I never let up."

The Monaco Grand Prix, raced over a 1.9-mile circuit on the city streets of Monte Carlo, demands skill at relatively low speed—an average below 70 miles an hour. But the Grand Prix of Germany, raced on the 14.2-mile Nurburgring, demands skill at high speed—an average of roughly 90 miles an hour. The German course twists through 178 separate curves —"every conceivable kind plus some that are totally inconceivable," Moss says—and follows, for part of the route, a sheer cliff lined by bushes. "Whenever a car plunges over the cliff," Moss says, "it leaves a gaping reminder in the bushes. As you drive along at 140 miles an hour, you see a hole and you think, 'That's where Smith went through,' or 'That's where Jones got his.' Every now and then you see a fresh gap and wonder, 'Which one of us was it this time?' "

At the Nurburgring in 1961, as at Monaco, Moss drove flat out for the entire race. "Those were the two hardest races I ever won," he believes.

Incredible as it may seem, Moss has every foot of the 14.2 miles of the Nurburgring committed to memory. In fact, he has every Grand Prix course memorized. "Give me ten laps on a course with 100 curves and I could draw every curve for you," Moss says. "I could draw every curve of the Nurburgring and every bump, too."

Moss has not always had so keen a memory. "If you offered me $100 to learn eight lines of poetry in school, I could never do it," he says. But now he can remember anything that is practical, nothing that is not. "I live for the future and the present, not the past," he insists. "For instance, I can't keep track of the number of laps I drive. After two or three, I never know how many laps I've gone. When they tell me to go out and do five laps to check fuel consumption, they have to tell me when to come in. I just don't know when five laps are up."

A brilliant memory—for what he considers essential, for what can win a race or save his life—is only one of his sterling skills. Moss's prime asset, most rivals agree, is his ability to maintain total concentration no matter how long a race may last. His mind almost never wanders. His pace almost never falters. On the first lap or the last, he is thinking as he enters each curve, calculating as he hurtles down each straightaway. "It took me eight or nine years to learn to concentrate without working on it," Moss said recently. "My concentration now is at its strongest."

The only art Moss found more elusive than concentration is the art of braking. "It took me twelve years," he said, "to learn to brake really well. I was always taught that you accelerate in a corner, never brake. I don't believe that any more. I believe in braking in a corner." Moss's theory sounds like racing heresy, but what he means is that by braking ever so gently in a corner, he can alter and improve the position of his car. Then, as he comes out of the corner, he is in the best possible position to accelerate quickly and smoothly. The reason most drivers still don't brake in corners is simple. The maneuver requires an incredibly delicate touch possessed by only a few.

Sheer physical strength, the product of dedicated conditioning, is another of Moss's assets. As a schoolboy in England, he boxed, wrestled, swam, rowed crew and rode horses, building up a fine physical edge he has never lost. Today, when not hampered by injuries, he swims and water skis, watches his food, smokes only infrequently and takes a drink about as often as the president of U.S. Steel votes Democratic. Lately, he has polished a new form of exercise: he is a confirmed twister who enjoys dancing as much as he enjoys racing. He sometimes carries his conditioning so far that, a few weeks before he is scheduled to race in a hot climate, he starts wearing heavy sweaters to get used to heat. Strength pays dividends on the race course. Grand Prix cars are no more docile than bucking broncs.

Moss enhances his skills with amazing versatility. Some drivers excel primarily with Grand Prix machines, the single-seat purebreds. Others excel primarily with sports cars, usually the highly modified versions of production models. Even the great Fangio, a genius with a GP car, won only three major international sports car races in his whole career. At the opposite extreme, Belgium's Olivier Gendebien, a master with sports cars at Le Mans and Sebring, has never won a major GP race. Moss excels with both. He has won more major sports car races than any driver in history.

Add in a keen sense of balance, quick reflexes, superlative eyesight and complete fearlessness, and you have a fair inventory of Moss's talents. "He concentrates on going as fast as possible as smoothly as possible all the time," summarizes New Zealand's Bruce McLaren.

Does Moss have a weakness? "His mechanical knowledge of a car," suggests McLaren, "but only in comparison with Jack Brabham could one say this is a weakness." World champion in 1959 and 1960, Australia's Brabham is a master mechanic.

Moss's driving has been seriously criticized on only one ground. Some people claim he demands too much of his cars. "Moss murders cars," Brabham says. "There ought to be someone who can build a car capable of taking all he can give it," Phil Hill says.

Moss flatly rejects the theory that he punishes his cars. He believes that for each car, at each stage of the race, at each spot on the course, there is a theoretical maximum speed—and he intends to drive as close to the maximum as possible. "I don't think I've ever consciously overrevved a car," he insists. "I've missed a gear occasionally and overrevved, but I don't believe in overrevving because actually you don't go much faster." The fact remains that Moss does break down with disturbing frequency. The best explanation is that, first, his machinery is not the finest and, second, frustrated by inadequate machinery, he pushes his car up to and perhaps beyond the absolute limit.

Moss's personality, which is firmly linked in every way to his career, is at times a bit of a puzzle. Two close friends, for example, offer diametrically opposite views of one facet of Moss's character. "Stirling is much more relaxed now than he used to be," says John Whitmore, a promising young British driver. "Stirling has become more and more nervous," counters Sweden's Joakim Bonnier.

Moss possesses awesome vitality. Everything he does, he does enthusiastically. He cannot slow down. At Sebring last March, he spent a few hours one afternoon at a motel swimming pool, adding to his impressive tan. He practiced the twist next to the pool. He executed perfect dives off the low board, swam swiftly to the side, climbed out, sprinted to the board and dove again. When he finished swimming, he even ran to his rented car, shouting for his companions to hurry up.

His companions, typically, were two attractive German airline stewardesses, and the explanation for their presence in Sebring is rather indicative of Moss. A week earlier, the two girls had gone to Nassau for a brief vacation. Moss, who was also vacationing in Nassau, spotted them one afternoon as he was driving down the street. He promptly pulled over to the curb and offered the girls a ride. They said, "Aren't you Stirling Moss?" He said, "I am," one word led to another and, two days later, the vacationing stewardesses, at Moss's suggestion, decided to switch their holiday base to Florida. Unselfishly, Moss arranged a date for one of the girls with a fellow driver, and saved one for himself—the better-looking one. He is not selfish, but he is not stupid, either.

Race drivers, as a breed, are notorious lovers, and Moss excels in this phase of his sport, too. He would no more think of going to a race without a playmate than without a car. He dates British girls and French girls, German girls and Italian girls, and perhaps occasionally an American girl. His taste is admirable: his dates are almost always attractive, intelligent, vivacious and polite. They are usually willing to dance, willing to swim and willing to go to sleep early—and alone—the night before a race. On other nights, he is not so choosy about the last condition.

Totally outgoing, totally aware of the hero worship he inspires, Moss usually enjoys the recognition and the adulation. He can go nowhere in Europe without being spotted. But once in a while, he welcomes obscurity and he likes New York, where he can, if he wishes, go unnoticed in a crowd. He does not like the formality and the idle chatter of cocktail parties, and most of the time he escapes early—unless there is a twist band playing.

Because he is constantly in motion, he can sometimes be brusque and alienate people. "I'm temperamental," he says. "I'm very moody." If a fan or a mechanic or a racing official irritates him, he can switch from a grin to a scowl in an instant. "I'm very fiery," he admits. "I can blow up over nothing, but the whole thing's gone in a couple of seconds."

Interviewers generally find Moss refreshingly frank and uncommonly cooperative. He does not like stupid questions nor questions that concern death and danger—"they say that drivers must have a death wish, which is a lot of baloney; there are many easier ways to kill yourself"—but, unlike many drivers, he does try to answer them. He has been asked so many questions so many times by so many reporters that he now slips occasionally into pat statements. "We're not horses in the Grand National," he has said a few dozen times. "We don't have to race. We do it because we want to."

One somewhat incongruous aspect of Moss's personality is his Scottish concern for proper value—both for himself and for others. Once, before a sports car race in Havana, an American reporter invited Moss to lunch. Moss accepted. But even though the reporter confessed he was on an expense account, Moss would not sit down in a restaurant until he found out personally which one offered the best bargain. He entered restaurant after restaurant, asking prices and comparing. At one handsome place, he charged in and stormed out swiftly. "They want $4.50 for a steak," he announced. "What do they think my bloody name is—John D. Rockefeller?"

Jo Bonnier had trailed Moss in and out of the restaurant. "What do they think my bloody name is?" Bonnier echoed. "Stirling Moss?"

Moss, of course, is fairly wealthy. Because he receives the highest sum for starting money of any driver—"it's appearance money, just like a comedian gets; you get paid by your box office"—because he enters between 40 and 50 races a year in cars ranging from small sports models to Grand Prix machines (in contrast, Phil Hill, the 1961 world champion, enters fewer than 20 races a year), because he usually earns at least a share of the prize money (split with Rob Walker, who owns Moss's racing cars) and because he commands a sizable number of endorsements (including one with a fuel company that pays him more than $25,000 annually), Moss's total income probably exceeds $100,000 a year. No other active driver comes close to making this much. Until Phil Hill won the world championship last year, his annual income was no more than $20,000. Even with the title and with the advantage of being an American, Hill still probably does not earn $40,000. Brabham, the 1959 and 1960 champion, is in the same class with Hill. Only five-time champion Fangio, because he was a national hero in Argentina and received business favors from the government, approached Moss's money-making knack. Moss may not have the title, but he can brood upon this all the way to the bank.

Yet Moss manages to save only a small percentage of what he earns. For one thing, he spends $18,000 a year on plane fares alone. For another, he employs a fulltime manager to arrange his schedule and a fulltime secretary to see, among other things, that every fan letter is answered. After British taxes take a big bite, Moss invests much of what is left.

Once the owner of a London hamburger joint—he stubbornly refused to put his name in front because "it wouldn't be fair; I'm never there"—he now owns part of the Pheonix travel agency. Why is *Phoenix* misspelled? "I should think," says Moss, slyly, "because the bloody bloke who bought it was illiterate. Actually, it's not a bad thing. People come in and say, 'You've spelled it incorrectly.' And we say, 'How clever of you to notice it—and would you like to spend a holiday in America?'" He is also a stockholder in an auto magazine and in a fading kart company which now builds mostly furniture.

He recently treated himself to a house in London, jammed with gadgets. "I have an electric bath," he says. "No taps. You push buttons. It's a sports model, two-seater, sunk in the floor. I have a television set that comes down out of the ceiling." Moss designed the interior himself and plans soon to add a heated toilet seat and a 300-pound silver coffee table made from melted trophies. Eventually, he would like to be a commercial designer—"of anything but cars."

Moss's career is checkered with success—in everything but marriage. Although he had earlier insisted that motor racing and marriage do not mix, he gave up playing the field and married Katie Molson on October 7, 1957. Katie is a lovely, sensitive, intelligent Canadian girl whose family owns a big brewery in Canada and the Montreal Canadiens. Fangio sent the couple a clock inscribed "To the Future World Champion." The marriage at first seemed idyllic, but after slightly more than two years, the couple separated. "Our marriage broke up because of the way I am and the way my wife is," Moss says. Certainly the tension that any driver's wife feels—accentuated by Moss's complete devotion to his sport—played a major part in the separation. The two still see each other occasionally; Stirling visited Katie while he recuperated in Nassau this year, but he said he had no plans for a reconciliation.

Moss can joke about his marital difficulties. "Mr. Moss," an interviewer on an Australian television show asked him, "how do you account for the fact that while Jack Brabham is the world champion, you continue to get more publicity than he does?"

"Well," said Moss, "I suppose it's the fact that Jack's home life is more exemplary than mine."

A quick sense of humor punctuates Moss's personality. At one race recently, a radio interviewer asked, "Do you think they could possibly improve on the wonderful job the officials have been doing here?"

"Yes," said Moss. "Eliminate them."

Moss, as mentioned earlier, is a devout believer in gamesmanship. "I love the bullthrowing that goes with motor racing," he once said. "For instance, Masten Gregory comes up to me and says, 'I notice you're going flat out through such and such a corner.' And I say, '*You* may be going flat out, Masten.' Now he doesn't know whether I'm going flat out or not, and I'm not going to tell him."

Moss does feel there is a limit to gamesmanship. He condemns deliberate misleading to the point of danger. "In the

Mille Miglia," he says, "to confuse the inexperienced, some drivers have turned off brake lights entering a curve, causing those behind to miss the curve." He prefers less lethal humor.

Why is Stirling Moss willing to risk his life again? The answer, by now, should be obvious. Racing is his career. Racing is his life. Without a car engulfing him, he is a lonely man. Without an outlet for his abundant energies, he is frustrated. Without publicity and prestige, he is thwarted. He is not a normal man—no more than John Glenn is a normal man. Heroes must be willing to pay a big price, and Moss is willing.

He turns introspective now and then. He dabbles in painting. He reads a few books. He wonders why his marriage failed and wonders why he is blessed with special skills. But, ultimately, he stops wondering and he races, for this is what he enjoys most in all the world and this is what he does best in all the world.

Moss might have quit young. When he was 19—when Tazio Nuvolari himself said, "Watch Stirling Moss, he is going to be one of the great drivers of the world"—he accidentally hit a mechanic while racing around the Zandvoort course in the Netherlands. As he continued the race, he decided that if the man was dead, he would give up racing. The man survived.

Moss might have followed the example of Lance Macklin, who grew up as a man and as a driver on the same British circuits with Moss. In 1955 at Le Mans, Pierre Levegh's Mercedes hurtled over Macklin's Austin-Healey and crashed into the crowd, causing 83 deaths, racing's worst disaster. Macklin, Moss's contemporary, promptly retired from motor racing.

Moss is not retiring. Moss does not want to retire. The only circumstance that will force him off the courses—short of catastrophe—is the realization that his latest crash has robbed him of his skills. He will not race second best.

Will Moss regain his skills? The bet here is that he will. "I am not as dedicated as I used to be," he said even a few weeks before the Goodwood accident, "and I do not think I am as fast as I used to be."

True, Moss does not drive as fast as he once did, but he does get around a race course in less time. What he has shed is recklessness, unnecessary speed. (Moss twice lost his British driving license for reckless driving, reckless by human standards, not by Moss's standards.) What he has gained is experience, and the knowledge and skills that only experience breeds. It may take a little time now, but the suspicion persists that before long Moss will be lapping as swiftly as he ever did.

One pertinent question remains: Will Moss ever win the world driving championship that has eluded him so long?

Understand the background. From the time he started racing GP cars 12 years ago, Moss's goal has remained constant. He wanted—and wants—to be the first British driver ever to win the world championship in a British-made car.

Through 1953, he raced in British-made cars, but because the cars did not match their continental rivals and his own skills had not yet matured, Moss was not a serious threat for the world championship. From 1954 through 1956, there were no decent British-built Grand Prix cars. In 1954, Moss bought and raced his own GP Maserati part of the season, then joined the Maserati factory team. His talent was still not fully polished.

In 1955, finally, man and machine meshed. Driving for Mercedes, with a powerful car and new skill, Moss was almost unbeatable. Almost. The same season, the Mercedes team also included Fangio, and Fangio, naturally, was number one man. Moss was number two, and the Mercedes men finished in that order in the world championship standings.

In 1956, with Mercedes out of racing, Moss switched to Maserati and Fangio to Ferrari. Fangio made the proper switch. The Ferrari had too much speed for the Maserati.

In 1957, Tony Vandervell brought Britain back into GP racing, and Moss immediately signed to drive the Vanwall. The car was good and so was Moss, but luck was not entirely with him. He missed the French Grand Prix because of a sinus condition. Had he raced and won, he would have blocked Fangio from gaining a fourth consecutive world championship.

Then Fangio retired, and Moss became the perennial favorite for the title. He was, year after year, the beaten favorite. In 1958, the Vanwall was unreliable, and Ferrari overwhelmed everyone. Mike Hawthorn, driving for Ferrari, became the first Briton to win the driving championship—but not in a British car.

In 1959, Moss decided to drive independently for Rob Walker. Cooper promised to sell Walker a new model—and did, without a gearbox. A special substitute gearbox proved troublesome, and while Moss struggled, Australian Jack Brabham won the world championship in a fully-equipped Cooper. For the first time, a British-made car held the title—but not with a British driver. Rob Walker bought a Lotus in 1960, but Moss lost his chance for the title by crashing in Belgium. Brabham repeated as champion in the Cooper. In 1961, the Ferraris took command, and not even his victories at Monaco and the Nurburgring—in his year-old Lotus—made Moss a solid challenger to Phil Hill. Early this year, Moss was still driving the Lotus, now two years old.

Annoying, to say the least.

Moss could probably end his drought—and abandon his goal—simply by signing with Ferrari for 1963. "I've been offered a place on the Ferrari team every year for several years," he says. "I don't mean that Enzo Ferrari calls me up. I don't think Enzo calls anybody up. I think that he has the finest racing cars in the world. I think that to drive for Ferrari is a great thing—if that's all you want. The only reason I turn it down is that I want to race in a British car and I want to race individually."

There is another reason. In 1951, when Moss was still a novice, Ferrari promised him a race in a factory car. At the last minute, Ferrari changed his mind and gave the car instead to Piero Taruffi, an Italian star. Moss has never forgiven Enzo Ferrari for the slight. He speaks of Ferrari only with obvious dislike.

Yet early in 1962, before the Goodwood crash, Moss was almost willing to sign with Ferrari. He was willing to do it for spite. "One of the British manufacturers told me, 'You can certainly have a 1962 car,'" Moss explains. "Then, just before the season began, the manufacturer called me and said, 'Look, it's getting very difficult. You may not be able to have one.' And I thought, 'I've stuck with English cars all along and now they turn around and stab me in the back. Well, let's take one of those Ferraris and try to wipe the English cars off the map.' I was tempted, but I have been tempted also to give up racing. I have been tempted to do a helluva lot of stupid things."

Moss might change his luck—and reach his goal—by obtaining a new Lotus or a new Cooper in 1963. British cars in 1962 made great strides toward catching—and possibly surpassing—Ferrari. But Moss is not likely to find a new British car. He refuses to join a factory team, the obvious source, partly because he feels the factories have been unfair to him in the past and partly because he can demand more starting money and enter more races competing on his own. (He does, however, give up the contract money which all factory drivers are guaranteed.)

As long as he stays away from the factory teams, the factories will not sell him a new car. "I understand their position," Moss says. "The oil companies that sponsor them don't want them to sell me a car, and their drivers don't want them to sell me a car. Jack Brabham doesn't want me to have a Cooper. I can't blame him. He says he's working for Cooper and why the devil should he spend his time getting the car all done up and then have it sold to me."

The odds against Moss winning the world driving title, while driving inferior machinery, are heavy. "It used to worry me," he says, "but now it doesn't worry me a bit."

Moss is only conning himself. It does worry him. It does bother him. He is the best racing driver in the world and it is about time he had the credentials to prove it. "Quite frankly," he says, half-seriously, "there are disadvantages to having the championship. If I won it, I'd probably have to retire." What's so bad about that? Death won't be stood up forever.

—Dick Schaap

COMING . . . .

THE BEST OF BUCHWALD

Columnist Art Buchwald, at his funniest, views bullfighting, marriage, and PT-109.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

The Case of the Three-Faced Crook

[*Continued from page 35*]

was that it be a modern, somewhat isolated branch bank, built with a low counter.

Next he would visit various shops to purchase his disguise. This was necessary, for Urbano had a rather unforgettable face. His complexion was pasty and pockmarked, his nose prominent, at least until he had it trimmed by a plastic surgeon. But what everyone noticed were his eyes. They bugged out, like a frog's. He was short—only five-feet-seven—and wiry, and walked with agile grace. He took small steps on the balls of his feet.

On the day of the robbery, he would check out of the motel and drive to the lot containing the stolen car. He switched to it and drove to the bank, arriving just before closing time. On went the coat, glasses, hat and gloves. The handkerchief was tied around his neck. He double-parked in front of the bank—a violation which did not overly concern him—and went inside, pulling up the handkerchief as he crossed the doorsill.

At that point he became a kangaroo with a hotfoot. He'd bound across the foyer and over the counter, motioning stunned employees and customers back against the wall with his gun. Then, without saying a word, he went straight to his work, scooping money from cash drawers, tables and wherever else it lay. He was not greedy. He ignored coins and dollar bills. Never once did he make an overture at a safe. Speed was everything. He had to get done and get out before anyone came to his senses and tried to grab him.

The money bagged, he went back over the counter, jogged out the door, and roared away in the stolen car.

Police and FBI agents usually sirened in within minutes. They would scour the area for the car. They interviewed victims. A quick description of The Jumper would be radioed to every car in the city. Suspects were rounded up. It would be, in fact, a bad day to be wearing a trench coat and carrying a paper bag in the area. Newspapers dispatched reporters and photographers. Radio and television stations interrupted lucrative programs for news bulletins. Bank officials blanched from the bad publicity. Insurance men sighed.

And where was Urbano? He had entered another world. He switched from the stolen to the rented car, drove leisurely to New York, and hopped a plane for Paris, where he became Robert F. Urbano y de Blanquart, continental *bon vivant*.

In a way, he acted strangely in Paris—for a bank robber. He blew the money, of course, but not intemperately. He never was an excessive drinker. He had no expensive coterie of flossy dames. Gambling was not a particular vice of his. He was, rather, a man of culture, impeccable taste, rare elegance and intellectual and artistic accomplishment. After all, didn't he have a M.A.? Hadn't he co-authored a zoological paper? Didn't he know art and antiques? He was no dilettante, no Bohemian, beatnik or exhibitionist. He was a man of distinction.

He lived in Paris as a member of the *gens aises*—people of ease, those who do not have to struggle to make a living. He resided a few blocks from the Arc de Triomphe and the Champs Elysées in a quiet street of apartment houses and small service shops. His apartment was quite modern, more American than French. He paid $175 a month rent. Inside, he crammed the walls with his classical record collection and his books. He did his own housekeeping and cooking, at which he was excellent.

To explain his apparently inexhaustible supply of money, he said he was the son of a wealthy American industrialist who was in the art and antique business. He scoured the Continent for bronzes, Dutch China, Swedish chairs and various forms of art. He had regular dealings with collectors all over Europe and may even have made a few bucks at his trading.

Each morning he arose at 8 and dressed impeccably but somberly, as all true French gentlemen do. Into his silk drawers, monogrammed shirts and wool suits had gone real quality: they were the finest money could buy. On his way out of the building he would chat for a moment with the concierge or her husband, or with a neighbor or friend he chanced to meet. He would bow and doff his hat. He smiled, inquired about their health and disposition, lingering just long enough. This was a courteous, urbane man, this Urbano y de Blanquart. He was never riled or moody, always even-tempered, polite, thoughtful and generous to the tips of his manicured nails.

And so orderly. He always had breakfast in the same shop, sitting at one of three tables to sip his *café* and eat his *croissant*. Of course, he traveled a good bit, through Yugoslavia, Italy and Greece, returning each time burdened with *objets d'art*. In Switzerland he holidayed and visited his bankers. In London he visited his other banker and his tailor and his art dealer, and enjoyed more days of ease.

In all of these places he had important friends, who introduced him to other important people, all of whom were uniformly impressed by this fellow Urbano.

He was known at the swankiest places, for there is nothing like a big tip to make a headwaiter remember a face. When in Paris he entertained royally for both Americans living in Paris and friends visiting from the States. One of these, an attractive buyer for a New York firm, has told of rivers of wine at his parties, elegance without parallel, gifts, connections made with the right people. A simply marvelous man, this Urbano.

So it was easy to see why his friends missed him so on his semi-annual visits to the United States to "confer" with his bankers.

In New York, he checked into an apartment he shared on East 62nd Street, and spent a few days there renewing friendships. Then he rented a car and headed for Williamstown and still another world. He arrived like the Magi bearing gifts.

Shortly after Urbano first went to Paris, his parents purchased a large mansion on Glen Street, which had been owned formerly by the elder Urbano's employer, an automobile dealer. Under the expert supervision of Bob Urbano, on one of his return visits, the mansion was extensively remodeled and redecorated. The stairway was changed and a modern fireplace put in. Everyone said it looked wonderful. Bob Urbano was so talented.

Into this house he brought some of the finest and most valuable antiques to be found, all gifts to his mother. His sister, whom he adored, suddenly had a riding horse and a fine saddle and habit, and a new piano, and myriad items a beloved older brother could bring from Paris. There were gifts for his father and brother, but his relationship with them was never quite so close as with his mother and sister.

The arrival of Urbano in Williamstown never went unnoticed. He was the local boy who'd made good. Everyone knew his history. He'd grown up a member of a handsome and respected family in this town of 6,000, the home of Williams College. He'd dated the "nice girls" of the town, although he'd never quite selected one as a bride. He'd gone off to the University of Illinois, served with distinction in the war as a navigator-bombardier, then returned to college, graduating as a geologist. He'd worked in the mine fields of the Southwest while obtaining his master's degree from the University of Arizona, and after returning to Williamstown, opened a small antique shop, and worked as a minor town official. He'd even run for elective office. Perhaps it was just as well he'd lost, for that left him free to take that remarkable job in Paris.

He certainly had improved himself there. He'd started abroad as a geologist employed in the construction of air bases in Europe. Then he'd become a purchaser of steel for air bases. That certainly must pay well, for he was thinking of opening an art and antique gallery in New York. My! He certainly was successful, and such a nice man. He always remembered to bring a gift for his friends, and he'd do anything for you. He always remembered birthdays and anniversaries. And wasn't he romantic, with his Continental manners and dress? All Williamstown was enraptured by him.

But for Urbano there came a time on each visit to the States when he was forced to confer with his bankers. All this high living and gift buying required a good bit of financing.

Confer he did. He hit the Cheltenham bank of Philadelphia and its branches four times for a total of $52,000. He got over $21,000 from the Fidelity-Baltimore National Bank in Baltimore in two cracks. He hit the First National Bank of Baltimore for $18,000, the Farmers Bank of Delaware for $19,000 and the Suburban Trust Co. in College Park, Maryland, outside Washington, for $23,000. This is nothing like a complete list.

FBI agents experienced a futility they have known few times. They couldn't get close to him. They knew the same man did all the jobs. They had his technique analyzed down to the most minute gesture in hopes of finding a clue to his identity. But several factors made it difficult to nab him. He struck at random and at well-spaced intervals. It was hard to figure where or when the next robbery might occur. The money never turned up in this country. And Urbano's act was a single. He had no accomplices to talk or act suspiciously.

But the principal reason Urbano was not caught by the FBI was that he did not think, act or live like a bank robber. He spent virtually all his time in two other worlds to which The Jumper was as foreign as a Zulu headhunter. An international art dealer does not broadcast that he is a bank robber. Nor does a loving son tell his mother the gifts he showered on her were bought with other people's life savings. He alone knew he was The Jumper. It was his terrible secret, for the thought of being caught and exposed to his family and friends panicked him. Every job was to be his last. But he was trapped. He had to act out his expensive roles and there was no way to earn honestly the kind of money he needed.

How had Urbano, with his brains, upbringing, education and environment, got into this predicament? He had been a "different" boy with a near-genius intelligence rating and a flair for language, art, and interior decoration. He was moody, secretive and a distinct loner in his activities. He was highly critical of others, yet given to temper tantrums and ungovernable rages when criticized himself. The whopping lie was one of his exceptional talents, and he derived great pleasure when people believed him.

To the townspeople he was that intelligent, well-mannered Urbano boy of whom expectations were great. To his family, he was a very good, if difficult, son. To himself, he was lonely, misunderstood and rejected, a state of mind he readily improved by accepting his own superiority to people around him. His friends in school, the townspeople, his own father were just average at best, while he, Robert Francis Urbano, was destined for great accomplishments. He dreamed of wealth and position, of important and celebrated friends, of affluence and a whole way of life that would make his name a household word. No longer would he be rejected. He began secretly to lead this life at an early age, but when you live in Williamstown and your father is service manager in an automobile garage, you have to live your destiny mostly in your dreams.

Then young Urbano had an experience in World War II which honed the dream to a fine edge. First he served—as he later told it—in the flight crew of Lt. Col. James Stewart, the actor. This was the sort of company he was meant to keep. After 26 combat missions he went to Paris on leave. The dream turned into a full-fledged rhapsody. The city on the Seine became his month of Sundays. The flowers, the girls, the Louvre, the sidewalk cafés, the Pernod saucers stacked

"How stupid can you get? When I was a kid I never showed a report card like this to my father when *he* was in a nasty mood."

before him, the atmosphere of love and adventure and excitement became not just his cup of tea, but the whole bloomin' pot. Urbano was hooked. He was "mainlining" his own dream. Coming back to the States, he dedicated his whole life to an effort to live the dream.

The prestige of an advanced degree he thought would help speed up attainment of the dream. It didn't help enough. So, while working in Arizona, he tried burglary but he was caught immediately and handed a five-year suspended sentence. The Arizona probation department allowed him to return to Williamstown. No one knows when the idea of bank robbery first occurred to him, or what led him to develop his unparalleled technique, or, for that matter, where he first used it. The FBI says rather vaguely, "the early 1950's." The first bank job firmly attributed to Urbano is the January 19, 1954 robbery of the Founders Oxford Federal Savings and Loan Association in Philadelphia. This netted $3,016. On March 2 of that year he vaulted the counter in the Cheltenham National Bank branch in Elkins Park, Pennsylvania, and revaulted back $7,248 richer.

It was shortly thereafter that Urbano left for Paris to start turning the dream into reality.

From then on he returned to the United States no oftener than his finances demanded. For years he used his bank robbery technique, almost without variance, to provide the funds for his dream. Only once did he come close to being caught. That was at the Suburban Trust Co., the College Park job. He had trouble almost from the start. He failed, in the beginning, to vault the counter—he had to resort to a cigarette-butt receptacle as a step. His grand entrance was marred, and that unnerved him a little. Next, one of the cash drawers was locked. Then he dropped $2,000 on the floor. Finally, bank manager William R. Reading made a move, and Urbano had to threaten him with a pistol. Too much was going wrong. On the edge of panic, he decided to scoot, even though three cash drawers were untouched. But as he ran out the door, Reading ran after him, hollering, "Stop that man! Stop him!"

The cries were heard by William Shipley, a truck driver in the purchasing department of the University of Maryland, which is located at College Park. Shipley had with him two trusties from the Maryland House of Correction.

Shipley figured the getaway car would come down Guilford Drive into Washington Boulevard, as U. S. 1 is called in College Park. He raced to the intersection, arriving just as Urbano got there in his two-tone sedan. The truck and the car raced side by side for a moment, with Shipley trying to force Urbano off the road.

Then Urbano pointed his .45 automatic out the window. A crack shot, he drew a bead on Shipley's head. The truck driver saw the gun clearly aimed at him. Deliberately, Urbano lowered his aim and pulled the trigger. The slug slammed into the door of the truck cab. Shipley hit the brake. The inmates hit the floor, hoping to live to serve another term. Urbano drove on, switched cars, and continued to New York shaking like a leaf. Shipley, almost a hero, told the FBI, "He could have killed me, had he wanted to."

Not long afterwards, Urbano altered

his technique by switching to department stores. He figured them a soft touch. They had lots of money and crowds of people to lose himself in. So, on February 11, 1959, he tried Kann's Department Store in Arlington, Virginia. He used the same over-the-counter method. It worked. He bounded away with $7,300 in cash and $2,500 in checks. Two days later he performed the same stunt at the Strawbridge and Clothier Department Store in Wilmington, Delaware, netting $7,905.

In funds again, he was off to the good life for a few months. But the following July he returned, to pull the Farmers Bank job in Wilmington. The FBI observed later that the bank was located in Wanamaker's Department Store, and the inference was that Urbano had considered both before making his choice.

Urbano spent the rest of the summer and fall in Europe, having a particularly good time. It was just as well. It was his last fling, the final dream sequence before the rude awakening.

He came back to the States on December 11, 1959, stayed in New York at the East 62nd Street apartment, then went to Williamstown for the holidays, loaded with gifts as usual. After Christmas, he returned to New York, spent a few days there, and once more headed for Massachusetts, by train. He left Williamstown for the final time on January 11, 1960, and went to the Hertz office in New York City to rent a red 1960 Ford station wagon.

On the morning of the 12th he drove across the George Washington Bridge to Patterson, New Jersey, and parked the wagon at the Bergen Mall shopping center. Then he took a bus to the outskirts of Patterson and found a four-door, black and white sedan with the keys in it. This he drove to neighboring Maywood and parked it in a lot. That night he came back to New York in the red station wagon. On Wednesday and Thursday he returned to New Jersey, driving and walking around, acquainting himself with the teeming suburbia which is Bergen County, and in particular with its more prosperous business enterprises.

On Friday, January 15, he arose at 8 as usual and drove the wagon to the Bergen Mall. He took a bus to Maywood and picked up the stolen sedan. He spent the whole day going back and forth between Stern's Department Store in the Bergen Mall and Bamberger's Department Store in the huge Garden State Plaza shopping center at Paramus. Both stores he cased thoroughly, mulling over which one, or neither, to hit. At 4:30 that afternoon he made up his mind. Bamberger's.

Starting at 4:30, he walked around the shopping center and the store. Three, four, five times he made the rounds, noting exits and stairways, who worked where, and especially the location of the men's room—for it was his plan to run into the lavatory, whip off his mask and trench coat, and reappear as a well-dressed shopper from New York, properly shocked at the terrible robbery which had just occurred.

About 5:30 he sat down in a chair and tried to think. Should he go ahead with it or not? He had an uneasy feeling. This was a big store in a sprawling shopping area. The cashier's cage was located near the center of the lower level. If anything went wrong, he'd have a long run up and out to the parking lot. On the other hand, the store was rapidly emptying of customers, and most of the clerks were going to dinner. Besides, he needed money desperately. After buying a plane ticket on a Pan American flight to Paris, he was down to $11.65. He felt he couldn't delay. At 10 minutes to 6 he put on his sunglasses and began to walk towards the credit counter.

Minutes earlier, John Blanch, the credit manager, had left the counter to go to dinner, a fact Urbano had noted. That meant only three women clerks remained in attendance. But Blanch didn't leave the floor just yet. He went to the men's room, washed his hands and combed his hair. In the mirror he saw that the carnation in his lapel had wilted. He returned to his office to get a fresh one.

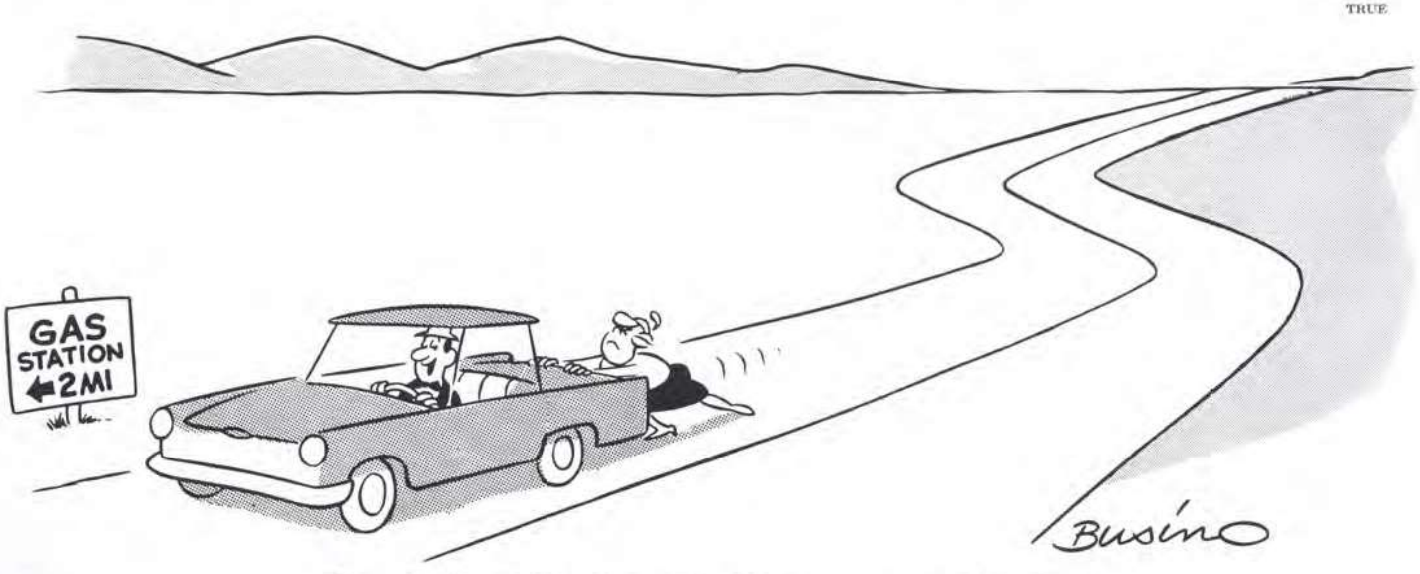
As Urbano, wearing his trench coat, with a brown fedora pulled low over his eyes, was approaching the counter and preparing to pull up his handkerchief mask, Leo Zaritsky, a furniture salesman, was sitting at a desk 20 feet away doing his paper work. A hundred feet farther along in the furniture department, Fred Kramer was filing his sales slips. Charles Allison was checking stock in the toy department. And in housewares, Charles Jony of New Rochelle, New Jersey, was buying a half-gallon can of rug cleaner under his wife's watchful eyes.

Behind the counter, Dira Mullin of Saddle Brook and Agnes Reynolds of Paramus felt someone approaching. They looked up and saw what could have been an apparition. Their mouths fell open as Urbano stood there facing them. Suddenly he jumped over the counter right in front of them. Dira Mullin was petrified with fright.

At that precise point there happened what had not occurred in all Urbano's previous robberies. Someone wasn't stunned to silence. Someone screamed. Agnes Reynolds opened her mouth and curdled the air with high-pitched decibels of sound, and she kept it open and she kept on screaming. Urbano froze.

In his office John Blanch heard the screams. He rushed to the door and saw Dira Mullin with a horrified expression on her face and Agnes Reynolds screaming her head off. He did not see Urbano at first. He thought someone had fainted. He rushed into the counter area, then caught sight of a man with a handkerchief over his face and a bag in his hand. The man seemed to be stuffing something into the bag. Blanch saw no gun. He heard no words spoken. He had, in fact, no notion, in that instant, of what the intruder was doing. But he didn't belong behind the counter. That much was certain. Blanch jumped him. They grappled, each trying to push the other to the floor, and suddenly there was a gun in the open. Blanch grabbed for it.

At his desk a few feet away, Leo Zaritsky heard Agnes Reynolds' screams and rushed toward the sound. He saw Blanch struggling with a man and lunged in to help. The automatic in Urbano's hand cracked. Zaritsky fell with a .32 bullet through his skull and died where he lay. Fred Kramer also heard the screams



"If you had your driver's license, I could let you steer part of the time."

and rushed in. He cocked his arm and aimed a punch at Urbano. The blow missed. Urbano's bullet didn't. It smacked into Kramer's arm, splintering the bone, and he fell atop the dead Zaritsky. Kramer would spend 10 weeks in a hospital and be crippled for life.

Blanch, meanwhile, continued to struggle desperately to get the gun. But Urbano's finger kept closing on the trigger. One bullet sliced Blanch's arm, chest and shoulder. Another grazed his scalp. He fell to the floor, stunned. At that moment Charles Allison, who had been holding back, saw his chance and moved in. He grabbed Urbano from behind, trying to pin his arms down. As they struggled, Blanch got up off the floor and looked wildly for something to hit Urbano with. He snatched up an electric clock, but the cord wouldn't let go. Then he jerked a check-writing machine off a table, but with his wounded arm he couldn't swing it enough to do any damage.

Meanwhile, Charles Jony heard the gunshots. He hesitated a moment. His wife said, "Those darn kids with their cap guns." Jony knew better. He raced for the cashier's cage, still carrying his half-gallon can of rug shampoo. He decorated Urbano's skull with it. The Jumper fell beside his victims.

A dream that had been lived on the banks of the Seine and under the magnificent maples of Williamstown died in a New Jersey department store, slain with a can of cleaning fluid.

But Urbano still fought to save the dream. The first story he gave Sergeant (now Captain) John P. Nicolas of the Paramus police was that he was Edward Lehman of Phoenix, Arizona. He was totally uncooperative and uncommunicative. Nicolas had no idea, at first, that he had The Jumper in a cell. Urbano let it be known that he considered Nicolas and the other cops so inferior as to be unworthy of his attention. They were, in his opinion, slobs. And he had not one shred of remorse about killing Zaritsky and wounding Kramer and Blanch.

"They shouldn't have jumped me," he said. "I had to defend myself. I had a gun. Only an idiot would think I wouldn't use it."

The third day after Urbano's arrest, Guy W. Calissi, Bergen County prosecuting attorney, and his first assistant, Fred Galda, got him to talk—but only about the Bamberger robbery. The FBI, attracted by the *modus operandi* of the store job, entered the case. They were sure The Jumper had been caught at last. He told them nothing.

But Urbano, while still remorseless and arrogant and terribly bitter about what had happened to him, was nevertheless filled with shame. He was exposed to his family and friends. All the lies, the sham, the phony masquerade as a man of means and culture had tumbled around him. Who would believe now that he had really thought of himself as a rich man, that he legitimately knew art, that he genuinely wanted to be kind and thoughtful and generous, that he was, deep down, the man he pretended to be and not this creature groveling in a cell?

He tried desperately to protect his family and friends. He didn't want them informed of his arrest. He refused to see or talk to them. His parents wanted to mortgage their home to hire attorneys. Urbano refused any defense. When counsel was appointed by the court, he would not cooperate. He wanted to die.

Even that escape was denied him. Instead he was mentally dissected by psychiatrists and psychologists. He sat in open court to hear, of himself: "He sees people as malevolent, hostile and aggressive—motivated only by the basest of self-centered motives. . . . Intimacy, affection, trust, etc., are totally impossible and absent. . . . He postures grandiosely and resorts to a false bravado to play out the superiority he aspires to." Enough doubt was cast on his sanity so that Prosecutor Calissi felt he could not ask for the death penalty. Urbano pleaded *nolo contendere* to second-degree murder, and on May 24, 1960 he was sentenced to life in the New Jersey State Prison at Trenton by Judge Arthur J. O'Dea.

There, the FBI talked to him for hours and finally got him to admit to 10 bank robberies and two store holdups, but he was very hazy about a number of others. He had no real idea of how much he stole.

It is today, however, more than two years later, that the really incredible part of Urbano's story is happening. Call his friends for information. You are insulted and hung up on. Write them a letter. You get a nasty reply. Those who will talk cite his generosity, never once mentioning it was stolen money that bought the gifts. They refer to his many acts of kindness, forgetting that one man lies in his grave and another has a crooked arm for life because of him.

His friends and former neighbors talk as if it were another man who robbed and murdered. They imply that the psychiatrists themselves are nuts, and that the police are tragically misinformed about the real Bob Urbano. The one they knew couldn't have done those dreadful things. He couldn't possibly have made such fools of them.

Prosecutor Calissi, who understands the three worlds of Robert Urbano, ponders his fourth and final one, and asks, with just a touch of sadness in his voice, "I wonder how he's getting along in prison?"

—Robert Liston

One-Man War on Big Fish

[*Continued from page* 48]

Records are published annually, shortly after the new year. When these appear, Martin goes over them carefully, checking each one he thinks he might have a chance of breaking. With this in mind he lays out his year's campaign.

A great deal of the actual planning, however, has been done much earlier. If you plan to catch a big fish of a particular kind, you need to know where and when it can be found, and what it will strike. For many years Martin has been filling a whole pile of black notebooks with statistical data: dates and locations where certain fish were seen or caught, their size, bait used, stomach contents, time of day and tide, type of bottom—just about everything pertinent. He gathers this information from commercial fishermen, charterboat captains, other fishermen, his own experience. Studying this tremendous mass of statistics, Martin can predict with amazing accuracy where any game fish in Florida will be found at any time of the year.

He knew that in September he would find amberjacks around the wreck of an old ship lying six miles off Panama City Beach. And he knew the record he had the best chance of breaking at this spot and time was for 20-pound line.

Some of Roy Martin's friends say that he eats, breathes and sleeps fish. This is not true. Roy never eats fish. The only reason he ever keeps fish, aside from possible records and those needed for photographs, is to analyze stomach contents. But he pursues them with a single-mindedness that is close to fanaticism. He estimates that he fishes at least one or two hours a day, an average of 300 days a year. And talks fishing a good portion of 365. In fact, he has come to talk about fish as if they were people. And on the rare occasions when he can be diverted from his favorite subject, he will talk about people as if they were fish. (I once heard him describe a lady of our mutual acquaintance as a Portuguese Man of War, meaning she was beautiful, fragile looking and poisonous.)

Now the amberjack, Martin says, is like some of those characters you see on television thrillers: psychotic, given to spells of sulking silence but also to insane frenzies when it will attack and try to kill anything it can reach.

The trick is to stir the amberjack into a frenzy.

Another of the Martin Maxims (he is a great man for condensing a vast amount of fishing knowledge into a few words) is that if you want to catch a record fish from a charterboat, you have to study your charter captain almost as closely as you do your fish. Some captains simply are not interested in records. They have neither the patience nor skill to work toward a single fish on a specific type of tackle. For the amberjack, Martin chose Buster Niquet, a personal friend, who skippers the *Sea Foam* out of Panama City Beach.

It was a gray day with a thin, steady drizzle falling. The water was choppy. It was not a day many people would have liked for fishing. But Martin's favorite maxim is "I fish at the fish's convenience, not mine." His pile of black books indicates that most fish, fresh and salt water, strike best on an overcast day with at least a riffle on the water. (Martin also fishes at all other times and weathers, but this is aside from the point.)

This was the 13th trip he and Niquet had made to the sunken wreck in search of a record. They knew by now that it was much easier to rally the amberjack

in the spring than in the fall. In the spring, a mere churning of the boat's propeller, or beating the surface with a gaff, will sometimes bring amberjack boiling to the surface by the hundreds, all fighting mad. In the fall the fish are more difficult to "agitate," as Roy phrases it. But they are also bigger.

Using heavy tackle (much heavier than the 20-pound line on which he hoped to set a record), Martin put a live blue runner over the side and let it head for the bottom. For awhile nothing happened.

The *Sea Foam* drifted away from the wreck, and Captain Niquet brought it back. On the third pass there was a strike. With the heavy tackle Martin hauled in fast.

It was a barracuda, and no amberjack followed.

So it was to be done over again.

Eventually a 20-pound amberjack took the bait. Martin derricked it in because, he says, the faster you lift an amberjack out of deep water the more it agitates its neighbors. Now he brought it to within 20 feet of the boat, then made the line fast, leaving the fish in the water. Soon other amberjack began to flash back and forth around the *Sea Foam,* coming up to see what in hell was going on.

Martin changed to his 20-pound tackle, using a live Mexican snapper for bait.

"The trouble was," he told me later, "the small fish are faster and meaner than the big ones. They crowd in around the boat. And when you get 'em really agitated they'll strike at anything. Once, on a bet, I put 600 pounds on the deck and over the other side in the water again, within an hour using nothing but a gaff with a piece of white rag on it. So now every time I cast, one of these 20-to 30-pounders would hit my bait before the big boys had a chance."

In the clear Gulf water he could see big fish. They lay around the outer perimeter of the mob of smaller ones, six to seven feet below the surface. Whenever he saw the shadow of a really big one he would cast for it—and a smaller fish would snatch the bait. Then would follow a five to 15-minute fight before he could land the fish and release it.

"We're going to have to get rid of some of those little fellows," Captain Niquet said. So when Martin brought in the next fish, Niquet tied a bit of white cloth to its tail and threw it back over. The released fish headed for the bottom, and with it, chasing the white cloth, went a horde of others. The outer circle of big fish remained almost unchanged.

Martin caught 21 amberjack before he got the strike he had come for. In the instant he saw the big fish strike he knew this was the one. Then it was out of sight, heading down and away in one long, bull-like run.

The Martin Maxims for landing big fish on light tackle are several. First: "A fish never broke a fisherman's tackle; the fisherman breaks it." Second: "You don't play the fish, the fish plays you." Consequently he doesn't believe in trying to turn a fish's first run by heavy pressure. "Like a man," Roy says, "a fish can run as fast as he can go for just so far. Then he's got to stop and pant awhile. While he's panting, you can get a little of your line back."

This fight would have been a fairly routine one for Martin, except for one thing. The amberjack had been on for about five minutes when it took off with a rush that didn't fit the pattern, and an instant later Roy saw the reason. An eight-foot hammerhead shark was after it.

"I could see my record going down that shark's gullet," Martin said later, "because if I kept pressure on the amberjack there wasn't anything in the world going to keep that shark from grabbing him."

So he threw a completely free reel on the amberjack and the fish took off. "I knew it could outrun the shark if given a chance," Martin told me. "Buster headed the *Sea Foam* after the fish, and all of us headed for Mexico."

The race went on for perhaps 300 yards. The shark disappeared. Martin and the amberjack went at it again.

And again the shark showed up. Once more Roy gave his amberjack a free reel, and the *Sea Foam* followed.

When Martin finally pulled the fish aboard, an hour and 20 minutes after hooking it, they were three miles from where the fight had started. The amberjack weighed 62 pounds, 12 ounces. The date was September 1, 1953.

It was a week after this that he stopped again at my house to tell me about the amberjack and to ask if I wanted to go to Boca Grande with him to catch a record permit. I wanted to go all right but unfortunately had to work for a living. Roy also works for a living, but there is a very shrewd business brain back of that full-moon face. He has learned how to make the thing he likes pay off.

During World War II Martin, a native of Evansville, Indiana, was stationed briefly in Panama City, Florida, and got a taste of the fishing. It changed his life's pattern. Until then he had liked to fish, but his ambition had been to play professional baseball. After graduation from Evansville high school, he had played on a semipro team in the daytime while taking night classes in mechanics and salesmanship at a General Motors school.

Roy thinks now he might have made the majors, and some of the men who played with him agree. He hit the long ball. But about this time the war caught up with him. He went in the infantry and his wife Dolores, whom he had courted in high school, joined the Waves. "I guess she did more for the war effort than I did," Roy says now. "All I ever did in the Army was play baseball with one of the service teams."

This might have helped his baseball career if it had not also put him in touch with Florida fishing, which corrupted him. Immediately after his discharge, he and Dolores came back to Panama City Beach where Roy got a job operating the fishing pier. He also built a couple of cottages to rent to summer tourists.

When he set his first world record, more or less by accident, in April, 1952 (a 49-pound, 15-ounce cobia on 12-pound line caught from his own pier) and followed it up a month later with a second record, it caused such a commotion that he immediately realized he was on to a good thing. Catching record fish was not only fun, it brought a lot of fishermen to ask his advice, and some of them rented cottages. They crowded onto his dock. They bought lots and lots of tackle.

The good thing got better as Martin piled record on record. Back of his home he opened a second store. Here he kept his prize fish mounted on the walls. When this left no room for shelves he began to hang them from the ceiling. The resulting impression was more like a minnow's nightmare than a general store—but it attracted fishermen in hordes. He took over the concession at the nearby St. Andrews State Park, which caters chiefly to fishermen. He was elected mayor of Panama City Beach, a job which consists mostly of answering questions about the local fishing. And he had to build more cottages—he now has 18—to take care of the people who wrote for reservations after reading about the fish he caught.

It was not, however, all skittles and fishing. "The trouble with owning rental property," Martin says, "is that it has to be kept in repair. If it's not a toilet that's stopped up, it's two sinks. If a fuse hasn't blown, some kid has punched a hole in the screen and the mosquitoes are coming in." As a result from the 1st of June until the 1st of September during the "season," Martin is a kind of whirling dervish handyman. In his whirling he is usually followed by from two to a dozen persons who are either asking advice about fishing, or just talking fishing. Martin estimates he answers an average of one million questions each summer.

Yet even in the summer he manages to get in some fishing of his own. If he's

1.

tending shop on his dock, he works with a line hung out the window. And every morning, winter or summer, he is up at daylight. This sometimes lets him get a jump on his tenants.

But come Labor Day, Panama City Beach closes like a clam at low tide. Simultaneously, Martin emerges, to make up for not having fished more than half the days in the summer. "After Labor Day," he says, "Dolores and I try to get in at least an hour or so of fishing just about every day."

I once asked him if his intense concentration on fishing did not cause domestic troubles. Roy takes all questions seriously, and he pondered on this. "Well," he said, "Dolores and I sometimes argue about who is going to stay in the office while the other one goes on the dock. But we fish together whenever we can in the summer, and most of the time in the winter. You know, she has four world records of her own." He pondered a little longer. "I guess we are one couple that gets along real well."

Their friends agree.

As the Martin collection of records piled higher, tackle companies began to hire Roy, at fairly fantastic rates, to give lectures and exhibitions. They also furnish him with free tackle, including boats and motors, in order to benefit by the publicity that accompanied his achievement. Fishing tournaments hired him as judge while the big invitational tournaments, such as the World Series of Fishing, frequently seek him and Dolores as contestants.

With all this, Roy no longer thinks of his fishing as a hobby but rather an essential part of his business. His "hobby" nowadays is photography. He began this in order to photograph fish he caught.

However, all this was just beginning, with only 11 world records, when he stopped by my house that September. He was on his way back to Boca Grande to catch a record permit. He had it all planned.

Roy had discovered these permit three years before by accident. With his cottages closed for the winter, he had gone to Boca Grande for some tarpon fishing. There one afternoon he saw people fishing off the phosphate docks. They were using shedder crabs for bait and handmade rods and reels with only about 50 yards of line. They were after redfish, as Floridians call channel bass, but more often they were hooking into something else that stripped their reels or snapped their lines.

The fishermen were dark-skinned people who spoke a language Roy could not understand (later he learned they were Greeks) but this was only a minor handicap. By signs, shouting and waving his arms he managed to buy some of their crabs. Then he too was losing tackle. But he caught enough to learn the fish were permit.

The permit is a rover, a hobo who rarely stays anywhere for very long. "But fish," Roy swears, "have routes they follow just the way you and I follow a road, or birds follow flyways. If you study fish, you'll find that many kinds show up in the same places just about the same time every year. So I had an idea from the first those permit might work that way."

By the next September he was sure of it, having filled up another of his black notebooks with data compiled by letters and conversations. Around Boca Grande the tarpon is king; few persons bother with permit. But Roy did learn that these arrived at the phosphate docks each year about the 1st of September, were there for a month to six weeks and gone again. They were consistently large. And they struck best on the first two hours of a dropping tide.

Roy calls the permit a hobo not only because of its migratory habits, but also because of its way, when hooked, of grabbing a ride with the passing tide: it turns its wide, flat body broadside and so pulls not only with its own strength, but with that of the tide also. In Boca Grande where the tide runs like a race horse, this made the permit almost impossible to handle from a dock. "I learned that last year," Roy told me. "But this year when they ride with the tide, I'm going to ride with 'em. In a boat."

Two months later I saw him again and he told me about the permit and the giant sea bass.

At Boca Grande he had hired Captain Bill Hunter to work with him. Hunter would pull his boat up near the phosphate docks and hold it steady against the tide which was just beginning to drop. Using shedder crab for bait, Martin would cast and wait.

For this first fish he had 130-pound line. And for Martin, who by now was fully aware of the value of record catches, the reason for the heavy tackle was quite simple: on the IGFA records the 130-pound category was open. Nobody had ever entered a fish in it. And a record, as Gertrude Stein might have said, is a record is a record.

Martin hooked a fair one. If he had been on the dock he might well have lost it even with his heavy tackle. Now when the permit went with the tide, Bill Hunter let his boat drift with it. Martin kept up a steady but not heavy pressure. The fish fought and the tide ran and the boat and fish moved far down the pass. It took 20 minutes to bring the 38-pound, 8-ounce permit to gaff.

Martin was not particularly proud of it, but he had filled that category in the record book. And he had learned something about working permit from a boat in a fast tide. Next day he and Captain Hunter were back again. Now he was using 12-pound line.

He caught fish that day, but set no records. So next day, with the first of the outgoing tide, he was there again, on one of those days most fishermen would have stayed home. Rain came in sudden nasty gusts. Even in the pass the water was rough. Roy hooked a permit, and by the time he got it aboard and knew it wasn't a record more than an hour was gone. At best there'd be time for only one more before the fish quit striking.

Martin is a great believer in the lunar tables for fresh water fish and the time of the tide for most varieties of salt water fish. The Martin Maxim on this: "Even a hog won't eat *all* the time. You and I feed at certain times of the day, and so do fish." Fish, he adds, are "moon moody."

He hooked it. From the first, he told me later, he suspected this was a really good one. Within 15 minutes he was sure of it. The permit went with the tide, and kept going, and going.

"When a fish makes a very long run," Martin says, "most fishermen begin to tighten down on the drag. And that's when you snap a light line. The farther a fish runs from me, the less drag I put on him, because if he makes a really long run the weight of the line itself is going to be enough.

"I had as much time as he did," Roy told me. "And once you get them hooked it's just a matter of who gives out first."

The odds were all against the permit. The biggest fish Roy has ever caught was

2.

3.

a 1,236-pound devilfish that he hooked at 5:15 one afternoon on 72-pound line. He brought it to gaff at 2:30 *the next morning*. The fish was so big the boat almost capsized when they tried to get it aboard. So it had to be towed ashore, the entire process taking just over 14 hours, with Martin holding on all the time.

So now it was the permit that gave out first. An hour and 25 minutes after hooking it, Roy brought it aboard. It weighed 42 pounds, 4 ounces—not only the heaviest permit ever taken on 12-pound line, but the heaviest of its kind ever taken on *any* tackle up to that time.

That was September 11. Two mornings later he was looking over the rail on Long Key bridge at the giant sea bass in the clear water below. This, if he got it, was to be his fourth world record in 13 days, and as with the others he had it all figured out ahead of time.

In his almost devout pursuit of record fish Martin overlooks few bets. He is an omnivorous reader of TRUE, the fishing magazines and newspapers. He collects people who know about fish, from commercial fishermen to professors of ichthyology. He spends hours hanging around docks. It was in this way he once met and became friendly with a Key West diver whose job was checking the bridge piling on the Overseas Highway. On his job the diver often met large fish face to face. Whenever he met a particularly large one that seemed to have taken up a permanent abode in some spot, he would pass the word to Martin. It was from this diving friend Roy had learned about the giant sea bass at Pier 172.

The giant sea bass, Martin says, is a Chicago gangster type of fish. He takes over a certain area and it's his. He doesn't move often, and when he does, his first action in a new spot is to case the joint. He wants a place that offers plenty of protection: piling, submerged rocks, an old wreck. When he finds what he wants, he makes a study of every entrance and exit. Then, if hooked, he makes for the closest refuge and once in his hole or wrapped around a piling, nothing short of a wire cable and an electric winch is going to move him. However, once removed from his own background, he's not so tough after all.

This particular mobster had staked out his territory behind the piling and near the wreck of an old railroad car left over from the hurricane of 1932.

"A giant sea bass," Martin says, "feeds best on the turn of the tide, when it is just beginning to run. He is so big and bulky he can't handle himself well in a really fast tide. Then he gets back of a piling or rock and hides. And since he lives usually in comparatively shallow water, 10 to 20 feet, he spooks easily."

That was Martin's problem now, and the reason for his complicated approach. He left the older Powers on the bridge as a sort of aerial observer while he and the boy got back in the car, crossed to the far side and got in the skiff which had been placed here the night before. With young Ed Powers at the outboard they took up a position about 100 feet uptide from Pier 172.

"He's still here," the older Powers called from the bridge, "right where he was."

"All right," Martin said. Ed Powers cut off the motor and let an anchor slip gently over the side. He didn't make the anchor line fast but held it in his hands. The tide was still moving gently, going toward the Atlantic.

The Martin Maxim for hooking really big fish is that a big man likes a big steak and a big fish likes a big bait. And there is nothing, Martin believes, quite as delectable from the big fish's point of view as a four- or five-pound octopus. For the giant sea bass, the warsaw grouper, huge snappers, even the amberjack when he refuses to rally and must be hooked near the bottom, Martin puts total faith in the octopus. Unfortunately, octopuses are available in Florida for only a brief period each year, and at this time Martin had not learned to freeze them as he does now to insure a year-round supply. Consequently he hooked on a live two-pound jack crevalle, slid it gently over the side of the skiff and let it drift back toward the giant sea bass.

Powers on the bridge directed the operation like a radio announcer describing a baseball game. "Your bait is about 20 feet away. About 15 feet. 12 feet. It's a little off to this side. See if you can move it over a bit. The fish sees it! He's looking at it!"

And then, his voice rising like an announcer's, *"It's going, going . . .* Get ready! He's—."

Now it was Martin and the giant sea bass. "With them," Roy says, "the biggest part of the fight, the most important part, is in these first few minutes. If he gets back of the piling or gets in his hole, he'll cut the line, and there's nothing you can do."

So Martin and the giant sea bass fought it out. There was a time when it looked as if the rail of the skiff was going under. Young Powers hung over the after gunwale for balance. He had fished with Roy before and knew the boat would sink before Roy gave up his fight. But the tide was running faster now. And all at once the great fish quit fighting to reach his hole and went with the tide.

"All right!" Martin yelled.

Breathing hard with relief, young Powers pulled up the anchor. After that it was just a free ride for more than a mile before the fish was alongside.

It weighed 203 pounds. Taken on 130-pound line it was a record, and from Martin's point of view a record is a record. But also from his point of view it was not a particularly big one. He had already caught a 197-pound giant sea bass on 30-pound line, and a year and a half later he would take a 389-pounder on 130-pound line, and follow that a few days later with a 186-pounder on 20-pound line. This last one was taken from a bridge in the Keys, and in doing it Martin used his most complicated fishing trick: throwing his rod into the sea and recovering it again.

This was a trick he had devised for catching tarpon (at this writing he has landed 1,293 of them) from bridges. Hooked from a bridge, tarpon often turn and run underneath it. In this predicament the fisherman can cut his line, break his rod or throw it overboard. Martin learned how to throw his rod overboard—and recover it on the other side.

Like the rest of his fishing methods, this stunt is built on solid knowledge of fish and on preparation. "Invariably," Martin says, "if you take all the pressure off a fish that has been fighting for some time, it will make only a very short run and stop to rest—unless, of course, there is a shark after it like the one that chased my amberjack." So when Roy hooks a tarpon that runs under the bridge from which he is fishing, he gives it a free reel. The tarpon goes on a few more yards and stops.

Now comes the preparation. When he fishes from a bridge, Martin carries, fastened to his belt, a long line with a cork float on one end and a snap on the other. Now he fastens the snap to his reel and drops the float, at the other end of the line, over the side of the bridge. He leans his rod, with no drag on the reel, against the rail and rushes across the bridge to the other side. The tide carries the float beneath the bridge and Martin, using another prepared line with a snatch hook on the end, recaptures the float and pulls it up. Once more he rushes across the bridge to where the rod was left. He makes a couple of quick turns around the reel handle with the line to keep it from stripping, and throws the rod overboard. Back across the bridge again he rushes, grabs the float and hauls in the line fastened to it with the rod on the end. At this point he is ready to resume the battle.

I was with him in the Keys one night when he was showing this trick to two tourists. One of them had a very expensive foreign outfit, and it was obvious he had misgivings about this method of fishing. On the other hand, both he and his partner desperately wanted a tarpon.

It was the man with the expensive outfit who hooked one. Three times it jumped beautifully in front of us, huge and glittering in the moonlight. Then abruptly it changed tactics, decided to go with the tide and charged under the bridge. With Roy coaching, the tourist gave it free line. He let Roy fasten the clip to his reel and throw the float over. Now Roy ran across the bridge and recovered the float himself. "All right," he yelled. "Throw the rod over!"

The man turned to stare at him as though he had heard nothing of what had gone on before. "What?" he said.

"Throw your rod over!"

"Throw what?" the man cried. "This rod?" And then shouting, "You fat slob, if you think I'm going to throw this rod in the ocean you're crazy!"

At this point his companion grabbed the rod out of his hands and hurled it over the rail. "I don't give a damn if he *is* crazy!" he yelled. "He knows more about fishing than anybody else in this country!"

Roy is a long-time friend of mine and one of the nicest guys I ever knew. But I couldn't argue with that last sentence.

—Wyatt Blassingame

The Wing That Does Everything

[*Continued from page* 58]

and tried for sales success again. Breck's, a mail-order house in Boston, sold about 5,000. B. Altman's, in New York, sold more. A kingsize 50-inch kite retailed for $3; a smaller 25-incher went for $2. Considerable interest was generated. Stories on the Flexikite appeared in magazines and newspapers. Dave Garroway's TV program and the Howdy Doody show featured it.

"I was encouraged," Rogallo says. "I felt we had a nice, successful toy, if nothing else. And there was always the chance, of course, that the kite would generate interest on the part of the government for more serious applications."

The hope was groundless. Before long, after about 9,000 Flexikites had been sold, interest in the toy waned, too. Mr. Rogallo's fabulous kite floated quietly into oblivion. The year was 1955.

And then, in October, 1957, the Russians shot a thing called Sputnik into orbit and suddenly every piece of space hardware in the U.S. was taken off the shelf and treated with new respect. Rogallo lost no time in reminding the front office of his kite.

"Space vehicles will have to return to earth," Rogallo said. "And my parawing will bring them in through the air blanket without their turning into blobs of meteoric fire due to the heat of friction."

"You mean you want to use *cloth* to put the brakes on a space ship?" doubters asked Rogallo. "It would be ripped to shreds in a millionth of a second!"

Rogallo replied that he would, indeed, use cloth—cloth made of heat-resistant steel mesh sealed with silicone or some other ceramic material. As for being torn to shreds, it wouldn't happen. "The wing would begin its braking action at a great distance from earth," Rogallo explained. "The deceleration would be very gradual. In fact, my figures indicate that a man in a capsule which used my wing would not experience as much G-load as a pilot in a hard-turning jet fighter."

So, at last, they gave Francis Rogallo a big modern laboratory to work in and with the impetus of a life-long dream, he worked fast and well. Luckily, the triangular configuration of the Flexikite was easy to reproduce in all sorts of materials. Rogallo started with aluminum foil, a step-ladder, and one of the NASA's bigger laboratory rooms. He climbed the step-ladder and sailed the wing across the room. It behaved beautifully, had a spectacular glide angle, and seemed to be stable.

"Of course it works well inside a building, no winds, updrafts or turbulence," said the doubters. "But what will it do outside?"

Rogallo felt it would do equally well outside, and he proved it by tossing models of his wing, folded into kits, from hovering helicopters. The kits deployed like well-behaved parachutes and the Rogallo wings glided gayly off in the distance, undaunted by updrafts, rotor turbulence, and other disturbances. Rogallo got bolder. Instead of merely deploying one wing, he threw out kits which contained *six* wings, fastened one above the other, like a Chinese kite. They worked perfectly—and, as Rogallo pointed out, they offered nearly six times the lift without the awkward bulk of a single wing six times as large. NASA officials began to stare at this crazy kite with a gleam in their eyes.

"Frank," they said, "do you think you could make an airplane using your wing?"

"Yes," Rogallo replied. "I can do that."

The flying model that Rogallo came up with was so promising that Ryan Aeronautical Company went ahead and built a full-size airplane to test in manned flight. This model, which has four castors on legs and resembles a bedstead hung under a kite, was first flown at Brown Naval Air Station, near San Diego, California.

Lou Everett, Ryan's test pilot, was strapped to an old seat salvaged from a light plane. He held a control yoke borrowed from a World War II bomber. Mounted behind him was a small 100-horsepower engine with a pusher propeller. Overhead was a big arrowhead kite—555 square feet of nylon sealed with Mylar—a sail that shadowed the pilot from the sun like a huge tent. Long wires, working inside flexible cables (like the controls of a bicycle hand brake) led from the pilot's control panel back to the engine. A gravity-feed fuel tank was tucked up above the pilot's head. Lou Everett, even though he had seen Rogallo's scale model of this flying machine perform well in tests, was nevertheless slightly nervous. The Flex-Wing represented a miniscule investment as plane prototypes go. If it ended up in a tangle of spars and fabric the only really big loser would be Lou Everett.

Lou fired up the dinky engine, taxied to the end of the runway, made a preflight check which consisted of looking up to see if all the wires and hinges were still attached, and poured on the coal.

Everett circled the field at Brown Naval Station, getting the feel of his new bird, then made a high-speed run for the Ryan engineers—a blistering 52 mph—and came in for the first four-poster landing in Ryan history. Since then, Everett has completed more than 200 flights at Brown and the Flying Bedstead has been shipped to Langley Field, Virginia, where NASA scientists have put it through full-scale wind-tunnel tests.

When I went to visit Frank Rogallo in his office at the Langley Research Center not long ago I found a dashing-looking man who wouldn't look out of place in a Hollywood musical. He was brisk and friendly. I got right down to business with a question.

"Could Colonel Glenn have used your parawing instead of his heat shield on the Mercury orbit?"

"Yes indeed," Rogallo replied. "And if he had had one he would have started re-entry much sooner and he would have come in much more gradually. No fireworks. Very little G-load."

Rogallo then smiled and told me, "They've selected the parawing for *Gemini*. I guess you've heard."

I had heard. *Gemini* is the follow-on for the Mercury project. It is a larger capsule built for two men. It will be boosted into orbit by a new and improved Titan booster, can orbit for two weeks instead of just a few hours, and will test out systems to be used later in *Apollo*, America's manned moon vehicle. *Gemini*, in short, is a very important project. And the selection of a 45-foot Rogallo wing, as the re-entry air brake, is solid cause for satisfaction for Frank Rogallo.

Let us imagine for a moment, what it will be like to ride in the *Apollo* as it returns from a trip to the moon. There is no sensation of speed as we peer through the space ports, inbound for earth. The stars do not twinkle, since there is no air out here to diffract their light. They are steady brilliant points in the velvet dark. We dare not look directly at the blazing sun in outer space, since its naked light is not filtered by the air of earth and might blind us with retinal burns.

TRUE

"Ignore Miss Gilbert, she has a sex problem."

The earth, however, we can look at. It is an awesome cloud-streaked ball, glowing in the sunlight against the utter blackness of deep space, and it is slowly growing larger as our *Apollo* space craft streaks toward it at thousands of miles per hour. We see the giant shadow of night creeping over Asia; we see Africa blazing bright and fierce with desert; we see a monster cottony front obscuring half of the Atlantic ocean, which appears dark luminous blue in the sunshine.

And now, outside, there is a sudden flare of fire as the retro-rockets fire—and a mild deceleration inside the ship. The space pilots are beginning their shift from interplanetary flight to a simple earth orbit. The earth is very huge now, looming fearsomely ahead, filling the whole sky. There is a slight jar, and the fierce light of the sun is blotted out of our space-port. A giant kite made of heat-resistant metal mesh, sealed with ceramics has deployed and is hiding the sun. Now the wing takes its first whisper of a bite as the space ship slides into a circular orbit and moves parallel to the earth. India slides eerily by below us, the snowy peaks of the Himalayas looking like mountains on a dinkytoy railroad; we slice high over China into the blue reaches of the Pacific ocean; and now the tugging of the Rogallo wing is more insistent—though still quite gentle and not alarming.

It requires three orbits of the earth to slow down sufficiently to land—but three orbits after the long jump across the awesome gulf between moon and earth are nothing. At the end of the third orbit we are over California. The pilots now control the descent in the same manner Lou Everett controlled his old Ryan Flex-Wing. The landing speed is slow. There's a soft brushing jar, and we are on the runway, home free, back from the moon.

NASA is currently conducting a series of tests on Rogallo wings as recovery devices for the multimillion-dollar *Saturn* first-stage boosters. These monster rockets will tower up to 265 feet in height. Such ponderous birds rise slowly from the launch pad, using enormous energy, and the first-stage boosters are costly, complex and hard to transport. If they plop into the sea on every shot—there goes several million dollars. The problem is how to stop this waste.

Exact scale models of the *Saturn* rocket have been fired from the NASA facility at Wallops Island, Virginia. The first stage of the model has—after burnout—been brought back, again and again, by radio-controlled Rogallo wings. In this way, full-scale *Saturn* boosters will be "flown" back to down-range island sites. Each one salvaged is worth $2 million.

Less spectacular (but highly practical) applications of the Rogallo wing are turning up constantly. Ryan Aeronautical envisions it as revolutionizing military logistics. H. C. Cotton, Ryan's Director of Flexible Wing Research, says: "A flexible wing can be towed behind a helicopter or a fixed-wing plane with payloads of 10,000 pounds or more suspended under the glider. Fuel, food, weapons and ammunition can be transported in this manner. The flexible wing glider can then be cut loose and flown to a safe landing—either remotely or by a pilot in the Flex-Wing itself."

As anyone knows who has watched a mass paradrop, the men and equipment are at the mercy of shifting winds and can drift into trees or dangerous terrain. A parawing drop, on the other hand, may be guided with precision to the safest and most strategic battle positions—which might make the difference between victory and defeat in an airborne assault.

The U. S. Army is eyeing the Ryan Flex-Wing with increasing interest. The new Army jet helicopter, the *Chinook*, is capable of carrying large loads internally—but its carrying capacity is boosted six times when Flex-Wings are towed behind it. Maj. Gen. Richard D. Meyers of the Army's Transportation Office says, "Applications of the flexible wing are limited only by the imagination of military planners."

And this imagination, fortunately, is not lacking. Col. John Gregory, a brilliant young planner of new weapons for the Air Force's Tactical Air Command, says he is looking seriously at the Rogallo wing as a "STOL kit" for F-100 jet fighters. STOL means "Short Takeoff and Landing." What Colonel Gregory has in mind is stowing a quick-deploying Rogallo wing in the backbone of each F-100. These big jets are deadly weapons, once you get them into the air, but they are notorious ground lovers, requiring many thousands of feet of heavy concrete runway to get airborne with a full load. Such runways simply aren't available in many backward nations where our Tactical Air Command might have to go to fight a brush-fire war. But with Rogallo wings to help during takeoff and landing the jets could use smaller fields with less heavy runways—maybe 1,500 foot strips instead of 8,000 feet.

The U. S. Marines, too, are getting into the act. The Corps is currently conducting tests of the Ryan Flex-Wing as a surveillance drone which could be sent over enemy lines during combat to take still pictures or transmit TV. Models of the proposed drone are being launched by the Marines from the top of a speeding Jeep at their California test area.

Will Francis Rogallo get anything out of his wing except a mention in aviation's history books? It is too early to tell, but indications are that this patient man may be on the way to a pot of gold as well as a bronze plaque. His wing is covered by a broad patent. Two licenses have already been let. In the toy field alone, it looks like a new bonanza for the Rogallo wing.

Some manufacturer may soon make a light-plane for civilian use. It will be the ideal plane for the novice aviator. If the engine quit on a Rogallo-type plane, the landing would be so slow that the pilot could recite the Lord's Prayer 20 or 30 times while picking out his field.

The world of aviation has finally paused, it seems, and is eyeing Frank Rogallo's door speculatively. One of these days, business men with little packets of green paper clutched in their hands will be pounding on it.

—Frank Harvey

Railroad Through a Snowbound Hell

[*Continued from page* 55]

timber wolf. It didn't look as though it would stand for civilization.

Tancrede looked northward to the massive, mile-high mountains that brooded over the coastal flat. Build a railroad up into that vastness of snow and granite? No—it was madness!

"It can't be done," said Tancrede. He shook his head gloomily. "We'd go bankrupt trying."

Next to Tancrede, quietly, stood a younger railroad engineer named Samuel Haughton Graves. Graves was a man of medium height and stocky build. His calm blue eyes swept the mountain peaks that towered above. Graves felt the bigness and desolation of the North too, and in his bones was also the feeling that Man might be beaten in his attempt to tame it. But Graves was perhaps more af a dreamer than the old man. As Graves looked up at the mountains that separated the bleak coastal gravel flat from the great, rich, lonely country beyond, he imagined a locomotive hauling men and freight through the frozen canyons.

"Come on," said Graves. "I'll buy you a drink." They squelched across the boggy street to the St. James Hotel.

It was early spring, 1898, and the Klondike Gold Rush was two years old and just getting rolling. Thousands of men had piled into the region to try their luck and thousands more were on their way. Their jumping-off place was Skagway on the Alaskan coast. From Skagway they went 110 miles overland to reach the Yukon River and then down the Yukon to the mouth of the Klondike.

The overland trail wound its tortured way through such brutal country that it was a test of the ultimate in sheer endurance. It was a horse-killer and a man-killer. That anybody tried it at all is a tribute to the blind stubbornness of the human spirit and to the lure of gold. But plenty did try it, packing their gear in by horse. A great many horses, and not a few men, died on the way.

Horses and mules were selling in Skagway for fantastic prices. The services of a man and a mule could be had at a price of $1,000 for the first 40 miles of the trail. So there was no doubt that a railroad, if built before the rush petered out, would have all the business it could handle. It could be a fabulously paying proposition.

That is why Sam Graves and Sir Thomas Tancrede were in Skagway. A group of London financiers had hired them to find out if the railroad could be built. Tancrede had come over from England. The company employed Graves in the U.S. on the strength of his well-deserved reputation. Both men, as they en-

tered the St. James Hotel, were feeling pretty discouraged about the prospects.

The St. James served an honest drink and a good meal at exorbitant boomtown prices. Tancrede and Graves sat down at an oak table. Graves began to talk. In his quiet, calm way he went through all the reasons why he thought the first railroad in Alaska could and should be built. He pointed out that, if the railroad succeeded, his and Tancrede's reputations as engineers would be written into history. Furthermore, since they could buy stock in the venture, they stood to make a fortune.

But old Tancrede shook his head gloomily. "There is a certain point, Graves, where a thing ceases to be a business risk and becomes an outright gamble. There are too many uncertainties here. The company is ready to put $10 million into this, but for all we know the money may be used up before we've built halfway through the mountains." Tancrede pulled unhappily at his mustache. "I'm an old man, Graves. I can't risk losing what reputation I have. If we recommend this venture to London, and if it turns out to be as mad a venture as I think it is, you and I will be finished as railroad engineers. Finished, Graves—finished."

"I think you're wrong, sir," boomed a voice beside Tancrede.

Tancrede and Graves looked up. Standing beside their table was a man who stood inches over six feet tall and must have weighed well over 200 pounds, none of it fat. He had black hair, thick black eyebrows and steel-gray eyes. Obviously he'd just come in from the gold trail. His boots were plastered with mud; his pants and jacket were ripped ragged; his face was sunburned and blistered, and there was a thick blue-black stubble on his massive square jaw.

"I'm Mike Heney," he said. "You're Sir Thomas Tancrede and Mr. Sam Graves? I heard you were here and why. Now, about this railroad—"

"We've decided against it," Tancrede said.

"Mind if I sit down?"

Big Mike Heney was a Canadian-born engineer who'd spent his life building railroads in Canada and the U.S. He was only 35, but he already had an impressive array of engineering feats to his credit. He'd come to the Klondike on his own to look over the railroad possibilities. He'd spent months going back and forth over the trail. He'd worked out several rail routes that he thought feasible, and now he was looking for financial backing.

He sat down with Tancrede and Graves. He talked for three hours. He showed, step by step, how the railroad could be built from Skagway, over the White Pass, into the gentler country beyond. Every time Tancrede or Graves came up with an engineering objection he had an answer for it.

When he finished talking, Tancrede and Graves sat silent for a long while, looking at each other. Slowly Sir Thomas pulled a cigar from his pocket, lit it, leaned back in his chair and blew a cloud of smoke at the ceiling.

"Mr. Heney," said Sir Thomas, "how long do you estimate it would take to build this railroad?"

"From Skagway to the Yukon River," said Heney, "two years."

Tancrede sat bolt upright in his chair. "Two years? Impossible!"

"It can be done," said Heney. "I know it can."

"It'll have to be," said Graves. "We've got to finish while the gold rush is still at its height."

Tancrede leaned toward Heney. "Mr. Heney, are you prepared to risk some of your own money in this venture?"

"Of course. That's what I'm here for."

Tancrede sat silent for another few minutes, chewing his cigar. Finally he said: "All right, Mr. Heney. We'll gamble with you. Will you accept the post of chief engineer?"

Heney shot out a huge, scarred hand. "Done," he said.

Thus the White Pass & Yukon Railway Company was formed.

Tancrede went home to London to report to the financiers. Graves, installed as president of the new railway company, went to Seattle to gather supplies, equipment and horses. Big Mike Heney began hiring a crew. There weren't many experienced railroad men in Skagway, but there were plenty of prospectors looking for jobs. Some were men who were waiting for friends or money to arrive. Others were men who'd been to the Klondike, lost their shirts and were now trying to work up a new grubstake. There were schoolteachers, artists, poets. It was probably the best-educated railroad crew ever put together.

Big Mike knew it wasn't an ideal crew, but he figured he could make it do the job by hiring tough, dependable, experienced foremen. He traveled as far as Seattle to find the lieutenants he wanted. One was a red-headed Irishman named Wally Foy, as big as Mike Heney himself. Another was Stikine Bill Robinson, beside whom even Big Mike and Wally Foy looked like normal-sized men. Stikine Bill (the nickname came from a river by which he'd once lived) stood six-and-a-half-feet tall and was built like a bull moose. He came from Maine. He'd worked on railroads all over Canada and the northern U.S. No one knew his age; some guessed 35, some guessed 50. He was normally a jovial man, but he was said once to have killed a bear by slugging it with a shovel. "It was bothering my crew," he explained later.

That May, 1898, supplies and horses began shipping into Skagway. The railroad men stored and corralled them in an area they called Camp One, on the outskirts of town.

Late one afternoon, just before construction was to start, a group of six men called at the office tent at Camp One. Sam Graves opened the door flap.

"We're from the mayor, Soapy Smith," one said. "We're collecting taxes."

Soapy Smith was Alaska's first big-time gangster. Since there was no real law in Skagway he'd made himself the law, voting himself the title of mayor and backing himself up with a gang of armed hoods. He and his men openly collected protection money from everybody in

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Skagway, actually shook down incoming ship passengers in broad daylight.

"Taxes?" said Graves.

"Yeah, taxes. We figure the railroad owes a thousand a week."

"One minute, please," said Graves, quietly. He turned back into the tent and said a few words to the men who were standing around the pot-bellied stove. Then he stepped out. Big Mike Heney followed him, and after Heney came Wally Foy, holding a pick. The six men took a nervous step backward. When Stikine Bill Robinson loomed in the doorway, carrying a shovel, they turned and shambled away without saying another word.

That night, however, Soapy Smith's men raided Camp One, made off with several horses and a load of valuable tools. When Graves found out about it in the morning his calm blue eyes took on a cold, dangerous glint. Graves was normally a quiet, amiable man. He seldom lost his temper. No one had ever seen him snappish or irritable over everyday frustrations. Unlike most other men he didn't have various degrees of anger; he was either totally calm or totally mad. On this particular morning—July 8, 1898—he was totally, consumingly enraged. And he decided to take action.

The citizens of Skagway were ready and willing. Most of them felt that action against Soapy Smith was long overdue. Soapy had a tavern in Skagway called Jeff's Place. Scores of men had left their gold there, robbed at the card tables or by violent means. And then a young miner named J. D. Stewart showed up in town with $3,000 in gold dust which he had just brought out from the Klondike. He was no match for Smith's boys. He was quickly spotted and 10 minutes later he was broke. But Stewart yelled. He let out a wail that could be heard to the farthest corners of the town.

It was the last straw so far as the honest citizens were concerned. All they needed now was leadership. And Sam Graves was ready to provide it. He had rifles handed out at breakfast to the engineers' mess tent. He sent Big Mike, Stikine Bill, Foy and others up the railroad's right-of-way to guard other camps where equipment was stored. Then he went into town, taking with him his chief surveyor, a tall, rangy, wire-hard man named Hislop. (Like almost everyone else in the North in those days, Hislop was better known by his nickname, Plumb Bob.)

Graves and Hislop got together with a group of the town's more honest merchants and formed a vigilante committee, with Graves as chairman. Committee members passed word around town that a mass meeting of citizens would be held that night on a wharf to work out an answer to the problem of Soapy.

Skagway was uneasily quiet all that day. Small knots of men stood about, talking low and nervously. As night fell men began to drift by twos and threes to the wharf. Graves' committee posted two men at the entrance to keep Soapy's men out. By 9 o'clock the wharf was crowded.

Then Soapy showed up. He carried a double-barreled Winchester repeater over the crook of his arm. Behind him were 14 of his roughest enforcers.

Soapy walked up to the wharf. One of the two holding the entrance was a man named Reid. He had been told to guard the door and he meant to do just that. Reid stepped square in Soapy's path. Soapy lifted the heavy rifle, ready to swing the butt down on Reid's head. Reid grabbed the rifle with one hand, slowly dropped the other into the pocket of his mackinaw. The pocket bulged with the sharp outline of a revolver barrel.

For a breathless second the scene froze. Of the hundreds gathered on the wharf, not a man moved. Reid and Soapy stared into each other's eyes. A cold wind sighed out to sea.

Then the scene exploded to life. Soapy snatched the rifle back and plunged the muzzle into Reid's stomach. A staccato burst of shots shattered the silence—four from each weapon. Soapy and Reid fell together on the wharf's wooden boards. Soapy was stone dead, shot straight through the heart. Reid lived only long enough to know he'd done his job well.

By the time Soapy hit the boards, his 14 enforcers were running forward. The other entrance guard was one of Heney's newly-hired crewmen, an Irishman named Murphy. Murphy was a small man, as quick of eye and movement as a sparrow. In a split second he snatched Soapy's Winchester and whipped its sight up to the leading enforcer's belly. The leader stopped. Another man started to take the lead. Murphy swung the rifle. A third man started, looked down the twin barrels, stopped.

Then Soapy's 14 men broke and ran. The crowd took off after them, lynch fever in its blood. Within an hour every man in town who had ever worked for Soapy was running for his life. Some were caught in town. Some were stopped as they tried to escape by sea. Others were nabbed by Big Mike Heney and his men as they fled up the gold trail.

Many of them were killed on sight by the angry townspeople. But Graves managed to get others herded into a wooden shanty that he converted into a jail. By threatening to throw them to the lynch mob, he got them to sign papers agreeing to be deported to Seattle at their own expense. Most were wanted for crimes in the U.S., so the Seattle police picked them up on arrival.

Having straightened out the town, Graves shucked his roles as police commissioner, judge, jury and prison warden, and went back to the business of being a railroad president.

Heney by now had started his grading crew to work under Stikine Bill. They began at the shipping wharves and headed north through town. As the roadbed inched along, the newly-elected Town Council, made up largely of merchants, suddenly got worried. The merchants were doing a booming business partly because—as they analyzed it—Skagway was crowded with men who couldn't scrape up money or courage to head up the trail. When the railroad started operating, they thought, the captive market would have a new way of getting out of town. Maybe business would then slacken off.

The Council's members let it be known that they expected the railroad to slip them a little consolation money under the table. Otherwise, they threatened, they'd put up legal barriers and prevent the railroad from laying tracks on its roadbed through town.

Graves pondered the matter. "They don't have a legal leg to stand on," he told Heney. "But they could cause us trouble."

"What kind of trouble? Wreck the roadbed? Steal our tools?"

Graves rubbed his jaw thoughtfully. "I don't know. I think the town has had enough of Soapy Smith's kind of law, and I doubt the Council really wants to start anything like that again. My hunch is they're bluffing, trying to scare us."

"Shall we tell them we won't pay?"

"Not yet. We won't say yes or no for a couple of days. We'll just act perplexed and see what happens."

The night before track-laying was due to start, the Council called a meeting. The meeting was well publicized, and Council members dropped hints about town that they'd be happy to welcome railroad representatives for a friendly talk.

The Council met at about 9 o'clock, poured drinks, sat down and waited.

And waited.

When midnight came and no railroad man had shown up, the Council angrily adjourned. The members agreed to meet early next morning at the wharves, where track-laying would start, and issue a formal injunction against the WP&Y's putting down its rails. Grim and brooding, the Councilmen went home to bed.

When they got down to the wharves next morning they found a mile of shiny new track cutting straight across town.

Heney had had a track-laying gang working all night. Now the scene was deserted. There were no railroad men in sight. There were only the roadbed and the rails, gleaming irrefutably in the sun.

The Councilmen shambled around for a while, scratching their heads. Then they went back to their stores. Their bluff was called. They never bothered the WP&Y again.

Thus, in the first mile of its advance, the White Pass & Yukon showed that it was not going to let itself be pushed around. Men had tried and failed. But now it was Nature's turn to try, and the challenge that Nature flung at the railroad was a hundred times more devastating than anything men could create.

The going was easy during the first month. There were 2,000 men on the payroll. The warm, gentle subarctic summer was on the land, and the track moved easily northward over the coastal flat

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

A RAGGED CREW

by John Steinbeck

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toward the mountains. But even then Skagway's citizens were calling it the Jackass & Yukon Railway. Nobody thought a railroad could get through the mountains. Sometimes, looking at the lofty peaks that towered six and seven thousand feet over their heads, Graves and Heney had twinges of doubt themselves.

"This railroad has a lot of climbing to do," Hislop told Heney one day. "At the summit of the Pass the tracks will be about 3,000 feet above sea level. In some places we'll have a grade of 200 feet to the mile."

Heney nodded gloomily. "It's steep. But it isn't the grade that worries me. It's the winters. Up here, above the timber line, you've got nothing to protect you from the blizzards."

Heney had worked out a frantic schedule to meet his two-year deadline, and it called for reaching the summit of the Pass around Christmas that year. In a milder country that would have been easy. The distance from Skagway to summit was only some 14 miles as the crow flies, and 20 miles along the twisted route the railroad had to take. But there were two things that could prevent Heney from making his deadline. One was the roughness of the terrain—the fact that much of the roadbed would have to be blasted out of solid granite. The other was winter. If a howling subarctic winter set in before the railroad reached the summit, the work might have to be abandoned until spring. There'd be no hope of finishing the 110 miles in two years.

The railroad reached the mountains and began to fight its laborious way upward. The weather was growing colder, the terrain rougher. Every inch of the roadbed now had to be blasted out of solid rock. Stikine Bill and his grading gang hacked and shoveled and tamped. Hard on their heels came the track-laying gang under dour, hard-working Charley Moriarty. Right behind Moriarty's gang waited a locomotive and flatcars to carry men and equipment back down the mountain before each blast.

Things were going well until a gambler decided there'd be less competition in the mountains than back in Skagway. He pitched a tent next to one of the railroad camps. For several nights his blackjack tables, roulette wheel and bar did a howling business.

And the railroad's progress slowed down. The work was backbreaking, and the wind grew stronger and colder every day. It was no place for men who'd been drinking all night instead of sleeping. The men were sluggish with fatigue.

On the fourth evening Heney strode angrily into the gambler's tent. "You've got to go," he said bluntly.

The gambler grinned, unconcerned. "This isn't your mountain," he pointed out. "My tent isn't on your right-of-way."

Heney grabbed the gambler by the tie and hoisted him up on tiptoe. "Look," he said. "I feed my men well, and I expect them to sleep well. They've got to be in top physical shape to take this work. You're obstructing us just as much as if you pitched your tent across the rails."

"Get your hands off me!" the gambler croaked. "I've got a gun!"

Heney felt the barrel of a revolver jab against his chest. He let go of the gambler's tie abruptly. The gambler fell back on his heels, toppled against a chair and sprawled on the ground. He looked at Heney maliciously, still pointing the gun at him.

"Get out of here!" he snarled. "Get out, or I'll shoot in self-defense. There isn't a court in the North that won't back me up."

Heney left, disgusted. The gambler was right. Legally he could set up his tent anywhere outside the right-of-way. There was nothing the railroad could do.

That night Heney, Stikine Bill, Wally Foy and a few others stood outside the gambler's tent and tried to dissuade men from going in. But most of the men had come North to look for gold; gambling was in their blood. Only a few turned back from the tent.

The next day was a bad one. Many of the men were weary, and, as weary men always are, careless and accident-prone. One man fell into a ravine and broke both legs. Another had a rail dropped on his foot. The crews began to feel that the work was getting dangerous. Looking up the jagged mountains, they knew that it would get more dangerous with every mile. They began to grumble. Some talked of quitting.

Late in the afternoon big, red-headed Wally Foy found Heney and Plumb Bob Hislop standing against a tree, glumly watching the snail-like progress of a blasting crew. One of Foy's hands was bandaged; someone had accidentally swiped him with an ax. Foy's complexion was naturally rosy; today it was bright red. He was mad.

"Boss," he said, "unless that tinhorn moves out, we'll never reach the summit by December. I'm going to move him."

"How?"

"Blasting powder."

Before Heney could say anything, Foy strode off down the roadbed. When he got to the gambler's tent he looked in the doorway and yelled: "You! Come out here!"

The gambler came, puzzled. Foy grabbed him by the arm, pulled him out of the tent and pointed up the mountain.

"See those rocks up there?" Foy asked.

A few hundred yards up the mountain was an outcropping of immense boulders. If they ever came loose they'd roll straight down on the tent.

"At 5 o'clock tomorrow morning I'm going to set off a powder charge behind them," said Foy. He walked off, leaving the gambler to figure out the rest for himself.

The gambler decided Foy was bluffing. That night he was open for business as usual. When business closed he went to bed, as usual, in his tent.

At 4:30 the next morning Foy sent a man around to wake the gambler. Sure it was all a bluff, the gambler told the man to go away, rolled over and went back to sleep.

At five minutes to 5 Foy sent the man back again with a final warning. The gambler laughed.

At 5 the mountain shook to the roar of an immense blast of dynamite. The

GOING UP

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gambler shot out of his tent in his underwear, looked up the mountain, saw a covey of house-sized boulders thundering down the slope toward him. Yelling in terror, he scuttled out of the way. Moments later his tent, gambling equipment and liquor stock were smashed flat and buried underneath tons of granite.

Foy gave him a mackinaw and a pair of boots and sent him back to Skagway. Nobody ever again tried to set up a nighttime entertainment tent next to the White Pass & Yukon's right-of-way.

In a few days the work was back to normal. Well-fed, well-rested men pushed the tracks up into the mountains. Heney went about with a grin. He was back on schedule again.

But now it was October. The tracks were climbing up to the timber line, and the ragged spruces up here were too thinly scattered to be much protection against the constant freezing wind. Light snow fell every day. The temperature was falling toward zero. Men's faces chapped and blistered. The hospital tent filled up with frostbite cases.

The tracks reached a deep canyon. Heney's men began to hack out a roadbed above it, then stopped. The right-of-way was barred by a huge pile of loose boulders, probably dumped there by a landslide years before. Every time Heney's crews tried to blast the boulders out of the way, a slide brought other boulders down from above and dumped them into the trackway.

"Set a double charge," said Heney. "We'll dump the whole mess down into the gulch."

The double charge went off. It was a monumental blast. With a tremendous roar thousands of tons of rock cascaded down the mountainside and into the gulch below. The thundering landslide lasted an hour. When the dust cleared, the trackway was open. All that was left of the rockpile was a single gigantic boulder, more than a hundred tons of solid granite, rooted into the mountain above.

Stikine Bill and his grading crew went forward with picks and shovels and wheelbarrows, began the job of leveling the roadbed. Big Mike Heney started forward to inspect the work. Suddenly he heard a loud, sharp crack like a rifle shot, directly above him.

He looked up. Slowly, lazily, the lone giant boulder was beginning to roll. The granite root that had held it against the mountainside had snapped.

Heney looked forward to the grading crew. Their picks and shovels were making so much noise that they hadn't heard the crack.

"Get back!" roared Heney. "Run!"

They didn't hear him.

He began running toward them, yelling. Fifty yards above them the boulder was gaining speed, chewing smaller boulders out of the mountain and bringing them with it.

"Get back!" Heney roared. "For God's sake, move!"

They heard him. They heard the growing rumble above them at the same time. They looked up.

The huge mass of granite was almost on top of them. For a second they froze in horror. Then they dropped their tools and scrambled madly for safety, tripping over each other, overturning wheelbarrows. Meanwhile Heney realized that he'd run into the boulder's path. It loomed gigantically above him, blotting out the sky. He knew there was no time to run. He threw himself against a cliff wall directly under the boulder. He crouched there while rocks showered around him. The rumble grew louder. Then there was a bone-jarring crash as the huge boulder fell on the roadbed right next to him and thundered on down into the gulch. The next sound Heney heard was men screaming.

Five crushed bodies were recovered. Two were never found. Heney spent the rest of the day helping the injured and caring for the dead. That evening he climbed down into the gulch and put a large black wooden cross on the blood-stained boulder. He looked up through fading light at the mountains that the White Pass & Yukon still had to cross. The tracks hadn't yet progressed 15 miles, and already a major accident had occurred. What disasters lay waiting in the still more dangerous work ahead?

The tracks inched along. November came, and the temperature dropped below zero. The subarctic days grew shorter; men began work and ended work in darkness. Heney drove them until even bullstrong, easygoing Stikine Bill grumbled. But Heney had no choice. If the tracks were too far from the summit when the blizzards, winds and snowslides began, the work would have to be abandoned until spring. And that couldn't be allowed to happen.

But at Mile 15, trouble struck again. The roadbed had been running along a shelf of rock with steep cliffs above and a sheer drop below. Then the shelf narrowed and petered out. For the next half-mile the roadbed would have to be notched across the face of an immense, almost perpendicular wall of granite. The wall was worn glassy-smooth by glacial action. There wasn't a handhold anywhere on it. It stretched from the sky straight down to the floor of a canyon far beneath.

The blasting and grading crews had been under increasing hardship for weeks. Their legs and backs ached from climbing. Their feet and fingers were numb with cold. Fear was their constant companion: fear of slides from above and dizzying drops below. Now they stood and looked at that vast, nightmarish, glassy wall, and cold terror clutched them. They refused to go farther.

An Englishman named White dropped his shovel on the spot and began walking back down the tracks. Others started to follow. Heney saw that a mass mutiny was building up. He strode over to White and grabbed him by the arm.

"Where are you going?"

"Back where sane men ought to be," said White hoarsely. He was breathing hard, angry at his own fear, angry at Heney for making him face it. "I don't know why I ever came to this freezing hell of a place, but I do know I've had enough. That precipice—" he pointed behind him, his eyes burning into Heney's. "You're asking us to commit suicide, Heney!"

Heney let go of White's arm and walked up to the other men, who had gathered in a tight crowd. "I guess I owe you an apology," he shouted. "I forgot to tell you when I hired you that this was going to be a job for men. So if any of you are scared, you can take the work train back to Skagway and pick up your pay. The rest of you, watch me."

He tied a charge of dynamite and a coil of fuse to his belt, slung a coil of rope over his shoulder, picked up a steel stake, a sledge and a rock chisel, and scrambled up the rocky path that led to the top of the granite wall. Up here the bitingly cold wind blew in powerful gusts. He had to brace himself firmly to

TRUE

"Is the pheasant fresh?"

keep from being blown over the edge. He hunted along the edge until he found the place he wanted, then drove the steel stake into the rock, well back from the edge. He snubbed one end of his rope around the stake and tied the other end around his chest.

On the rocky shelf below, the men watched. No one moved or spoke.

Slowly, carefully, Heney let himself down over the edge of the glassy wall. He avoided looking down at the awful emptiness beneath his feet. He lowered himself until he was at roadbed level, secured the rope around his leg. He hunted for a crack in the granite. When he found one he widened it with his sledge and chisel. The wind blew him back and forth, sometimes slamming him into the wall. He steadied himself as well as he could with his feet. Carefully he set his dynamite charge. Then he hauled himself back up and over the top.

The men shuffled their feet uneasily. Then, one by one, they picked up ropes, charges and tools and went to join Heney. Only a few took the work train back to town.

Blasting a notch across that glassy cliff face was a longer job than Heney had bargained for. It was so cold that men's hands sometimes froze numb by the time they'd lowered themselves into position, and the canyon floor was littered with dropped tools. At the end of the notch another great cliff rose at right-angles to the first one, and the crews tunneled through it. By the time the 250-foot tunnel was finished and the work came back out into open weather, it was December.

One of Heney's worst fears was now a reality. The blizzards were starting.

The snow was driven by a howling gale that never slackened. There was no real daylight any more, only shades of blackness and gray. The temperature plummeted as far as 60° below zero. The snow piled up—four feet, eight feet, 12 feet.

In that roaring hell of darkness and driving snow, half-blinded men worked roped together so that none would be blown off cliffs. Steam generators fed floodlamps that dimly lit their way. To keep warm they built huge fires around every work site, but the fires did little good. The cold was so intense that a man could stay out in it only for an hour before he was seized by a sluggish lethargy—the first sign that his body processes were literally freezing to a halt. Heney worked out a system of short shifts so that each man worked an hour, spent an hour warming up in a tent, then went out to work another hour.

Heney wanted to go back to Skagway and wait for spring, but he couldn't. The railroad so far had cost some $100,000 per mile, making it one of the most expensive in the world. It was imperative to make the summit before spring, so that the railroad could at least begin hauling passengers and freight that far, starting to return its huge costs. As long as the men held out, as long as the tracks moved forward—even if it was only 50 yards a day—Heney would stay in the mountains.

The work train that followed the men up the mountains was now equipped with three great 60-ton locomotives and two rotary snowplows—two locos and a plow at the uphill end, one loco and a plow downhill. Because of the tremendous winds up in the mountains, snow drifted so fast that it sometimes buried the rails six-feet-deep within minutes after the plow had been by. Thus a train that hoped to go back the way it came had to be ready to plow its way back.

In charge of the plows was a chunky, square-faced railroad veteran named Rotary Bill Simpson. Rotary Bill had a job nobody envied. It was lucky he had steel nerves, for no other kind would have stood the strain. A rotary snowplow was a massive, 30-ton steam engine on free-rolling trucks. It couldn't move by itself, but had to be pushed by locomotives. All its gigantic power went into the job of whirling a huge propeller-like set of snow knives at its front end. The knives hacked into the snow, blasted it back into a hood and shot it out on either side of the tracks in two great white fountains.

The rotary engineer had to be a man of lightning-fast reactions. The speed at which he could chew into snow depended on its weight, hardness and depth. If the locomotives started pushing him in too fast and he wasn't quick enough in signaling for less speed, his rotary might be lifted off the tracks and maybe edged down a precipice. He could get through drifts about 12-feet-deep, but if they were deeper the rotary would tunnel; the roof of the tunnel might then collapse and bury him under tons of snow. He was painfully aware that his operations might at any time start a snowslide. He also knew that previous snowslides ahead of him might have dumped boulders on the tracks. These, too, could derail him and perhaps topple him over a cliff.

Rotary Bill smoked a pipe. Sometimes it wasn't lit, but it was always between his teeth. Men who worked with him noticed that a single pipestem lasted him from April to October. But in winter, when he got his rotaries on the tracks, he chewed through one stem a month.

That December the blizzard-blasted tracks crawled forward and upward about two miles. Heney had been hoping to be at the summit of the Pass by now. He was about three miles and, he estimated, a month behind schedule. But if he could get to the summit by the end of January, things might still be all right. He might be able to make up the lost month in the flatter country and gentler weather ahead.

But winter was not through with the White Pass & Yukon. In January, snowslides started.

It had been snowing steadily for more than a month. On the steep mountainsides, snow in varying degrees of hardness and weight was piled in massive layers as much as 20-feet-deep. Normally the worst time for avalanches was during the spring thaw, when the top layer of snow became heavy with water and began to shift over lighter snow beneath. But Heney and his men were disturbing the delicately balanced snow structure with dynamite. Every blast caused a slide.

Every slide meant more delay. The men had to pull far back down the tracks before each blast, so they wouldn't be

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buried in snow. Then they had to go forward and dig away the snow before they could get on with the work.

"When we reach the summit," said Heney to Graves one day in January, "—if we ever do—I'm going to get drunk and stay drunk for a week."

"I'll join you," said Graves quietly.

Graves had come up into the mountains, as he did whenever he could get away from his paperwork, to see how things were coming. He didn't look much like a company president in his hooded mackinaw, with a two-day stubble of beard on his blistered face and a pick in his hands. Graves didn't enjoy paperwork. He much preferred hanging around with Heney, and he often pitched in and helped the men in their back-breaking work—partly to keep warm, partly because he hated to stand idle when he knew the railroad was behind schedule. He could split rock or drive a spike almost as well as Stikine Bill or Charley Moriarty.

Graves, Heney and the men had pulled back to wait for a blast. They heard the explosion, then the gathering rumble of an avalanche. The rumble swelled to a roar, thundered on for several minutes, then died away. The men went forward.

They rounded a bend and stopped, appalled. The avalanche had come down on the tracks. It had buried the tracks to a depth of more than 30 feet.

"It's 300 yards from here to the end of the tracks," Heney growled. "If it's that deep all the way, there go another couple of days."

Rotary Bill Simpson came up from behind. "The rotary can't go through that," he said. "We'll have to dig it down to 12 feet with shovels."

Heney nodded. "All right, men," he shouted to the waiting crews. "Every man grab a shovel and start digging."

The men balked. "Boss," one of them said, "if we mess around up there, that snow is going to start sliding again. We'll go over the edge."

Heney looked up at the house-high pile of snow. The tracks at this point were on a narrow shelf of rock, with a steep slope down below. If the snow pile started to move with men on top of it, they'd be hurled down the slope and maybe buried.

Heney stared up at the snow grimly. He'd already asked more of his men than anyone had a right to ask. They'd stood by, risked their lives time and again. Could he ask them to face death again?

He had to. The railroad couldn't move as long as that snow barred the way. But when he turned and looked into the men's eyes, he couldn't give the order.

He looked at the ground. Was this where the WP&Y ended for the winter? After all the hardship and heartbreak, was it going to stop two miles short of the summit?

Then Heney heard a sound behind him. He turned. A man was climbing up the great hill of jumbled snow, carrying a shovel. The man got to the top. He looked ridiculously small next to that mountain of snow, a lone defiant silhouette against the heavy gray sky. Calmly, as though clearing off his doorstep, he dug his shovel into the snow and began throwing it down the slope.

The man was president Sam Graves.

Stikine Bill was the next man up on that pile. Heney was next. One by one, the others followed.

They worked with shovels for three days and three long subarctic nights. A heavy gale came up, and along with it a stinging lash of snow. The snow was light at first, but it thickened steadily. A new blizzard was coming. Weary, frozen men kept digging.

The snowslide had covered 200 yards of the tracks. On the fourth day the pile was cut down to 12 feet, and Rotary Bill fired up his plow. Two locomotives shoved the plow up the tracks, and the caravan of roaring iron monsters plunged into the snow.

Above the howl of his engine, suddenly, Rotary Bill thought he heard an alien sound—a rumble like distant thunder. He looked out from his cab, up the mountain. And he froze in fear. High above him, moving straight toward him down the slope, was a gigantic, churning wall of snow.

Rotary Bill shot his hand out of the cab, signaling the locos behind him to stop pushing. Then he leaned out.

"Snowslide!" he yelled, hoarsely. "Pull back!"

There was a clunk and slam of gears as the locomotive engineers frantically reversed their engines. Glancing up the slope, Rotary Bill saw the avalanche rushing down at him. Its huge leading wall was a froth of flying snow and boulders, looming bigger by the second.

"Get moving!" Rotary Bill roared back at the locos. But you can't start a 60-ton locomotive like a racing car. It takes time to overcome that massive inertia. Sparks flew as the drive wheels slipped on the rails. Maddeningly slowly, the snorting monsters began to heave backward. Rotary Bill felt his plow lurch as it pulled away from the snow.

Now the snowslide was almost upon them. The leading wall was a good 20-feet-high. Huge boulders bounced and rolled within it like tennis balls. Its roar shook earth and sky.

The locomotives heaved mightily. Steel shrieked on steel as the great wheels fought for purchase. Every ounce of steam power in them slammed piston rod against crankpin.

But suddenly Rotary Bill knew they weren't going to make it. For a second the urge seized him to jump out of his cab and run, but he knew that would be certain suicide. He couldn't hope to run fast enough to get out of the snowslide's path. If he jumped on the uphill side he'd be crushed between the snow and the rotary. If he jumped on the downhill side he'd risk having the rotary overturn on him. His best bet was to stay in the cab and hope.

His last act before the snow hit was to take his pipe out of his mouth, stow it in his pocket, and brace himself with both hands and feet.

The snow hit with a tremendous crash. It jerked Rotary Bill loose from his handholds and threw him against the cab wall like a pebble in a box. He felt the rotary being lifted bodily off the rails. The world seemed to turn upside-down. It was pitch-black in the cab; all daylight was hidden, as though he had been whirled down into the depths of the avalanche. He bounced from one wall to another. The noise around him was deafening. There was another bone-jarring crash, and then the thundering slowly died away.

Rotary Bill realized that he was lying on the ceiling of his cab. He saw a crack of daylight, reached toward it and felt snow. Surprised that he could still move, he burrowed out.

The avalanche had lifted the 30-ton rotary plow clear off the track, turned her upside-down, carried her 50 yards down the mountain and dumped her with her feet in the air. Luckily she sheared her coupling with the lead locomotive, and both locos were still on the tracks, but almost completely buried.

It took another three days to dig the locomotives out, back them onto a siding, bring up another rotary from Skagway and clear the tracks to the forward work site. The derailed rotary was taken apart and carried back to Skagway piece by piece to be reassembled.

The work moved on through howling blizzards. On February 18, 1899, Heney called a halt. Men looking back down the tracks saw Stikine Bill and two helpers struggling up the slope with a heavy barrel. They lugged the barrel to the end of the tracks and set it down with ponderous gentleness between the last two sleepers.

"Whisky on the house!" Heney yelled to the men. "Drink up! We are on the summit!"

It had been a long, weary trail of terrible hardship. The struggle to the summit had weeded out the weaklings. Every

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GORDON FAWCETT,
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1962.

[SEAL] LILLIAN M. KLEIN

(My commission expires April 1, 1963)

man remaining had won the badge of courage. Every man had lived daily through fear, challenged and beaten the worst that Nature had to offer. The crews now were welded by more than ordinary friendship.

But even as Heney drank and sang ribald songs with the men, the sobering thought was in his mind that the WP&Y was now two months late. In his original planning he'd realized that the first 20 miles would be the hardest part of the 110-mile job. He'd allowed what he thought would be plenty of time to reach the summit. He'd made the schedule uncomfortably tight on the last 90 miles in order to allow more on the summit climb. But the climb had been even worse than he'd foreseen. Now his schedule for the rest of the job looked almost impossible. The summit climb had robbed him of two months that he needed badly.

The route ran due north from the summit to mighty Lake Bennett, a distance of about 21 miles. It ran along the lakeshore for another 26 miles, to the settlement of Caribou Crossing at the northern end of the lake. From there it ran 43 miles farther north to the town of Whitehorse on the Yukon River. None of this was easy country in which to build a railroad. Heney doubted he could make it in time to meet his deadline, midsummer of 1900.

Apparently the London financiers were beginning to have their doubts, too. When Heney went back to Skagway that evening he found a British engineer waiting in Graves' office. The engineer, Brydone Jack, had been sent over to find out why the railroad was already two months late after its first 20 miles.

Graves took Heney aside after the three had had supper together. "There's talk in London of replacing us, Mike," Graves said. "I've sent daily reports telling how murderous the terrain and weather are, how we've been delayed by snowslides and blizzards and 60-below temperatures. But nobody seems to believe me." There was the slightest hint of anger in Graves' calm voice and tranquil blue eyes. "They sit over there in their overstuffed armchairs, smoking their cigars and drinking their port, and they can't imagine there's any place this rugged anywhere on earth. They're used to building railroads in England, where 20 miles of track are nothing."

"So they sent this fellow Jack to find out how rugged the country really is?"

"Seems so," said Graves. "I gather Jack has quite a reputation for railroad work in mountainous country. If he says it's rough here, they ought to believe him."

Before heading back to the summit with Brydone Jack next morning, Heney stopped by at Graves' office. The railroad had now reached the international boundary between Alaska and Canada. Heney needed a permit from the Canadian government to push his tracks across the border.

Graves shook his head unhappily. "I applied for it weeks ago. Not a word so far."

Heney swore. "But there are two Mounties at the border. They won't let us through without a permit. How long till the permit comes through?"

"Could be weeks."

"Weeks?" Heney roared. "We're two months behind schedule already!"

Graves stood up quietly, went to the back of his office and pulled out a file drawer. "This railroad is going to make its deadline, Mike," he said. "It'll take more than a scrap of paper to stop us." He walked back to the desk and plunked down several bottles of Scotch.

Heney looked at the bottles, then at Graves. The two men grinned at each other.

Stikine Bill could hold more liquor without toppling than any two normal men. That night he went up to the Mounties' tent with the Scotch bulging his pockets. He explained that it was his birthday.

The Mounties had not been enjoying their assignment on the blizzard-lashed summit. They had few comforts with which to console their cold, lonely days. By the time they were able to see again late the following day, a long stretch of WP&Y track was protruding into Canada. The permit came through shortly afterward; and the Mounties, understandably, failed to report to their government on the unorthodox method of the railroad's entry.

The railroad pushed on through gales and snow toward Lake Bennett. The terrain was not as rugged as that on the climb to the Pass, but it was worse than anything Brydone Jack had ever seen before.

Heney had once thought of Jack as a snooper, but on the long hard drive to the lake he grew to like the man. Jack was fair-minded; he made his reports to London strictly factual, letting the financiers draw their own conclusions.

There was only one thing about Jack that irritated Heney. Jack considered himself a champion mountain walker. He'd done a lot of railroad surveying in Europe, and he boasted that he'd never met a man who could stay with him on the trail. Around the WP&Y camps he heard much about the legendary endurance of Heney and Plumb Bob Hislop, but he laughed at the suggestion that nobody could outwalk them.

Jack was a ruggedly built man, not as big as Heney nor as long and lean as Hislop, yet certainly tough. Heney and Hislop couldn't let his challenge lie unanswered. Next time they set out on a surveying trip they let Brydone Jack come with them.

It was a bitterly cold day. The thermometer registered 40° below zero. Ferocious winds were screaming through the mountains, driving heavy snow. The trail wound up and down steep slopes, along the edges of precipices, over jagged heaps of rock. By noon Jack was exhausted. But he refused to admit it, and after eating the three pushed on. By the time they made camp for the night, Jack was at the sheer limit of fatigue. The fierce cold was too much for his exhausted body to cope with, and he woke in the morning shivering and feverish. Heney and Hislop made a stretcher of blankets and carried him back to the railroad tracks. They loaded him onto a locomotive, which rushed him back to

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Skagway. He died a few days later of pneumonia.

When the London financiers learned that their tough mountain veteran had been walked to death on an ordinary surveying trip, they were shocked into new respect for the North. From then on their complaints about delay were less frequent and more polite.

And more delays there were. By the time the tracks came down out of the mountains and reached the south end of Lake Bennett, it was July. Heney was now more than three months behind schedule. He had about a year to cover the remaining 69 miles to Whitehorse, and he knew it couldn't be done.

The last 43 miles, from Caribou Crossing at the north end of the lake to Whitehorse, were going to be comparatively easy. That was reasonably gentle country, and the major problem was going to be cutting and clearing away the giant spruce trees. But the 26 miles along the lakeshore to Caribou Crossing were going to be rough. There'd be heavy rock work all the way. Heney estimated that the lakeshore section alone would eat up most of the remaining year.

If the two sections could be built simultaneously, the problem might be solved. But before he could start building northward from Caribou Crossing, Heney would have to get rails, sleepers, rolling stock and construction equipment there. Since there were no roads for heavy vehicles in this country, the only way to get material to Caribou Crossing was by railroad. This meant that the lakeshore section had to be built first.

Heney wandered along the shore of the lake one day, musing disconsolately over the problem. He remembered that a few months back, battling snow and cold up on the Pass, he'd wished fervently for summer. Now that it was summer, he wished for winter. In winter the ice on Lake Bennett froze thick enough so that you could wheel heavy freight over it. In winter it would have been possible to get material to Caribou Crossing and build both sections at once.

Heney was too morose to appreciate the delights of the subarctic summer. The days were long, with only a few hours of darkness at night. The mornings were cold and zestful, the afternoons comfortably warm. The air was spicy with the smell of spruce. The mountains, forests and muskeg marshes abounded with moose, caribou, mountain goat, bear, wild duck and goose. The icy blue waters of lakes and streams swarmed with rainbow and lake trout, Arctic grayling, whitefish, northern pike. Heney was in a sportsman's paradise, but he was too unhappy to notice.

As he walked along the lake that day he met Stikine Bill heading back to camp with a catch of trout. Heney had the men on double shifts, and Stikine Bill was enjoying some time off. At the sight of the huge man a wild idea sprang into Heney's mind.

"Bill," said Heney, "you come from Maine, don't you?"

"Ayah."

"Know anything about boats?"

"Some."

"You have a new job. We're going to build a boat to carry out stuff to Caribou Crossing."

The resulting fantastic craft hardly deserved the dignity of the name "boat." It was made of spruce timbers bolted together, and it was shaped like a gigantic cigar box with sloping ends that would protrude over a dock for easy loading. It was capable, but just barely, of staying afloat with 150 tons of cargo on its flat deck. Both ends were exactly alike, and before its engines were installed Stikine Bill and his construction foreman walked around it several times to decide which end would be which. Finally Stikine Bill took a piece of chalk and scrawled on one end a short, colorful word indicating that this would be the stern. Later, because there were occasionally ladies among the railroad passengers coming up from Skagway, someone erased the word and substituted the more nautical "stern."

The colossal scow was powered by three separate upright-boiler steam engines spaced across the, as it was later called, stern. She was steered by regulating the speeds of the port and starboard engines. This was a tricky arrangement.

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When she was heavily loaded with rails or rolling stock, her momentum was tremendous. When she started turning she tended to keep turning. Often she spun twice around before the roaring engines could get her straightened out. There was no sure way of telling how she would come into the dock at Caribou Crossing—bow first, stern first or sideways.

There was a lot of material to transport along the lake, so the scow had to be loaded to capacity for each trip. When she was being loaded, Stikine Bill would watch her settle in the water. When water began to lap over the stern deck he considered that a capacity load. He'd back off the loading dock, spin around helplessly a couple of times, sink several more inches by the stern, then go howling down the lake with all three engines at full speed. Only the massive drive of the engines kept the bow up and the stern from sinking farther. Bill was afraid to slow down, for the scow might then slide stern-first to the bottom of the lake. Throughout the 26-mile trip he and his cursing fireman sweated over their engines, coaxing the last ounce of power from them. As they aproached the dock at Caribou Crossing, Bill would stand at the bow and roar warnings to the unloading crew. At the last possible moment he'd slam his engines into reverse. This often had the effect of making the scow start spinning. She would smash into the dock with trememdous force. Before the crunch of splintering timber died down, Bill would have the unloading crew aboard, hauling off weight in a race against the sinking of the stern.

She was, in short, possibly the most unseaworthy craft ever launched. But every time she crashed into the splintering dock at Caribou Crossing, she brought with her the means to move the railroad a little closer to the Yukon River. The last two sections of the WP&Y were being built simultaneously.

But as the lakeshore section struggled northward, Heney wondered whether even this halving of building time would be enough. Lake Bennett was rimmed by mountains. Its shores were steep and rocky, and the roadbed had to be blasted out. The work moved slowly.

Heney kept the men on double shifts, drove them without letup in a desperate fight to get the work up to the schedule. The men grumbled but stuck with it. These men had lived together through the winter climb to White Pass, and now nothing could stop them. Slowly their progress began to catch up with the schedule.

Then it was spring again. On June 8, 1900, the Whitehorse section of the line was finished. The crews were transferred to the lagging lakeshore section. Stikine Bill went back on duty as grading-crew foreman. Roaring curses in a voice that echoed across the lake, he drove his men on. Behind him, Charley Moriarty sweated and yelled to make his tracklaying gang keep pace. The two teams raced each other to Caribou Crossing.

Heney was beginning to think he might make it after all.

Then one morning an Alaska brown bear swam leisurely across the lake and mounted the shore right in front of the grading crew. The men stopped work and retreated in nervous silence.

Of all bears in the world, none is bigger than a big Alaska brown, which can weigh over half a ton and rear more than 10 feet tall. The giant bear eyed the men sleepily, turned his back on them, ambled a little way down the trackway and sat down to bite a thorn out of his paw.

Cautiously, the men started walking forward to resume their work. Instantly the bear spun around to face them, growling. They retreated again. The bear sat once more and went on with his manicure.

The men stood, stalemated. They'd met many bears on their two-year job with the railroad, and one thing they'd learned is that you never know what a bear will do. Sometimes a bear will run at the sight of a man. At other times he'll walk right up to a mess tent and steal food from under the cook's nose, then swagger away with exaggerated nonchalance as though daring somebody to do something about it. If somebody does do something, he may then run. On the other hand he may turn on his attacker with incredible ferocity.

Thus the grading crewmen stood and looked at the bear. They swallowed uncomfortably.

Then they heard a foghorn voice behind them. It was Stikine Bill, coming

up to find out why the men were loafing. They pointed at the bear.

Stikine Bill had never in his life met a man as big as he was, nor had he ever been outfaced by a bear. His single-handed victories against bears, such as the time he floored one with a shovel, were becoming legends of the North. There weren't many things on legs that could awe him. But when he saw the massive size of the bear facing him, he paused for a few seconds.

Finally he decided the bear was more lazy than anything else, and would move on if urged gently. He grabbed a sledge-hammer and walked up to the animal.

"Move!" he bellowed.

Shouting at a bear will sometimes scare him away. But it didn't work this time. The huge brute gave a growl of extreme annoyance and rose on his haunches. He towered high over Bill's head.

"Move!" roared Stikine Bill again.

The bear moved, but in the wrong direction. With calm deliberation he dropped back on all fours and began sauntering toward the source of annoyance. Stikine Bill saw that he had made a grievous error of judgment. This bear obviously wasn't used to being pushed around. There was only one thing to do. Bill swung the sledge and heaved it at the bear with all his strength. It hit the bear on the shoulder with a ringing thud. The huge animal roared in pain and stopped in his tracks. The hammer blow would have shattered a man's bones, and for a second the bear seemed stunned. He lifted one paw off the ground to ease weight off his injured shoulder, shook his ponderous head slowly from side to side. Then he charged.

Almost nothing will make a man move faster than to see half a ton of angry bear thundering toward him. Stikine Bill ran.

"Rocks!" he yelled at the men. "Throw rocks at the brute!"

He stooped down, still running, and scooped up a rock the size of a grapefruit. Whirling around, he slung it at the bear as hard as he could. Some of the men were already far back down the roadbed; but others, realizing that there's no future in trying to outrun a bear, stood their ground with Stikine Bill. The bear found himself charging into a hailstorm of big, jagged rocks. He stopped his charge and reared up, flailing at the rocks with his tremendous paws. The rocks thudded all over him. Finally one hit him square on the snout. He gave a kind of yelp, turned and sprinted away in a cloud of dust.

That was the last major interruption in the construction of the White Pass & Yukon Railroad. On July 29, 1900, the lakeshore tracks joined the Whitehorse tracks at Caribou Crossing.

The celebration that day was huge, ribald and noisy. Whisky flowed like water. Half the citizens of Skagway, Caribou Crossing and Whitehorse showed up and milled about, singing and shouting, with the drunken railroad men.

Then it was time for the traditional driving of the golden spike—the last spike on the railroad. A staggering, unruly crowd gathered around the tracks. Local dignitaries made some speeches. Charley Moriarty, chief of the tracklayers, set the golden spike on the tie and tapped it in until it held upright. Then he handed the ribbon-wrapped spike maul to one of the dignitaries. The man raised the maul over his head and brought it down with vigor and enthusiasm. It hit the tie with a loud clunk. The crowd whooped with glee.

The next dignitary, determined to avoid the other's error, lifted the maul a few inches in the air and gave the spike a dainty tap. The crowd howled.

The third man's elegant attire was disarrayed, indicating that he had spent much of the afternoon in a Caribou Crossing saloon. He reared back with the maul, stuck his tongue out sideways, swung and hit the spike a glancing blow that bent it flat against the tie. The crowd roared with delight.

By the time it was the railroad president's turn to take the maul, the crowd was delirious. Sam Graves looked every inch the corporation president, from his carefully shined shoes to the splendor of his top hat. The crowd wiped the tears from its eyes and craned forward, waiting in breathless anticipation for the next act of this slapstick comedy. There were hoots and titters as Graves removed his hat and handed it, with a bow, to Charley Moriarty. When he took the cigar from his mouth and laid it carefully on the next tie, somebody yelled, "Don't put it there! You'll kill it!" The crowd shrieked with mirth.

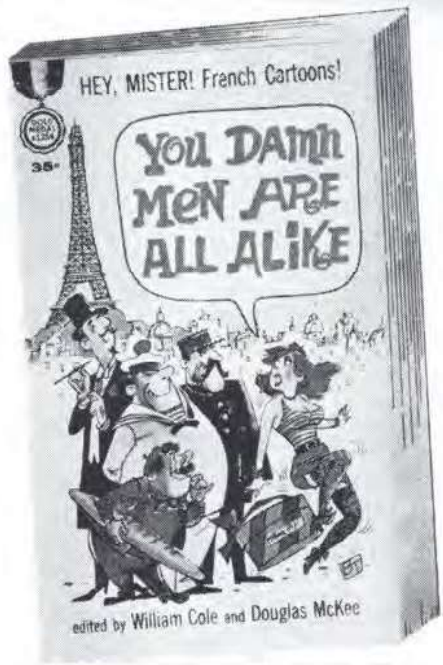
Graves took the maul, gave it the full easy swing of a veteran railroader and drove the spike halfway home. The crowd saw that the fun was over. They hardly waited for Graves to finish the job.

The White Pass & Yukon Railroad was complete. The impossible job was done. the impossible deadline met. From now on, the trip from Skagway to Whitehorse would be nothing more difficult than a railroad journey through some of the most beautiful scenery in the world.

The railroad went on to make all the money its backers had hoped for. When Graves and Heney died they were wealthy men. Today the WP&Y still has the distinction of being the only railroad in Canada operating north of the 60th parallel. It is now part of a larger transportation system called the White Pass & Yukon Route, which includes river and bus travel as well as the railroad. It has played, and is still playing, a key role in the development of vast resources in Alaska and western Canada.

The roadbed built against such tremendous odds by Sam Graves, Big Mike Heney, Stikine Bill Robinson and their tough, stubborn teammates is still solid enough to carry the powerful General Electric diesel locomotives that thunder through the Pass today. Passengers are sometimes nervous about the sheer precipices that drop away from the side of the tracks. They are awed by the immense walls of snow that rise above the car windows in winter. Perhaps some of them stop to wonder, occasionally, what breed of men they must have been who first dreamed of this iron road and dared to build it.

—Max David



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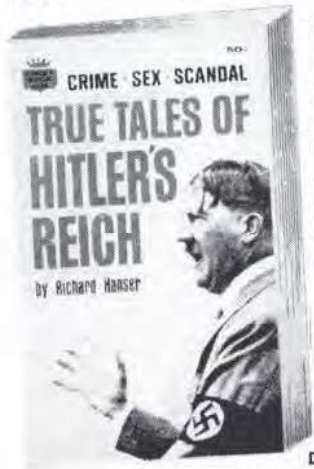
by Richard Hanser



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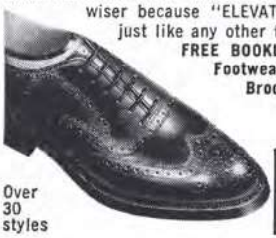

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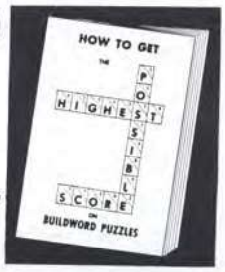

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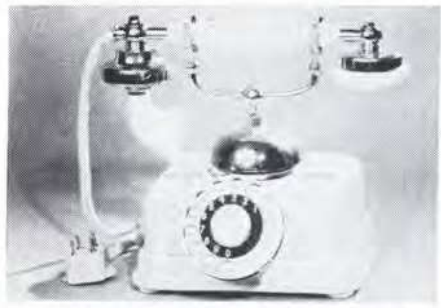

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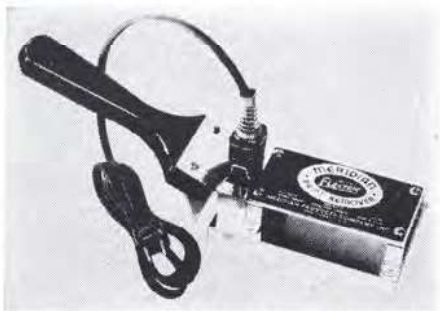

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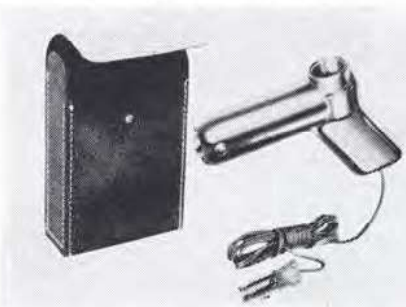
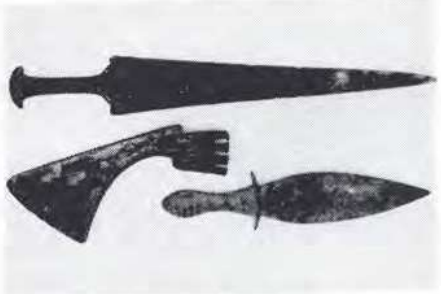


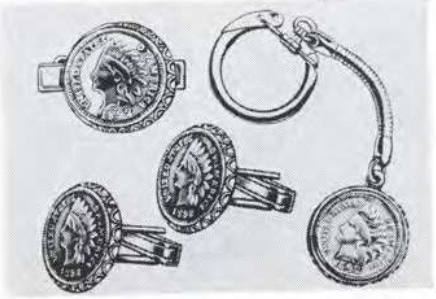
DEFROSTER GUN melts away ice, snow, steam from car windows. Plugs into cigarette lighter socket and sprays a stream of heated air. Windows become clean and dry and there is no damage to glass, chrome or paint. Comes with a long insulated cord so you can easily defrost the rear window. In luggage type carrying case. $9.95. Hendry House, 430 Teaneck Rd., Ridgefield Park, N. J.

goes shopping

This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified.

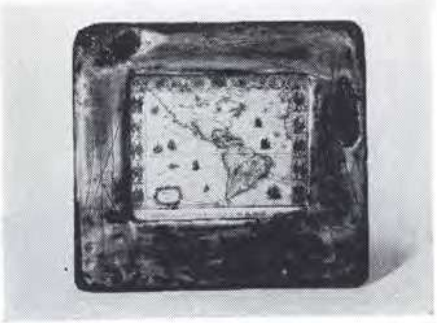


BRONZE AGE WEAPONS are part of a large collection These weapons, as well as 1600 other collector's weapons are illustrated, described and priced in a 200-page catalog-reference book The book is yours for $1 which is returned with your first purchase. All the weapons, armor, etc., are for sale Send the buck to Museum of Historical Arms, 1038-T Alton Rd., Miami Beach, Fla.



RARE INDIAN-HEAD PENNY JEWELRY. Famous American collector pennies brightly polished and crafted into handsome accessories. Each penny is more than 50 years old, has been increasing in value steadily. Tie bar, $1.98; cuff links, $2.98; key chain, $1.98. Set, $6.60; 2 sets, $11.98. All prices include tax and postage. Greenland Studios, Dept. T-1, 3735 N.W. 67th St., Miami 47, Fla.

TAPER BELT was intended for weight watchers and smug characters who are forever accentuating their slender waistlines. This tape measure belt is notched from 22" to 30". It is reversible with a yellow tape measure front and backed with black strawcloth, gold-plated buckle. $1.25 (Sizes up to 44"—$1.50). Hobbies Unlimited, Dept. T-1, Box 5490, Sherman Oaks, Calif.



WALL FRAGMENT features a colorful print of an old W. Blaeuw map of the Americas, dated 1645. Mounted on wood by antique method which blends the old print with a rustic, nut-wood finish. It's especially handsome when hung above a desk, a lamp, or in wall groupings. Sells for $7.50. Wysor Wall Fragments, Box 3233-T, Grand Central Sta., New York 17, N. Y.

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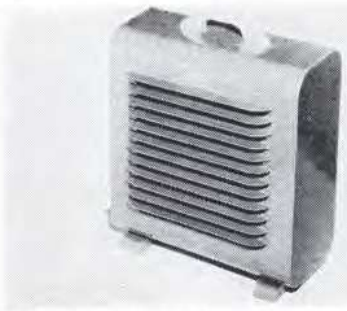

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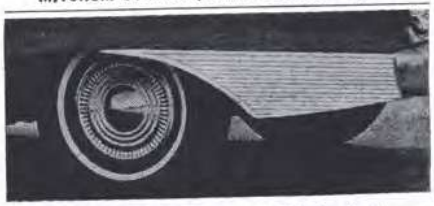

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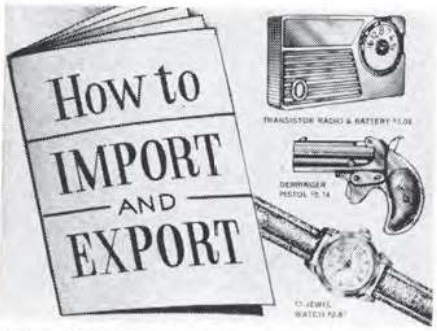

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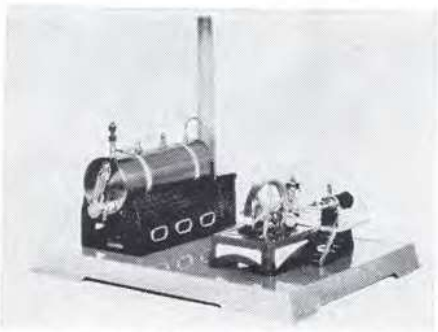

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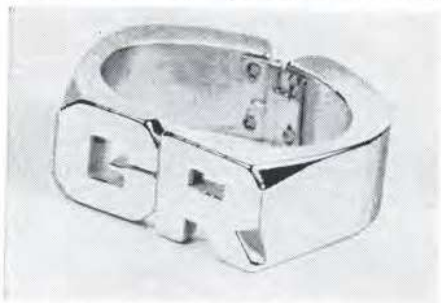

INITIAL BRACELET is a gift for your secretary or your girl. Expensive looking, the heavy gold plate gives a solid gold look to this distinctive bracelet. A strong spring hinge allows bracelet to slip onto wrist for comfortable wearing. Bracelet is also available in silver plate. Be sure to state initials. $4.95. Mono-Art, Dept. T-1, 50 Delancey St., New York 2, N.Y.

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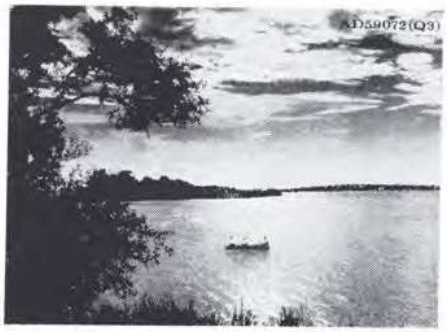

RAINBOW LAKES is a community of ¼ acre homesites in Florida. Residents enjoy a private lake and country club. Located between Ocala and Dunellon, it's perfect for beach lovers and fishermen. Sites are $795, payable at $10 a month. Not available to California residents. Free photos, booklet. Rainbow Lakes Estates, Dept. GF-38, 817 Silver Springs Blvd., Ocala, Fla.

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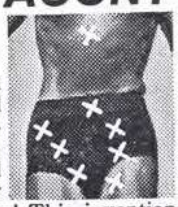

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this funny Life

On a bus recently, I sat behind two women, one of whom was evidently from Chicago and the other from Boston. They entered into a lively discussion of the relative merits of their home towns.

"In Boston," one woman remarked, "we place all our emphasis on breeding."

The other replied, "In Chicago we think it's lots of fun, too—but we do manage to have a great many outside interests as well."

Mrs. H. C. McGinty
Los Angeles, Calif.

In the good old days, when bus and street-car fares were only 10¢, a woman boarded the trolley (upon which I commuted daily) during the rush hour and handed the conductor a $20 bill.

"Sorry," she said, "I haven't got a dime."

"Don't let it worry you, lady," replied the exasperated conductor, "you'll have a hundred and ninety-nine of 'em in a minute."

Edward H. Wilkinson
Asheville, N. C.

A weather-beaten Vermont farmer brought his wagon wheel to the blacksmith for repairs. After looking at the wheel the blacksmith asked, "Wheel broke?"

The farmer said it had.

"How did it happen?" the blacksmith asked.

"My hired man run 'er over a stone."

"Is that the same hired man what ruint your daughter?"

The farmer admitted it was.

"Clumsy, ain't he?" asked the blacksmith.

Rose H. Fimia
Lake Success, N. Y.

Returning from a World War II combat mission, the veteran P-51 pilot discovered that he could not get his landing gear down. He had tried everything, including a few tricks his hundreds of hours in the airplane had taught him, but nothing worked. Informing the tower of his problem, he was understandably miffed when the tower operator recommended he pull the emergency gear handle.

"I've done all that" the pilot complained. "Stop wasting time and get the crash trucks out for a belly landing." The tower insisted he circle the field while they called his squadron. Several minutes afterward a flight commander arrived to take over.

"Pull the emergency gear handle," he instructed the now thoroughly-incensed pilot.

"I've pulled the damn handle," the pilot radioed back. "Give me permission to land."

At this point the squadron commander arrived at the tower and took over the microphone.

"Pull the emergency gear handle," he ordered. There was no answer. Instead, the Mustang banked sharply and disappeared. A few minutes later the plane reappeared, flying slowly at close ground level, heading straight for the tower. As it passed the tower, an object dropped from the plane.

In a neat wrapping was the emergency gear handle, complete with latch, housing and some 18 inches of cable. The astounded brass were still holding the package when the P-51 touched down on its belly, slid to a stop and out stepped one thoroughly disgusted pilot.

T. I. Ahern
Madison, Wisc.

A bookmaker I know recently was married to a woman of considerable charm and even more wealth.

Noting that her husband had quite a way with figures, the woman gave him her investment portfolio to handle.

One day at the track a friend asked how he was doing.

"I'm doing great with baseball and the horses," the bookie replied, "but it sure is hell trying to break even with the U.S. Steel action!"

Jim Henry
Philadelphia 40, Pa.

A pretty girl was filling out a questionnaire as part of her application for the job of secretary to the chief engineer of an electronics company. After filling in the answers to the questions about her age, weight, color of hair, color of eyes, she came to one that stumped her.

Noticing her hesitation, her prospective boss asked, "Having trouble?"

"It's this question marked 'Sex,'" the girl replied.

"What about it?" asked the engineer.

"Well," replied the girl, "I don't mind —as long as your wife doesn't find out and make trouble for us."

Dan Bennett
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

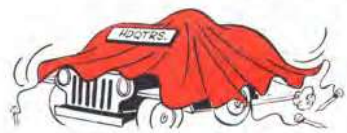
A friend of mine was haled into court for having caught one more fish than the legal limit. While waiting to go before the judge, my friend Frank watched with interest the case before his, in which the plaintiff had been arrested for causing a disturbance in his neighborhood by beating his wife. The judge lectured the man and fined him $2.

A few moments later my friend Frank went before the judge, received a verbal lashing and was fined $14.

While Frank was waiting to pay his fine, the judge walked by and inquired of him, "What do you think of that guy beating up his wife?"

Frank shrugged. "It's a hell of a lot cheaper than going fishing."

Bonnie Rudloff
Omaha, Nebr.



Several years ago at an Army camp in Texas, I happened to be in the area where a company of men were camouflaging tents and vehicles.

A loud-mouthed, overbearing officer drove up and bawled the daylights out of the entire company. Their efforts, he informed them, wouldn't fool an enemy soldier with one eye missing completely and the other shut tight. "Take down this claptrap," he bellowed, "and start all over again!"

The officer then climbed into his jeep, stomped on the gas pedal, and drove smack into the camouflaged headquarters tent.

Tommy Adams
Killeen, Tex.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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